TWELVE CENTURIES
OF
ENGLISH POETRY AND PROSE

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SELECTED AND EDITED

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SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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SCOTT, FORESMAN & CO.

P. F. PETTIBONE & Co.
Printers and Binders
Chicago

INTRODUCTION

This book was undertaken in response to the desire, expressed in many quarters, for a large body of standard English literature in an accessible, compact form, to accompany and supplement the manuals of literary history in use. As the project gradually shaped itself in the editors' hands, it took on something like the following threefold purpose:

First, to include, as far as possible, those classics of our literature—the ballads, elegies, and odes, the *L'Allegros* and *Deserted Villages*—which afford the basis for an appreciation of the greatest English writers.

Second, to supplement these with a sufficient number of selections from every period of our literature to provide a perspective and make the volume fairly representative from a historical point of view.

Third, to go somewhat outside of the beaten track, though keeping still to standard literature, and make a liberal addition of selections, especially from the drama and prose, to enliven the collection and widen its human interest.

This comprehensive character is indicated by the title of the volume. A somewhat unusual feature is the inclusion of both poetry and prose. The two forms have not been indiscriminately mingled, but they have been deliberately set side by side in the belief that both will gain by their conjunction. It is scarcely to be denied that at the present time a volume made up wholly of verse gives the impression of a collection of enshrined "classics," meant either to be admired from a distance or studied with tedious minuteness. On the other hand, a miscellaneous collection of unrelieved prose lacks attractiveness by seeming to lack emotional appeal. Putting them together will not only afford the relief of variety, but should lead to a better understanding of both by showing that the difference between them is often more formal than real—that poetry, with all its concern for form, is primarily the medium of the simplest truth and feeling, and that prose, though by preference pedestrian, may at times both soar and sing.

In making the selections, it was considered best to exclude the modern novel, a form of literature that scarcely lends itself to selection at all. With this exception, pretty much the whole field has been covered, though it is not maintained that every important man or movement has been represented. The Restoration drama can, for obvious reasons, have no place in these pages; nor should the omissions be regarded with surprise if a volume of confessedly rather elementary purpose fails to include such men as Burton, Browne, Locke, and Newton, voyagers "on strange seas of thought, alone." The endeavor was simply to secure the widest representation consistent with the intended service of the book and compatible with a due regard for both amount and proportion. Inconclusive fragments have been studiously avoided. Here and there, where a specimen of form only was desired—of Surrey's blank verse, for example, or of Thomson's Spenserian manner—this principle has not been adhered to. But apart from such exceptional cases, even

where wholes could not be given, enough has still been given, not only to set the reader going, but to take him somewhere.

The order is chronological, and the division into periods corresponds in general to the division adopted by the senior editor in his history of *English Literature.* The adherence to chronology, however, has not been rigid, either in the order of names or in the order of selections under the names. Prose has usually been separated from verse, and minor poems have often been placed together. In fact, wherever an unpleasant juxtaposition could be avoided, or a more effective grouping secured, there has been no hesitation to exercise some freedom. The dates of the various selections will in most instances be found in the table of contents.

Selections from Old English, from Latin, and from Middle English down to Chaucer, are given in translation. After Chaucer, the original text is followed, but spelling and punctuation are modernized—a course which is almost necessary if a writer like Mandeville is to be read with any ease, and which has every reason to support it in writers of a much later date. To this rule the customary exceptions in poetry are made: Chaucer, Langland, the Ballads, *Everyman,* and Spenser's artificially archaic *Faërie Queene,* are kept in the original form. Much care has been bestowed upon the text. It is really a matter of somewhat more than curiosity whether, in the poet's fancy, the lowing herd *wind* over the lea, or *winds* over the lea, and he ought by all means to be reported faithfully. At the same time it has seemed equally important in a few instances to correct a manifest and misleading error or to remove an extremely offensive epithet. The instances of such changes are perhaps not a dozen in all.

The notes have been placed at the bottom of the page, primarily for convenience, but also to insure brevity. It will be observed that they serve other purposes than those of a mere glossary. Every care has been taken to make them pertinent and really explanatory, and to avoid unduly distracting the reader's attention or affronting his intelligence. It seemed fair to assume, on the reader's part, the possession of a dictionary and a Bible, and some elementary knowledge of classical mythology. It is altogether too common an editorial mistake to regard every capital letter as a signal for a note. Allusions to matters of very slight relevancy are purposely left unexplained. For example, in such an isolated poem as *Deor's Lament,* it seemed more to the purpose, at least of the present volume, to give a bit of literary comment than to weight down the poem with notes on events in remote Germanic tradition. On the other hand, wherever a note, of whatever nature, seemed absolutely demanded, no pains have been spared to provide it. In the case of selections hitherto not specially edited, this frequently involved great labor, and the editors learned how much easier it is to make an anthology than to equip it for intelligent use.* Details of biography, as well as the larger matters of literary history and criticism, have necessarily been left to the manuals of literary history. For the convenience of those who use the *English Literature* referred to above, exact page references to that volume have sometimes been added. Finally, there are frequent cross-references within the present volume, and these may be

* For instance, one note is still fresh in mind—the next to the last in the book—which required the reading of nearly two volumes of Stevenson, to say nothing of the labor spent in searching on the wrong track. Even in such a classic as *Everyman,* there remained obscurities to be cleared up, and apparently no editor had yet hit upon the explanation of so simple a matter as to "take my tappe in my lappe" (page 93, line 801), the meaning of which the editors guessed and subsequently verified by Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary.* The word "kenns," as used by Scott in *Old Mortality* (see page 504), is not recorded in any of the standard dictionaries, including Jamieson. These examples, which are typical of many others, will serve to show that the preparation of the notes, slight as they may seem, has been no perfunctory or uncritical task.

further extended by the use of the index to the notes. It is believed that this index will be found extremely useful.

Manifestly many advantages are to be derived from having so much material in a single volume. The book may even be used as a source-book for the study of English history, in a liberal interpretation of that subject. From the Anglo-Saxon period, for example, a sufficient diversity of literature is presented to give body and reality to that far-away time. In a later period, the constantly recurring terms and manners of feudalism and chivalry make that age also historically real, and the archaism of Spenser, as the age passes away, does not appear such a detached, unintelligible phenomenon. The concentric "spheres" of the old Ptolemaic astronomy may be seen revolving about this earth as a centre through all the poetry down to Milton, when science steps in with its inexorable logic and man is constrained to take a humbler view of his station in the universe. On the other hand, Utopia may change to Arcadia, and Arcadia to El Dorado, but the dream itself refuses to die. A juster conception of the writers themselves is likewise made possible. Shakespeare is removed from his position of lonely grandeur. Milton, so fallen on evil days, finds ample justification for his poetic complaint in the graphic prose descriptions of Pepys and Evelyn. Johnson is humanized by being presented as the friend of Boswell.

Again, in the detailed study of the literature there is the immense advantage of often having at hand, where each student can see it for himself, the source of an allusion, the echo of a sentiment, or the different play of diverse imaginations about the same theme. One passage of Milton can be set by the side of a similar passage in Caedmon, another can be paralleled in Marlowe, a third in Spenser. The story of the last fight of *The Revenge* can be read first in Raleigh's circumstantial narrative and then in Tennyson's martial ode. Malory's Arthur reappears in Tennyson, Scott's Bonny Dundee in Macaulay's account of the battle of Killiecrankie. If the line in Browning's *Saul* about the "locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher" reminds us of an incident in the life of John the Baptist, we turn with interest to Wyclif's curious version of that story. An unusual word, "brede," occurring in one of Keats's odes, is found to have been used in an ode by Collins, and its literary genealogy can scarcely be doubted. The paths of Addison and Carlyle lie far apart, and yet both appear to have been indebted, the one for a quaint fancy, the other for a striking figure, to the same record of a shipwreck on the frozen shores of Nova Zembla more than three centuries ago. By the discerning teacher these cross-references can be multiplied indefinitely, and for nearly every cross-reference there will be a decided gain in understanding and appreciation. The student will see what a network a national literature is, and get some conception of the ever increasing enjoyment that attends upon an increasing familiarity with it.

Indeed, it has been one of the chief pleasures in making this compilation to feel that along with the so-called English classics, of finished form and universal content, so much was being gathered which, though less familiar, is scarcely less worthy, and frequently of a more intimate human appeal. It may not be desirable to teach all this matter, nor would it be possible at any one time or place. The important thing is to have it in hand. The teacher is thus given a real freedom of choice and enabled to teach literature, as it should be taught, with the personal touch. For the student, too, there will always remain some tracts of *terra incognita*, with the delight of wandering, of his own free will, along unfrequented paths. To share, for example, in the early Northmen's vague terror of nickers and jotuns, to listen to the words of Alfred the Great, to observe the concern of the good bishop of Tarente for the spiritual welfare of the nuns under his charge, to stand by at the birth of the first printed English book and note the aged Caxton's enthusiasm in spite of

worn fingers and weary eyes, to join with Jonson in mourning and praising the great fellow-craftsman whom he knew, to watch with Pepys the coronation of the king or hear him piously thank God for the money won at gaming—these are things, it should seem, to arouse the most torpid imagination. If, from excursions of this nature, the student learns that good literature and interesting reading matter meet, that the one is not confined to exalted odes nor the other to current magazine fiction, a very real service will have been done by widening the scope of this volume.

It is obvious that in pursuing the study of such diverse material, no single method will suffice. Sometimes, as has already been hinted, reading is all that is necessary. But when a writer like Bacon, let us say, or Pope, writes with the deliberate purpose of instruction, his work must be studied with close application and may be analyzed until it yields its last shade of meaning. On the other hand, when Keats sings pathetically of the enduring beauty of art and the transient life of man, or when Browning chants some message of faith and cheer, a minutely analytical or skeptical attitude would be not only futile but fatal. And when the various purposes of instruction, inspiration, and æsthetic delight are combined in one work, as in the supreme example of *Paradise Lost,* the student who hopes to attain to anything like full comprehension must return to it with various methods and in various moods. It is from considerations like these that the teacher must determine his course. One thing, however, cannot be too often repeated. The most successful teacher of literature is he who brings to it a lively sympathy springing from intimate knowledge, assured that method is of minor moment so long as there is the responsive spirit that evokes response.

For ourselves, we would say that while we have divided the labor of preparing both copy and notes, there has been close coöperation at every stage of the work. We owe thanks for suggestions and encouragement to more friends than we may undertake to name. To Dr. Frederick Klaeber, in particular, of the University of Minnesota, we are indebted for advice upon the rendering of certain passages in *Beowulf,* and to Professor Lindsay Todd Damon, of Brown University, for a critical vigilance that has worked to the improvement of almost every page. By courtesy of The Macmillan Company the translations which represent Cynewulf have been reprinted from Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's *History of Early English Literature;* and by a similar courtesy on the part of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who hold copyrights in the works of Stevenson, we have been able to include the selections which close the volume.

A. G. N.
A. E. A.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION iii

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

BEOWULF (c. 700) 1
DEOR'S LAMENT 18
CAEDMON (fl. 670)
Paraphrase of the Scriptures
From Genesis: The Garden of Eden; The Fall of Satan 18, 19
From Exodus: The Cloud by Day; The Drowning of Pharaoh 19
BEDE (673-735)
From the Ecclesiastical History (finished 731):
The Britons Seek Succor from the Romans. The Roman Wall 20
A Parable of Man's Life 21
The Story of Cædmon 21
CYNEWULF (fl. 670)
Riddles II, VI, XV 23
From the Christ 24
From the Elene 24
ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE (begun about 850)
Extracts 25
The Battle of Brunanburh 26
ALFRED THE GREAT (849-901)
Ohthere's Narrative 27

ANGLO-NORMAN PERIOD

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH (c. 1100-1154)
From the Historia Britonum Regum (c. 1135):
The Story of King Leir 29
Arthur Makes the Saxons His Tributaries 31
ANCREN RIWLE, From the (c. 1225) 32
PROVERBS OF KING ALFRED, From the 35
CUCKOO SONG (c. 1250) 36

FOURTEENTH CENTURY—AGE OF CHAUCER

PEARL, From the (c. 1350) 37
WILLIAM LANGLAND (1332?-1400?)
From The Vision of Piers the Plowman (1362 onward):
The Prologue (B text, 1377) 39
From Passus I 40
THE WYCLIF BIBLE (c. 1380). THE KING JAMES BIBLE (1611) 41
GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?-1400)
From The Canterbury Tales (c. 1386 onward):
The Prologue 43
The Nonne Preestes Tale 53
From the Legend of Good Women (c. 1385): The Story of Thisbe of Babylon, Martyr 60
The Compleynt of Chaucer to His Purse (1399) 62
TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, From the (written c. 1356; English translation after 1400) 63

THE FIFTEENTH AND EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURIES

BALLADS
Robin Hood and the Monk (MS. c. 1450). 69
The Hunting of the Cheviot 73
Sir Patrick Spens 77
Johnie Cock 77
Bonnie George Campbell 79
The Wife of Usher's Well 79
Katharine Jaffray 79
The Nutbrown Mayde 80
EVERYMAN (before 1525) 84
WILLIAM CAXTON (1422?-1491)
The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy (c. 1474): Prologue, and Epilogue to Book III 95
SIR THOMAS MALORY (died 1471)
From Le Morte Darthur (finished 1470; printed 1485) 96
SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535)
From Utopia (in Latin, 1516; English translation, 1551, 1556) 110
ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)
Toxophilus (1545)
From the Foreword 119
The Ways of the Wind 121
The Schoolmaster (1570)
From A Preface to the Reader 122
A Gentle Teacher and Pupil 124

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—POETRY

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542; poems published 1557)
The Lover Having Dreamed, etc. (Sonnet) 125
Of His Love that Pricked Her Finger with a Needle 125
The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His Love 125
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517?-1547; poems published 1557)
Description of Spring, etc. (Sonnet) 126
A Praise of His Love, etc. 126
Departure of Æneas from Dido 126
EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)
The Faerie Queene. Dedication, and parts of Book I (1590) 127
Prothalamion (1596) 139
ELIZABETHAN SONNETS
Edmund Spenser: Amoretti XV, XXXVII, LXI (1595) 142
Sir Philip Sidney: Astrophel and Stella I, XXXI (1591) 142
Samuel Daniel: To Delia LI (1592) 142
Michael Drayton: Idea LXI (1619) 143
William Shakespeare: Sonnets XXIX, XXX, LXIV, LXV, LXXIII, LXXIV (1609) 143
ELIZABETHAN LYRICS
Sir Philip Sidney: Astrophel and Stella, First Song (1591) 144
George Peele: Fair and Fair (c. 1581) .. 144
Thomas Lodge: Rosalind's Madrigal (1590) 145
Robert Southwell: The Burning Babe (1595) 145
Christopher Marlowe: The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (1590) ... 146
Sir Walter Raleigh (?): The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd (1590) .. 146
Pilgrim to Pilgrim 146
William Shakespeare: Under the Greenwood Tree (c. 1599) 147
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (c. 1599) 147
Take, O, Take Those Lips Away (1604) 147
Come Away, Come Away, Death (c. 1600) 147

How Should I Your True Love Know (1602) 147
Hark, Hark! the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings (c. 1610)..... 148
Thomas Dekker: Art Thou Poor (1599) 148
Thomas Campion: Cherry-Ripe (c. 1617) 148
Michael Drayton: Agincourt (1606)..... 148
Ben Jonson: To Celia (1616; written 1605) 149
The Triumph of Charis (1616)..... 150

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)
From The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus (1604, 1616)..... 151
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)
The Tempest (c. 1610)..... 164
BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)
To the Memory of Shakespeare (1616).. 191
From Volpone; or, The Fox (1605)..... 192
BEAUMONT (1584-1616) AND FLETCHER (1579-1625)
From The Knight of the Burning Pestle (c. 1611) 197

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—PROSE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)
From the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (1590) 206
SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1618)
The Last Fight of the Revenge (1591).. 208
FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)
Essays: Of Studies (1597)..... 212
Of Discourse (1597) 212
Of Friendship (1612) 213
Of Riches (1612)..... 216
Of Revenge (1625) 217
Of Gardens (1625)..... 218

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CAROLINE LYRICS
George Herbert: Virtue (1633)..... 220
Thomas Carew: Ask Me no More Where Jove Bestows (1640)..... 220
Sir John Suckling: Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover (1637)..... 220
Richard Lovelace: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars (1649)..... 220
To Althea, from Prison (1649)..... 221
Robert Herrick: Corinna's Going A-Maying (1648) 221
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time (1648) 222
To Electra (1648)..... 222
How Roses Came Red (1648)..... 222
Edmund Waller: Go, Lovely Rose (1645) 222
On a Girdle (1645)..... 223
Henry Vaughan: The Retreat (1650).. 223
JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629) 223
On Shakespeare (1630)..... 226
L'Allegro (1634) 227
Il Penseroso (1634)..... 228
Lycidas (1638) 230
Sonnets: When the Assault was Intended to the City (1642)..... 233
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (1655) 233
On His Blindness (after 1652)..... 234
To Cyriack Skinner (1655?)..... 234
Paradise Lost: Books I, II, etc. (1667). 234
On Education (1644)..... 259
From Areopagitica (1644)..... 262
IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683)
From The Complete Angler (1653)..... 264
JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)
From The Pilgrim's Progress..... 267
SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)
From His Diary..... 271
JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706)
From His Diary..... 274
JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)
From Absalom and Achitophel (1681).. 277
Mac Flecknoe (1682)..... 280
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day (1687).... 282
Alexander's Feast: or, The Power of Music (1697) 283
Lines Printed under the Engraved Portrait of Milton (1688)..... 285
Song from The Indian Emperor (1665). 285
Song of Thamesis (1685)..... 286
Song from Cleomenes (1692)..... 286
The Secular Masque (written for the year 1700) 286
On Chaucer (1700)..... 288

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)
Prospectus. The Tatler, No. 1 (April 12, 1709) 290
Memories. The Tatler, No. 181 (June 6, 1710) 291
The Club. The Spectator, No. 2 (March 2, 1711) 292
JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)
Sir Roger at Church. The Spectator, No. 112 (July 9, 1711)..... 295
Ned Softly. The Tatler, No. 163 (April 25, 1710) 296
Frozen Words. The Tatler, No. 254 (Nov. 23, 1710)..... 298
A Coquette's Heart. The Spectator, No. 281 (Jan. 22, 1712)..... 300
The Vision of Mirza. The Spectator, No. 159 (Sept. 1, 1711)..... 301
MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721)
To a Child of Quality Five Years Old (1704) 303
A Simile (1707) 304
An Ode (1709)..... 304
A Better Answer (1718)..... 304
JOHN GAY (1685-1732)
The Hound and the Huntsman. Fable XLIV (1727) 305
The Poet and the Rose. Fable XLV (1727) 305
ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (written 1708). 305
From An Essay on Criticism (1711; written 1709) 307
The Rape of the Lock (1712, 1714).... 310
An Essay on Man. Epistles I and II (1733) 319
The Universal Prayer (1738)..... 325
DANIEL DEFOE (1659-1731)
From Robinson Crusoe (1719)..... 326
JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)
From Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Lilliput, Chapters I, II, and III (1726) 330
JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)
The Seasons. From Spring (1728)..... 342
From the Castle of Indolence (1748)... 344
Rule, Britannia (1740)..... 345

LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)
A Song from Shakespeare's Cymbeline (1744) 346
Ode. How Sleep the Brave (1746)..... 346
Ode to Evening (1747)..... 346
THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (1751) 347
The Progress of Poesy (1757)..... 349
JAMES MACPHERSON ("OSSIAN") (1736-1796)
Oina-Morul (1762) 351
From Carthon: Ossian's Address to the Sun (1762) 352
THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770)
Epitaph on Robert Canynge..... 352
An Excelente Balade of Charitie..... 353
From The Battle of Hastings..... 354

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)
From the Plan of an English Dictionary (1747) 355
Letter to Lord Chesterfield (1755)..... 357
From the Preface to the English Dictionary (1755) 357
From the Preface to an Edition of Shakespeare's Plays (1768).... 358
From the Lives of the English Poets: The Character of Addison (1779) 360
JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)
From The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (1791) 363
OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)
The Citizen of the World. Letters I, II, III, and IV (1760)..... 368
The Deserted Village (1770)..... 373
The Haunch of Venison (written 1771).. 377
From Retaliation (1774)..... 379
EDWARD GIBBON (1734-1794)
The Fall of Constantinople (1788)..... 381
GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793)
From The Natural History of Selborne (1789) 384
EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)
From the Speech at Bristol (1780)..... 387
From Reflections on the Revolution in France (1790) 388
WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)
Light Shining out of Darkness, Olney Hymns, XXXV (1779)..... 391
On the Loss of the Royal George (written 1782) 392
The Jackdaw (1782)..... 392
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture (written 1785) 392
To Mrs. Unwin..... 394
The Castaway (written 1799)..... 394
GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832)
The Borough. From Letter I (1810)... 395
WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)
Song. How Sweet I Roamed (1783).... 397
To the Muses (1783)..... 398
Introduction to Songs of Innocence (1789) 398
The Tiger (1794) 398
Ah. Sunflower (1794)..... 398
SCOTTISH LYRICS
Robert Fergusson: Elegy on the Death of Scots Music (c. 1773)..... 399
Lady Anne Lindsay: Auld Robin Gray (1771) 399
Isobel Pagan: Ca' the Yowes (c. 1787).. 400
Lady Nairne: The Land o' the Leal (1798) 401
ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)
The Cotter's Saturday Night (1785).... 401
Address to the Deil (1785)..... 404
Address to the Unco Guid (1786)..... 405
To a Mouse (1785)..... 406
To a Louse (1786)..... 407
To a Mountain Daisy (1786)..... 407
Tam O'Shanter (1791)..... 408
Green Grow the Rashes (1786)..... 411
Auld Lang Syne (1788)..... 411
John Anderson My Jo (1789)..... 411
Whistle o'er the Lave o't (1789)..... 411
To Mary in Heaven (1789) 412
My Heart's in the Highlands (1789).... 412
The Banks o' Doon (1791?)..... 412
Afton Water (1789?)..... 412
Highland Mary (1792)..... 413
Bannockburn (1793) 413
Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair (1794) 413
A Man's a Man for a' That (1795)..... 414
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast (1796). 414

THE ROMANTIC AGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)
Dear Native Regions (written 1786).... 415
We Are Seven (1798)..... 415
Lines Written in Early Spring (1798)... 416
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey (1798) 416
Strange Fits of Passion I Have Known (1799) 418
She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways (1799) 418
I Travelled Among Unknown Men (1799) 418
Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower (1799) 418
A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal (1799).. 419
Lucy Gray (1799)..... 419
The Prelude; or, Growth of a Poet's Mind. From Book I, Childhood (1799) 420
My Heart Leaps up when I Behold (1802) 422
The Solitary Reaper (1803)..... 422
To the Cuckoo (1804)..... 422
She Was a Phantom of Delight (1804).. 423
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud (1804)... 423
Ode to Duty (1805)..... 423
To a Skylark (1805)..... 424
To a Skylark (1825)..... 424
Ode: Intimations of Immortality (1803-1806) 424
Sonnets: Composed upon Westminster Bridge (1802) 426
It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free (1802) 427
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic (1802) 427
London, 1802 (1802)..... 427
The World is Too Much With Us (1806) 427
After-Thought (1820) 427
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)
Kubla Khan (written c. 1798; printed 1816) 428
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1798) 428
Christabel. Part the First (written 1797; printed 1816) 436
France: An Ode (1798)..... 440
Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni (1802) 441
The Knight's Tomb (1817?)..... 442
Song from Zapolya (1817)..... 442
Youth and Age (1823-1832)..... 442
Work Without Hope (1827)..... 443
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
Lochinvar. From Marmion (1808)..... 443
Soldier, Rest! From The Lady of the Lake (1810) 444
Coronach. From The Lady of the Lake (1810) 444
The Battle of Beal an' Duine. From The Lady of the Lake (1810)..... 445
Jock of Hazeldean (1816)..... 447
Proud Maisie. From The Heart of Midlothian (1818) 448
County Guy. From Quentin Durward (1823) 448
Bonny Dundee (written 1825)..... 448
Here's a Health to King Charles. From Woodstock (1826) 449
LORD BYRON (1788-1824)
From English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (1809) 449
Maid of Athens, Ere We Part (1812)... 451
She Walks in Beauty (1815)..... 452
The Destruction of Sennacherib (1815).. 452
So We'll Go No More A-Roving (1817).. 452
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa (1821)..... 453
To Thomas Moore (1817)..... 453
Sonnet on Chillon (1816)..... 453
The Prisoner of Chillon (1816)..... 453
From Childe Harold, Canto III (1816):
Waterloo 457
Night on Lake Leman..... 458
From Childe Harold, Canto IV (1818):
Venice 460
Rome 461
The Coliseum 462
The Ocean 463
From Don Juan, Canto II (1819):
The Shipwreck 464

From Don Juan, Canto III (1821): The Isles of Greece 465
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)
Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude (1816). 468
Ozymandias (Sonnet) (1819) 476
Ode to the West Wind (1820) 476
The Indian Serenade (written 1819) 477
From Prometheus Unbound (1820): Song 478
Asia's Response 478
The Cloud (1820) 478
To a Skylark (1820) 479
From Adonais (1821): The Grave of Keats 480
Chorus from Hellas (1822) 481
To ——. Music, when Soft Voices Die (written 1821) 482
To ——. One Word is Too Often Profaned (written 1821) 482
A Lament (written 1821) 482
When the Lamp is Shattered (written 1822) 482
A Dirge (written 1822) 483
JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)
From Endymion, Book I: Proem (1818). 483
The Eve of St. Agnes (1820) 483
Ode to a Nightingale (1820) 488
Ode on a Grecian Urn (1820) 489
Ode on Melancholy (1820) 490
To Autumn (1820) 490
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern (1820) ... 490
In a Drear-Nighted December (c. 1818). 491
La Belle Dame Sans Merci (1819) 491
Sonnets: On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (1817) 492
On the Grasshopper and Cricket (December, 1816) 492
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles (1817). 492
On the Sea (1817) 492
When I have Fears that I may Cease to be (1817) 492
Bright Star! Would I were Stedfast as Thou art (1820) 493
LATE GEORGIAN BALLADS AND LYRICS
Robert Southey: The Battle of Blenheim (1798) 493
Thomas Campbell: Ye Mariners of England (1800, 1809) 494
Hohenlinden (1802) 494
Charles Wolfe: The Burial of Sir John Moore (1817) 494
Thomas Moore: The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls (1808) ... 495
The Minstrel Boy (1813) 495
Oft, in the Stilly Night (1815) 495
Charles Lamb: The Old Familiar Faces (1798) 495
Walter Savage Landor: Rose Aylmer (1806) 496
Leigh Hunt: To the Grasshopper and the Cricket (December, 1816) .. 496
Rondeau (1838) 496
Abou Ben Adhem (1844) 496
Winthrop Mackworth Praed: Letters from Teignmouth. I—Our Ball (1829) 497
Thomas Lovell Beddoes: Dream-Pedlary (c. 1825; printed 1851) 498
Thomas Hood: The Death-Bed (1831) .. 498
The Song of the Shirt (1843) 498
Robert Stephen Hawker: The Song of the Western Men (1825) 499
The Silent Tower of Bottreau (1831) 500
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
From Old Mortality, Chapter I, Preliminary (1816) 500
CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)
From Elia (1822-24): Dream-Children; A Reverie 504
A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig 506
From The Last Essays of Elia (1833): Old China 509
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)
From Imaginary Conversations: Metellus and Marius (1829) 512
Leofric and Godiva (1829) 514
THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)
From Confessions of an English Opium-Eater (1821-1822) 516
From Suspiria De Profundis (1845): Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow .. 519
Savannah-la-Mar 522
From Joan of Arc (1847) 523

THE VICTORIAN AGE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)
From Sartor Resartus (1833-1834): The Everlasting Yea 526
Natural Supernaturalism 529
From the French Revolution (1837): Storming of the Bastile 532
THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859)
From The History of England (1848-1860): London in 1685 539
The London Coffee Houses 541
The Battle of Killiecrankie 543
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)
Site of a University (1854) 548
CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)
A Christmas Tree (1850) 551
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)
From The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century (1851): Goldsmith 559
From Roundabout Papers (1860-63): De Juventute 564
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)
The Lady of Shalott (1833) 567
Œnone (1833) 569
The Lotos-Eaters (1833) 572
Saint Agnes' Eve (1837) 572
Sir Galahad (1842) 573
The Beggar Maid (1842) 574
You Ask Me Why, Tho' Ill at Ease (1842) 574
Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights (1842) 574
Morte D'Arthur (1842) 574
Ulysses (1842) 577
Locksley Hall (1842) 578
A Farewell (1842) 583
Break, Break, Break (1842) 583
Songs from the Princess (1847, 1850): Sweet and Low 583
The Splendour Falls 583
Tears, Idle Tears 584
From In Memoriam (1850) 584
In the Valley of Cauteretz (1861) 587
In the Garden at Swainston (written 1870) 588
Song from Maud (1855) 588
The Charge of the Light Brigade (1854). 589
The Captain (1865) 589
The Revenge (1878) 590
Northern Farmer, Old Style (1864) 592
Rizpah (1880) 594
Milton (1863) 596
To Dante (1865) 596
To Virgil (1882) 596
Frater Ave atque Vale (1883) 596
Flower in the Crannied Wall (1870) 597
Wages (1868) 597
By an Evolutionist (1889) 597
Vastness (1885) 597
Crossing the Bar (1889) 598
ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)
From Pippa Passes (1841): New Year's Hymn; Song 598
Cavalier Tunes (1842) 599
Incident of The French Camp (1842) ... 600
My Last Duchess (1842) 600
In a Gondola (1842) 601
The Pied Piper of Hamelin (1842) 603
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix (1845) 606
The Lost Leader (1845) 607
Home-Thoughts, From Abroad (1845) 608
Home-Thoughts, From the Sea (1845) ... 608
The Boy and the Angel (1845) 608
Saul (1845-55) 609

Evelyn Hope (1855) 616
Fra Lippo Lippi (1855) 616
Up at a Villa—Down in the City (1855) 621
Memorabilia (1855) 622
Popularity (1855) 623
The Patriot (1855) 623
"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" (1855) 624
Rabbi Ben Ezra (1864) 626
Prospice (written 1861, printed 1864) 629
Hervé Riel (1871) 629
Wanting Is—What? (1883) 631
Why I Am a Liberal (1885) 631
Epilogue (1889) 631

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861)
Sonnets from the Portuguese (1850): I, III, IV, XIV, XXII, XLIII 632

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (1859, 1873) 633

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861)
In a Lecture-Room (1849) 639
Qua Cursum Ventus (1849) 639
Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth (1862) 640
Ite Domum Saturae, Venit Hesperus (1862) 640
All Is Well (1869) 640

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)
The Forsaken Merman (1849) 641
Sonnets: To a Friend (1849) 642
Shakespeare (1849) 642
Austerity of Poetry 643
Memorial Verses (1850) 643
Self-Dependence (1852) 643
Lines Written in Kensington Gardens (1852) 644
Requiescat (1853) 644
Sohrab and Rustum (1853) 645
Philomela (1853) 654
Kaiser Dead (1887) 655
Dover Beach (1867) 656
The Last Word (1867) 656
Culture and Human Perfection (1867) 656
Natural Magic in Celtic Literature (1866) 659
Wordsworth (1879) 660

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894)
The Sailing of the Spanish Armada. From History of England (1856-1870) 662
Defeat of the Armada (1895) 663

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)
On a Piece of Chalk (1868) 669

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)
From The Seven Lamps of Architecture (1849): The Lamp of Memory. 674
From The Stones of Venice (1851-53): The Throne, Vol. II. Chapter I 677
The Mediæval and the Modern Workman. From Vol. II. Chapter VI. 681
From Modern Painters, Part IV, Chapter VI (1856): Of the True Ideal 683

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)
The Blessed Damozel (1850) 686
Sister Helen (1853) 688
La Bella Donna (1870) 691
The Woodspurge (1870) 692
The Song of the Bower (1870) 692
The Cloud Confines (1872) 692
From The House of Life (1870, 1881):
The Sonnet 693
IV. Lovesight 693
XIX. Silent Noon 693
XLIX-LII. Willowwood 693
LXV. Known in Vain 694
LXVI. The Heart of the Night 694
LXVII. The Landmark 694
LXX. The Hill Summit 695
LXXIX. The Monochord 695

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)
Goblin Market (1862) 695
The Three Enemies (written 1851) 701
An Apple Gathering (written 1857) 701
Monna Innominata (1896): Sonnets I, II, and XI 701
Up-Hill (1861) 702

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)
The Gilliflower of Gold (1858) 702
The Sailing of the Sword (1858) 703
The Blue Closet (1858) 704
From The Earthly Paradise: An Apology (1868) 705
From Love is Enough: Song for Music (1872) 705
From Sigurd the Volsung: Of the Passing Away of Brynhild (1876) 705
The Voice of Toil (1885) 710

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)
Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon (1865) 710
A Leave-Taking (1866) 711
Hymn to Proserpine (1866) 711
Prelude to Songs Before Sunrise (1871) 713
Lines on the Monument of Giuseppe Mazzini (1884) 715
The Pilgrims (1871) 716
A Forsaken Garden (1876) 717
A Ballad of Dreamland (1876) 718
Upon a Child (1882) 719
A Child's Laughter (1882) 719
A Baby's Death (1883) 719
From Tristram of Lyonesse: Prelude (1882) 720

WALTER PATER (1839-1894)
The Child in the House (1878) 723

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)
El Dorado (1881) 730
The Maroon (1891) 731
The Vagabond (c. 1888) 734
The Morning Drum-Call on My Eager Ear (c. 1888) 735
Evensong (after 1890) 735
Requiem (1887) 735

INDEX TO NOTES, AND GLOSSARY 737
INDEX TO TITLES AND FIRST LINES 746
INDEX TO AUTHORS 755

TWELVE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY AND PROSE

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

BEOWULF (c. 700)*

I. The Passing of Scyld

Lo, we have heard of the fame in old time
of the great kings of the Spear-Danes,
how these princes valor displayed.
Oft Scyld, Scef's son, from robber-bands,
from many tribes, their mead-seats took,
filled earls with fear, since first he was
found all forlorn. Howe'er, he won comfort,
waxed great 'neath the welkin, in dignities throve,
until every one of those dwelling near
over the whale-road, was bound to obey him
and pay him tribute: that was a good king.
To him a son was afterward born,
a child in his courts whom God sent
to comfort the people; He felt the dire need
they erst had suffered, how they had princeless
been a long while. Therefore the Lord of Life,
Glory-prince, gave to him worldly honor.
Renowned was Beowulf, widely the glory spread
of Scyld's offspring in the Scanian lands.
So shall a prudent man do good works
with bountiful gifts in his father's hall,
that in his old age still may surround him
willing companions, and when war comes
the people may follow him. By praiseworthy deeds
man shall flourish in every tribe.
Scyld then departed at his fated time,
the very bold one, to the Lord's keeping.
Away to the sea-shore then they bore him,
his dear companions, as himself had bid,
while his words had sway, the Scylding's friend,
the land's loved chief that long had possessed it.
There at the hithe stood the ring-prowed ship,
icy and eager, the prince's vessel.
Then they laid down the beloved chief,
the dispenser of rings, on the ship's bosom,—
by the mast laid him. There were treasures many
from far ways, ornaments brought.
I have heard of no comelier keel adorned
with weapons of war and martial weeds,
with glaves and byrnies. On his bosom lay
many treasures which were to go with him,
far depart into the flood's possession.
Not less with gifts, with lordly treasures,
did they provide him, than did those others
who at the beginning sent him forth
alone o'er the wave, a little child.
They set moreover a golden ensign
high o'er his head; let the sea bear him,
gave him to ocean. Their mind was sad,
mournful their mood. No man of men,
counsellors in hall, heroes 'neath heaven,
can say for sooth who that lading received.

* Of the three large sections into which the story of Beowulf falls—the fight with Grendel in Denmark, the fight with Grendel's mother, and the subsequent deeds of Beowulf in Geatland (Sweden)—the first is here given practically entire, and the second in part. It should be noted that the Beowulf mentioned in the opening canto is a Scylding, or Dane; Beowulf the Geat, or Weder-Geat, for whom the poem is named, is not introduced until the fourth canto. The translation is virtually the literal one of Benjamin Thorpe (1855), relieved of some of its harsher inversions and obscurities and made more consistently rhythmical, also occasionally altered to conform to a more probable interpretation. No attempt is made to preserve the original alliteration. For this feature, as well as for the continual repetition or "parallelism" of phrase, and the poetic synonyms or "kennings," like *whale-road* for *ocean*, see Newcomer's *English Literature*, p. 20. Certain recurring archaic words are:

atheling, prince
brand, sword
byrnie, corslet
hithe, harbor
jotun, giant
mere, sea, lake
ness, headland
nicker, orken, sea-monster
sark, cuirass
scóp, poet (*Eng. Lit.*, p. 18)
thane, war-companion, retainer.
wyrd, fate

II. The Building of Heorot

Then in the towns was Beowulf, the Scyldings'
beloved sovereign, for a long time
famed among nations (his father had passed away,
the prince from his dwelling), till from him in turn sprang
the lofty Healfdene. He ruled while he lived,
old and war-fierce, the glad Scyldings.
From him four children, numbered forth,
sprang in the world, from the head of hosts:
Heorogar and Hrothgar and Halga the good;
and I have heard that Elan[1] was wife
of Ongentheow the Heathoscylfing.

Then was to Hrothgar war-prowess given,
martial glory, that[2] his dear kinsmen
gladly obeyed him, till his young warriors grew,
a great train of kinsfolk. It ran thro' his mind
that he would give orders for men to make
a hall-building, a mighty mead-house,
which the sons of men should ever hear of;
and therewithin to deal out freely
to young and to old, whatever God gave him,
save the freeman's share and the lives of men.

Then heard I that widely the work was proclaimed
to many a tribe thro' this mid-earth
that a folk-stead was building. Befel him in time,
soon among men, that it was all ready,
of hall-houses greatest; and he, whose word was
law far and wide, named it Heorot.*
He belied not his promise, bracelets distributed,
treasures at the feast. The hall arose
high and horn-curved; awaited fierce heat
of hostile flame. Nor was it yet long
when sword-hate 'twixt son- and father-in-law,
after deadly enmity, was to be wakened.†

Then the potent guest who in darkness dwelt
with difficulty for a time endured
that he each day heard merriment
loud in the hall. There was sound of the harp,
loud song of the gleeman. The scôp, who could
the origin of men from far back relate,
told how the Almighty wrought the earth,
the plain of bright beauty which water embraces;
in victory exulting set sun and moon,
beams for light to the dwellers on land;
adorned moreover the regions of earth
with boughs and leaves; life eke created
for every kind that liveth and moveth.

Thus the retainers lived in delights,
in blessedness; till one began
to perpetrate crime, a fiend in hell.
Grendel was the grim guest called,
great mark-stepper[3] that held the moors,
the fen and fastness. The sea-monsters' dwelling
the unblest man abode in awhile,
after the Creator had proscribed him.*
On Cain's race the eternal Lord
that death avenged, the slaying of Abel;
the Creator joyed not in that feud,
but banished him far from men for his crime.
Thence monstrous births all woke into being,
jotuns, and elves, and orken-creatures,
likewise the giants who for a long space
warred against God: He gave them requital.

III. The Grim Guest of Heorot

When night had come he went to visit
the lofty house, to see how the Ring-Danes
after their beer-feast might be faring.
He found therein a band of nobles
asleep after feasting; sorrow they knew not,
misery of men, aught of unhappiness.
Grim and greedy, he was soon ready,
rugged and fierce, and in their rest
took thirty thanes; and thence departed,
in his prey exulting, to his home to go,
with the slaughtered corpses, his quarters to visit.

Then in the morning, at early day,
was Grendel's war-craft manifest:
after that repast was a wail upraised,
a great morning cry. The mighty prince,
the excellent noble, unblithe sat;
the strong thane suffered, sorrow endured,
when they beheld the foeman's traces,
the accursed sprite's. That strife was too strong,
loathsome and tedious. It was no longer
than after one night, again he perpetrated
greater mischief, and scrupled not
at feud and crime; he was too set on them.
Then were those easily found who elsewhere
sought their rest in places of safety,

1 Perhaps the fourth child.
2 so that
* "The Hart"—probably so named from gable decorations resembling a deer's horns.
† Hrothgar's son-in-law, Ingeld, tried to avenge upon him the death of his father, and it may have been he who gave the hall to "hostile flame."

3 roamer of the marches, or land-bounds
* That is, Grendel is of the monstrous brood of Cain. The passage is one of the Christian additions to a legend wholly pagan in origin.

on beds in the bowers,[1] when it was shown them,
truly declared by a manifest token,
the hall-thane's hate; held themselves after
farther and faster who the fiend escaped.
So Grendel ruled, and warred against right,
alone against all, until empty stood
that best of houses. Great was the while,
twelve winters' tide, the Scyldings' friend
endured his rage, every woe,
ample sorrow. Whence it became
openly known to the children of men,
sadly in songs, that Grendel warred
awhile against Hrothgar, enmity waged,
crime and feud for many years,
strife incessant; peace would not have
with any man of the Danish power,
nor remit for a fee the baleful levy;
nor any wight might hold a hope
for a glorious satisfaction at the murderer's hands.
The fell wretch kept persecuting—
the dark death-shade—the noble and youthful,
oppressed and snared them. All the night
he roamed the mist-moors. Men know not
whither hell-sorcerers wander at times.
Thus many crimes the foe of mankind,
the fell lone-roamer, often accomplished,
cruel injuries. Heorot he held,
seat richly adorned, in the dark nights;
yet might not the gift-throne touch, that treasure,
because of the Lord, nor knew His design.
'Twas great distress to the Scyldings' friend,
grief of spirit; often the wise men
sat in assembly; counsel devised they
what for strong-souled men it were best
to do against the perilous horrors.
Sometimes they promised idolatrous honors
at the temples, prayed in words
that the spirit-slayer aid would afford
against their afflictions.
Such was their custom,
the heathen's hope; hell they remembered,
but the Creator, the Judge of deeds,
they knew not—knew not the Lord God, knew not
how to praise the heavens' Protector,
Glory's Ruler. Woe to him who
thro' cruel malice shall thrust his soul
in the fire's embrace; let him expect not
comfort to find. Well unto him who
after his death-day may seek the Lord,
and win to peace in his Father's bosom.

1 Apartments used mainly by the women.

IV. Beowulf's Resolve

So Healfdene's son on sorrow brooded;
for all his wisdom the hero could not
avert the evil; that strife was too strong,
loathsome and tedious, that came on the people,
malice-brought misery, greatest of night-woes.
Then Hygelac's thane,* a Geatman good,
heard from his home of Grendel's deeds;
he of mankind was strongest in power
in that day of this life, noble and vigorous.
He bade for himself a good wave-rider
to be prepared; said he would go
over the swan-road to seek the war-king,
the prince renowned, since men he had need of.
Dear though he was, his prudent liegemen
little blamed him for that voyage,
whetted him rather, and noted the omen.
Then the good chief chose him champions
of the Geat-folk, whomso bravest
he could find, and, fourteen with him,
sought the vessel. Then the hero,
the sea-crafty man, led the way to the shore.
Time passed; the floater was on the waves,
the boat 'neath the hill; the ready warriors
stepped on the prow; the streams surged
the sea 'gainst the sand; the warriors bare
into the bark's bosom bright arms,
a rich war-array. The men shoved out
on the welcome voyage the wooden bark.
Most like to a bird the foamy-necked floater,
impelled by the wind, then flew o'er the waves
till about the same time on the second day
the twisted prow had sailed so far
that the voyagers land descried,
shining ocean-shores, mountains steep,
spacious sea-nesses. Then was the floater
at the end of its voyage. Up thence quickly
the Weders' people stept on the plain;
the sea-wood tied; their mail-shirts shook,
their martial weeds; thanked God that to them
the paths of the waves had been made easy.
When from the wall the Scyldings' warder,
who the sea-shores had to keep,
saw bright shields borne over the gunwale,
war-gear ready, wonder arose
within his mind what those men were.
Hrothgar's thane then went to the shore,
on his horse riding, stoutly shook
the stave in his hands, and formally asked them:
"What are ye of arm-bearing men,
with byrnies protected, who thus come leading
a surgy keel over the water-street,
here o'er the seas? I for this,
placed at the land's end, have kept sea-ward,

* Beowulf. Hygelac was his uncle, and king of the Geats, or Weder-Geats, who lived in Sweden.

that no enemies on the Danes' land
with a ship-force might do injury.
Never more openly hither to come
have shield-men attempted; nay, and ye knew not
surely the pass-word ready of warriors,
permission of kinsmen. Yet ne'er have I seen
earl upon earth more great than is one of you,
or warrior in arms: 'tis no mere retainer
honored in arms, unless his face belies him,
his aspect distinguished. Now your origin
must I know, ere ye farther,
as false spies, into the Danes' land
hence proceed. Now ye dwellers
afar, sea-farers, give ye heed to
my simple thought: best is it quickly
to make known whence your coming is."

V. The Mission of the Geats

Him the chief of them answered then,
the band's war-leader his word-hoard unlocked:
"We are of race of the Geats' nation,
and hearth-enjoyers of Hygelac.
Well known to nations was my father,
a noble chieftain, Ecgtheow named;
abode many winters ere he departed
old from his courts; nigh every sage
thro' the wide earth remembers him well.
We in kindness of feeling have come
to seek thy lord, the son of Healfdene,
the folk-defender. Be a kind informant.
We have a great errand to the illustrious
lord of the Danes. Naught shall be secret
whereof my thought is. Thou knowest whether
it be in sooth as we have heard say,
that with the Scyldings I know not what wretch,
a secret ill-doer, in the dark nights
displays thro' terror unheard-of malice,
havoc and slaughter. For this may I teach,
thro' my large mind, counsel to Hrothgar,
how he, wise and good, shall o'ercome the foe,
if ever a change is to befal,
if relief from evil should ever come
and that care-welling calmer grow.
Else he ever after oppression will suffer,
a time of trouble, while standeth there
in its high place the noblest of houses."

Then spake the warder, astride of his horse,
the officer fearless: "Between these two
should a sharp shield-warrior who thinketh well
the difference know—'tween words and works.
This band, I hear, is a friendly one
to the Scyldings' lord. Pass ye on
with weapons and weeds, I will direct you.
Likewise will I give to my fellow-liegemen orders in honor to keep
'gainst every foe, your new-tarred ship,
your bark on the sand, till back o'er the water
the vessel with twisted neck shall bear
to the Weder-march the man beloved.
To such a warrior shall it surely be given
the rush of war to escape from whole.

Then they set forth; the vessel still bode
firm in her berth, the wide-bosomed ship,
at anchor fast. A boar's likeness sheen
'bove their cheeks they bore, adorned with gold;
stained and fire-hardened, it held life in ward.*
In warlike mood the men hastened on,
descended together, until the well-timbered
hall they might see, adorned all with gold.
Unto earth's dwellers that was the grandest
of houses 'neath heav'n, where the ruler abode;
the light of it shone over many lands.
To them then the warrior pointed out clearly
the proud one's court, that they might thither
take their way; then did the warrior
turn his steed and speak these words:
"'Tis time for me to go on my way.
May the all-ruling Father with honor hold you
safe in your fortunes. I will back to the sea,
ward to keep against hostile bands."

VI. The Arrival at Heorot

The street was stone-paved, the path gav guidance
to the men in a body; the war-byrnie shone,
hard, hand-locked; the ringed iron bright
sang in their gear, as they to the hall
in their arms terrific came striding on.
Their ample shields, their flint-hard bucklers,
the sea-weary set 'gainst the mansion's wall,
then stooped to the benches; their byrnies rang,
the war-gear of men. In a sheaf together
the javelins stood, the seamen's arms,
ash-wood, grey-tipped. These ironclad men
were weaponed well.

Then a proud chief asked
these sons of conflict concerning their lineage:
"Whence do ye bear your plated shields
and grey sarks hither, your visor-helms
and heap of war-shafts? I am Hrothgar's
servant and messenger. Never saw I
strangers so many and proud. I ween
that ye out of pride, of greatness of soul,
and not for exile, have sought Hrothgar."

Him then answered the famed for valor;
the Weders' proud lord, bold 'neath his helmet,
spake words afterward: "We are Hygelac's
table-enjoyers—my name, Beowulf.
I my errand will relate

* Boar-images surmounted the helmets.

to the great lord, son of Healfdene,
to thy prince, if he will grant us
graciously to greet him here."
Wulfgar spake (he was lord of the Wendels;
known to many was his spirit,
his valor and wisdom): "I will therefore
ask the Danes' friend, lord of the Scyldings,
mighty prince and ring-distributor,
about thy voyage, as thou requestest,
and make quickly known the answer
that the prince thinks fit to give me."
He then went quickly where Hrothgar sat,
old and gray, among his earls;
the brave chief stood before the shoulders
of the Danes' lord—he knew court-usage.
Wulfgar spake to his friendly lord:
"Hither are borne, come from afar
o'er ocean's course, people of the Geats.
Beowulf these sons of conflict
name their chief. They make petition
that they may hold with thee, my lord,
words of converse. Decree not, Hrothgar,
denial of the boon of answer.
Worthy seem they, in their war-gear,
of earls' esteem—at least the chieftain
who has led the warriors hither."

VII. Hrothgar's Welcome

Hrothgar spake, the Scyldings' shield:
"Lo, I knew him when he was a boy.
His old father was named Ecgtheow,
to whom in his home gave Hrethel the Geat
his only daughter. Now his offspring
bold comes hither, has sought a kind friend.
For sea-farers—they who bore gift-treasures
unto the Geats gratuitously—
were wont to say of him, the war-famed,
that he the might of thirty men
has in his hand-grip. Holy God
hath in his mercies sent him to us,
to the West Danes, as I hope,
'gainst Grendel's horror. For his daring,
to the good chief gifts I'll offer.
Be thou speedy, bid these kinsmen,
assembled together, come in to see me.
Say moreover they are welcome
guests to the Danes. [Then to the hall-door
Wulfgar went.] He announced the words:
"My victor-lord, O prince of the East Danes,
bids me tell you he knows your nobleness;
that, boldly striving over the sea-billows,
ye come to him hither welcome guests.
Now ye may go in your war-accoutrements,
'neath martial helm, Hrothgar to see.
Let your battle-boards, spears, and shafts,
here await the council of words."

Arose then the chief, his many men around him,
a brave band of thanes. Some remained there,
held the war-weeds, as the bold one bade them.
They hastened together where the warrior directed,
under Heorot's roof; the valiant one went,
bold 'neath his helmet, till he stood on the dais.
Beowulf spake; his byrnie shone on him,
his war-net sewed by the smith's devices:
"Hail to thee, Hrothgar; I am Hygelac's
kinsman and war-fellow; many great deeds
in my youth have I ventured. To me on my native turf
Grendel's doings became clearly known.
Sea-farers say that this most excellent
house doth stand, for every warrior,
useless and void when the evening light
under heaven's serenity is concealed.
Then, prince Hrothgar, did my people,
the most excellent men, sagacious,
counsel me that I should seek thee,
because they knew the might of my craft.
Themselves beheld—when I came from their snares,
blood-stained from the foes—where five I bound,
the jotun-race ravaged, and slew on the billows
nickers by night; distress I suffered,
avenged the Weders (they had had misery),
crushed the fell foe. And now against Grendel,
that miserable being, will I hold council,
alone with the giant.
"Of thee now, therefore,
lord of the bright Danes, Scyldings' protector,
will I make this one petition:
now that I come so far, deny not,
O patron of warriors, friend of people,
that I alone with my band of earls,
with this bold company, may purge Heorot.
I have learned this, that the demon-like being
in his heedlessness recketh not of weapons.
I then will disdain (so may Hygelac,
my liege lord, be to me gracious of mood)
to bear a sword or round yellow shield
into the battle; but shall with the enemy
grip and grapple, and for life contend,
foe against foe. And he whom death taketh
there shall trust in the doom of the Lord.
"I ween that he, if he may prevail,
will fearlessly eat, in the martial hall,
the Geat's people, as oft he has done
the Hrethmen's[1] forces. Thou wilt not need
to shroud my head, for he will have me,
stained with gore, if death shall take me;

1 the Danes

will bear off my bloody corse to feast on it;
lonely, will eat it without compunction;
will mark out my moor-mound. Thou wilt not need
care to take for my body's disposal.
If the conflict take me, send to Hygelac
this best of battle-coats shielding my breast,
of vests most excellent; 'tis Hrædla's legacy,
Weland's[2] work. Fate goes aye as it must."

VIII. Hrothgar's Lament

Hrothgar spake, the Scyldings' shield:
"For battles thou, my friend Beowulf,
and for honor, us hast sought.
Thy father fought in the greatest feud:
he was of Heatholaf the slayer,
with the Wylfings, when the Weder-Geats
for fear of war-feud might not harbor him.
Thence he sought, o'er the rolling waves,
the South Danes' folk, the noble Scyldings,
when first I ruled the Danish people
and in my youth held spacious realms,
the hoard-burg of heroes. Dead was Heregar,
my elder brother, son of Healfdene,—
passed from the living; he was better than I.
Later, that quarrel I settled with money;
over the water's back old treasures
I sent to the Wylfings: he swore to me oaths.
"Sorry am I in my mind to say
to any man what Grendel has wrought me
in Heorot with his hostile designs,
what swift mischiefs done. My courtiers are minished,
my martial band; them fate has off-swept
to the horrors of Grendel. Yet God may easily
turn from his deeds the frenzied spoiler.
Oft have promised the sons of conflict,
with beer drunken, over the ale-cup,
that they in the beer-hall would await
with sharp sword-edges Grendel's warfare.
Then at morning, when the day dawned,
this princely mead-hall was stained with gore,
all the bench-floor with blood besteamed,
the hall with sword-blood: I owned the fewer
of dear, faithful nobles, whom death destroyed.
Sit now to the feast, and joyfully think
of victory for men, as thy mind may incite."

For the sons of the Geats then, all together,
in the beer-hall a bench was cleared.
There the strong-souled went to sit,
proudly rejoicing; a thane did duty,
who bare in his hand the ale-cup bedecked,
poured the bright liquor. Clear rose the gleeman's
song in Heorot. There was joy of warriors,
a noble band of Danes and Weders.

2 The divine smith, or Vulcan, of northern legend.

IX. Hunferth's Taunt. The Reply

Hunferth spake, the son of Ecglaf,
who sat at the feet of the Scyldings' lord,
unloosed his malice. To him was the voyage
of the bold sailor, Beowulf, a great displeasure,
because he grudged that another man
should ever 'neath heaven more glories hold
of this middle-earth, than he himself.
"Art thou the Beowulf who strove with Breca
on the wide sea, in a swimming-strife,
where ye from pride tempted the floods,
and, for foolish vaunt, in the deep water
ventured your lives? Nor might any man,
either friend or foe, restrain you from
the perilous voyage, when seaward ye swam
with arms outspread o'er the ocean-stream,
measured the sea-ways, smote with your hands,
o'er the main glided. With winter's fury
the ocean-waves boiled; for a sennight ye toiled
on the water's domain. He conquered thee swimming;
he had more strength. At morningtide then
the sea bore him up to the Heathorœmas,
whence he sought, beloved of his people,
his country dear, the Brondings' land,
his fair, peaceful burgh, where a people he owned,
a burgh and treasures. All his boast to thee
the son of Beanstan truly fulfilled.
Worse of thee, therefore, now I expect—
though everywhere thou hast excelled in grim war,
in martial exploits—if thou to Grendel
darest near abide for a night-long space."
Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:
"Well, my friend Hunferth, drunken with beer,
a deal hast thou spoken here about Breca,
about his adventure. The sooth I tell,
that I possessed greater endurance at sea,
strength on the waves, than any other.
We two agreed when we were striplings,
and made our boast (we were both as yet
in youthful life), that we on the ocean
would venture our lives; and thus we did.
A naked sword we held in hand
when we swam on the deep, as we meant to defend us
against the whales. Far on the flood-waves
away from me he could not float,
in the sea more swiftly, and from him I would not.
Then we together were in the sea
a five night's space, till it drove us asunder.
Weltering waves, coldest of tempests,
cloudy night, and the fierce north wind

grimly assaulted us; rough were the billows.
The rage of the sea-fishes was aroused.
Then my body-sark, hard and hand-locked,
afforded me help against my foes;
my braided war-shirt lay on my breast,
with gold adorned. A speckled monster
drew me to bottom, a grim one held me
fast in his grasp. Yet was it granted
that with the point I reached the creature,
with my war-falchion. A deadly blow,
dealt by my hand, destroyed the sea-beast.

X. The Queen's Greeting. Glee in Heorot

"Thus frequently me my hated foes
fiercely threatened; but I served them
with my dear sword as it was fitting.
Not of that gluttony had they joy,
foul destroyers, to sit round the feast
near the sea-bottom and eat my body;
but in the morning, with falchions wounded,
up they lay among the shore-drift,
put to sleep by the sword; so that ne'er after
stopt they the way for ocean-sailers
over the surge. Light came from the east,
God's bright beacon, the seas grew calm,
so that the sea-nesses I might see,
windy walls. Fate often saves
an undoomed man when his valor avails.
"Yes, 'twas my lot with sword to slay
nickers nine. I have heard of no harder
struggle by night 'neath heaven's vault,
nor of man more harried in ocean-streams.
Yet with life I escaped from the grasp of dangers,
aweary of toil. Then the sea bore me,
the flood with its current, the boiling fiords,
to the Finns' land.
"Now never of *thee*
have I heard tell such feats of daring,
such falchion-terrors. Ne'er yet Breca
at game of war, nor either of you,
so valiantly performed a deed
with shining swords (thereof I boast not),
tho' thou of thy brothers wast murderer,
of thy chief kinsmen, wherefore in hell
shalt thou suffer damnation, keen tho' thy wit be.
In sooth I say to thee, son of Ecglaf,
that never had Grendel, the fiendish wretch,
such horrors committed against thy prince,
such harm in Heorot, were thy spirit,
thy mind, as war-fierce as thou supposest.
But he has found that he need not greatly
care for the hatred of your people,
the fell sword-strength of the victor-Scyldings.*

* The epithet appears to be ironical. It is noteworthy that Hrothgar takes it all in good part.

He takes a forced pledge, has mercy on none
of the Danish people, but wars at pleasure,
slays and shends you, nor strife expects
from the Spear-Danes. But now of the Geats
the strength and valor shall I unexpectedly
show him in battle. Thereafter may all go
elate to the mead, after the light
of the ether-robed sun on the second day
shines from the south o'er the children of men."†

Then was rejoiced the treasure-distributor;
hoary-locked, war-famed, the bright Danes' lord
trusted in succor; the people's shepherd
from Beowulf heard his steadfast resolve.
There was laughter of men, the din resounded,
words were winsome. Wealhtheow came forth,
Hrothgar's queen; mindful of courtesy,
the gold-adorned greeted the men in the hall.
First then the woman, high-born, handed the
cup to the East-Danes' country's guardian,
bade him be blithe at the beer-drinking,
dear to his people. He gladly partook of
the feast, and the hall-cup, battle-famed king.
Round then went the dame of the Helmings[1]
on every side, among old and young,
costly cups proffered, till came occasion
that she, the high-minded, ring-adorned queen
the mead-cup bore unto Beowulf.
She greeted the lord of the Geats, thanked God,
sagacious in words, that her wish had befallen,
that she in any warrior might trust
for comfort 'gainst crimes. He took the cup,
the warrior fierce, from Wealhtheow's hand,
and then made speech, eager for battle,—
Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow:
"I resolved, when I went on the main
with my warrior-band and sat in the seaboat,
that I would wholly accomplish the will
of your people in this, or bow in death,
fast in the foe's grasp. I shall perform
deeds of valor, or look to find
here in this mead-hall my last day."
The Geat's proud speech the woman liked well;
the high-born queen of the people went,
adorned with gold, to sit by her lord.
Within the hall then again as before
were bold words spoken—the people's joy
the victor folk's clamor—up to the moment

1 Name of the queen's family.

† "In this speech," says Dr. J. R. C. Hall, "in less than fourscore passionate lines, we have rude and outspoken repartee, proud and unblushing boast, a rapid narrative, Munchausen episodes, flashes of nature, a pagan proverb, a bitter taunt, a reckless insult to the Danish race, a picture of a peaceful time to come."

when Healfdene's son was fain to go to
his evening rest. He knew that conflict
awaited the monster in the high hall
so soon as they might no longer see
the sun's light, and o'er all murk night,
the shadow-helm of men, came creeping,
dusk under heaven. The company rose.
Hrothgar then paid Beowulf reverence—
one hero the other—and bade him hail,
gave him command of the wine-hall and said:
"Never since hand and shield I could raise,
have I before entrusted to any
the hall of the Danes, save now to thee.
Have now and hold this best of houses;
be mindful of glory, show mighty valor,
keep watch for the foe. No wish shall be lacking
if thou from this venture escape with thy life."

XI. Beowulf's Vigil

Then Hrothgar departed, the Scyldings' protector,
out of the hall with his band of warriors;
the martial leader would seek his consort,
Wealhtheow the queen. The glory of kings
had set against Grendel, as men have heard tell,
a hall-ward; he held a special office
about the Dane-prince, kept guard 'gainst the giant.
But the chief of the Geats well trusted in
his own proud might and the Creator's favor.
He doffed from him then his iron byrnie,
the helm from his head, and gave to a henchman
his sword enchased, choicest of irons,
bade him take charge of the gear of war.
Some words of pride then spake the good chief,
Beowulf the Geat, ere he mounted his bed:
"I count me no feebler in martial vigor
of warlike works than Grendel himself.
Therefore I will not, tho' easy it were,
with sword destroy him or lull him to rest.
'Tis a warfare he knows not—to strike against me
and hew my shield, renowned tho' he be
for hostile works; but we two to-night
shall do without sword, if he dare seek
war without weapon. And afterward God,
the wise, the holy, shall glory doom
to whichever hand it meet to him seemeth."
Then lay down the brave man,—the bolster received
the warrior's cheek; and around him many
a seaman keen reclined on his hall-couch.
Not one of them thought that he should thence
seek ever again the home he loved,
the folk or free burg where he was nurtured:
since erst they had heard how far too many
folk of the Danes a bloody death
o'ertook in that wine-hall. But to them the Lord
gave woven victory,* to the Weders' people
comfort and succor, so that they all
by the might of one, by his single powers,
their foe overcame. Shown is it truly
that mighty God ruleth the race of men.
Now in the murky night came stalking
the shadow-walker. All the warriors
who should defend that pinnacled mansion
slept, save one. To men it was known
that the sinful spoiler, when God willed not,
might not drag them beneath the shade.
Natheless, he, watching in hate for the foe,
in angry mood waited the battle-meeting.

XII. Grendel's Onslaught

Then came from the moor, under the mist-hills,
Grendel stalking; he bare God's anger.
The wicked spoiler thought to ensnare
many a man in the lofty hall.
He strode 'neath the clouds until the wine-house,
the gold-hall of men, he readily saw,
richly adorned. Nor was that time
the first that Hrothgar's home he had sought:
but ne'er in his life, before nor since,
found he a bolder man or hall-thanes.
So then to the mansion the man bereft
of joys came journeying; soon with his hands
undid the door, tho' with forged bands fast;
the baleful-minded, angry, burst open
the mansion's mouth. Soon thereafter
the fiend was treading the glittering floor,
paced wroth of mood; from his eyes started
a horrid light, most like to flame.
He in the mansion saw warriors many,
a kindred band, together sleeping,
fellow-warriors. His spirit exulted.
The fell wretch expected that ere day came
he would dissever the life from the body
of each, for in him the hope had risen
of a gluttonous feast. Yet 'twas not his fate
that he might more of the race of men
eat after that night. The mighty kinsman
of Hygelac watched how the wicked spoiler
would proceed with his sudden grasping.
Nor did the monster mean to delay;
for he at the first stroke quickly seized

* This is a characteristic Northern figure, as well as Greek; but it is not Christian. An interesting expansion of it may be found in Gray's poem of *The Fatal Sisters*.

a sleeping warrior, tore him unawares,
bit his bone-casings, drank his veins' blood,
in great morsels swallowed him. Soon had he
devoured all of the lifeless one,
feet and hands. He stepped up nearer,
took then with his hand the doughty-minded
warrior at rest; with his hand the foe
reached towards him. He instantly grappled
with the evil-minded, and on his arm rested.
Soon as the criminal realized
that in no other man of middle-earth,
of the world's regions, had he found
a stronger hand-grip, his mind grew fearful.
Yet not for that could he sooner escape.
He was bent on flight, would flee to his cavern,
the devil-pack seek; such case had never
in all his life-days befallen before.
Then Hygelac's good kinsman remembered
his evening speech; upright he stood,
and firmly grasped him; his fingers yielded.
The jotun was fleeing; the earl stept further.
The famed one considered whether he might
more widely wheel and thence away
flee to his fen-mound; he knew his fingers' power
in the fierce one's grasp. 'Twas a dire journey
the baleful spoiler made to Heorot.
The princely hall thundered; terror was
on all the Danes, the city-dwellers,
each valiant one, while both the fierce
strong warriors raged; the mansion resounded.
Then was it wonder great that the wine-hall
withstood the war-beasts, nor fell to the ground,
the fair earthly dwelling; yet was it too fast,
within and without, with iron bands,
cunningly forged, though where the fierce ones
fought, I have heard, many a mead-bench,
with gold adorned, from its sill started.
Before that, weened not the Scyldings' sages
that any man ever, in any wise,
in pieces could break it, goodly and bone-decked,
or craftily rive—only the flame's clutch
in smoke could devour it. Startling enough
the noise uprose. Over the North Danes
stood dire terror, on every one
of those who heard from the wall the whoop,
the dread lay sung by God's denier,
the triumphless song of the thrall of hell,
his pain bewailing. He held him fast,—
he who of men was strongest of might,
of them who in that day lived this life.

XIII. The Monster Repulsed

Not for aught would the refuge of earls
leave alive the deadly guest;
the days of his life he counted not useful
to any folk. There many a warrior
of Beowulf's drew his ancient sword;
they would defend the life of their lord,
of the great prince, if so they might.
They knew not, when they entered the strife,
the bold and eager sons of battle,
and thought to hew him on every side
his life to seek, that not the choicest
of irons on earth, no battle-falchion,
could ever touch the wicked scather,
since martial weapons he had forsworn,
every edge whatever. Yet on that day
of this life was his life-parting
wretched to be, and the alien spirit
to travel far into power of fiends.
Then he who before in mirth of mood
(he was God's foe) had perpetrated
many crimes 'gainst the race of men,
found that his body would not avail him,
for him the proud kinsman of Hygelac
had in hand; each was to the other
hateful alive. The fell wretch suffered
bodily pain; a deadly wound
appeared on his shoulder, his sinews started,
his bone-casings burst. To Beowulf was
the war-glory given; Grendel must thence,
death-sick, under his fen-shelters flee,
seek a joyless dwelling; well he knew
that the end of his life was come, his appointed
number of days. For all the Danes,
that fierce fight done, was their wish accomplished.
So he then, the far-come, the wise and strong
of soul, had purified Hrothgar's hall,
saved it from malice; his night's work rejoiced him,
his valor-glories. The Geatish chieftain
had to the East-Danes his boast fulfilled,
had healed, to-wit, the preying sorrow
that they in that country before had suffered
and had to endure for hard necessity,
no small affliction. A manifest token
it was when the warrior laid down the hand—
arm and shoulder, Grendel's whole grappler
together there—'neath the vaulted roof.

XIV. Joy at Heorot

Then in the morning, as I have heard tell,
there was many a warrior around the gift hall:
folk-chiefs came, from far and near,
o'er distant ways, the wonder to see,
the tracks of the foe. His taking from life
seemed not grievous to any warrior
who the inglorious one's trail beheld,—
how, weary in spirit, o'ercome in the conflict,
death-doomed and fleeing, he bare death-traces
thence away to the nickers' mere.

There was the surge boiling with blood,
the dire swing of waves all commingled;
with clotted blood hot, with sword-gore it welled;
the death-doomed dyed it, when he joyless
laid down his life in his fen-asylum,
his heathen soul. There hell received him.
Thence again turned they, comrades old,
from the joyous journey, and many a younger,
proud from the mere, riding on horses,
warriors on steeds. Then was Beowulf's
glory celebrated. Many oft said
that south or north, between the seas
the wide world over, there was no other
'neath heaven's course who was a better
shield-bearer, or one more worthy of power.
Yet found they no fault with their lord beloved,
the joyful Hrothgar: he was their good king.

. . . . . .

Then was morning light
sent forth and quickened. Many a retainer,
strong in spirit, to the high hall went,
to see the rare wonder. The king himself also
from his nuptial bower, guardian of ring-treasures,
with a large troop stept forth, rich in glory,
for virtues famed; and his queen with him
the meadow-path measured with train of maidens.

XV. Hrothgar's Gratitude

Hrothgar spake (he to the hall went,
stood near the threshold, saw the steep roof
shining with gold, and Grendel's hand):
"Now for this sight, to the Almighty thanks!
May it quickly be given! Much ill have I borne,
Grendel's snares; ever can God work
wonder on wonder, the King of Glory.
Not long was it since, that I little weened
for woes of mine through all my life,
reparation to know, when, stained with blood,
the best of houses all gory stood;
woe was wide-spread for each of my counsellors,
who did not ween that they evermore
from foes could defend the people's landwork,[1]
from devils and phantoms. Now this warrior,
through the might of the Lord, has done a deed
which we all together before could not
with cunning accomplish. Lo, this may say
whatever woman brought forth this son
among the nations, if yet she lives,
that the ancient Creator was gracious to her
at the birth of her son. Now will I, O Beowulf,
best of warriors, even as a son,
love thee in my heart. Keep henceforth well
our kinship new; no lack shalt thou have
of worldly desires, wherein I have power.
Full often for less have I dealt a reward,
an honor-gift, to a feebler warrior,
weaker in conflict. Thou for thyself
hast wrought so well, that thy glory shall live
through every age. May the All-wielder
with good reward thee, as now He has done."
Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:
"We with great good will, that arduous work,
that fight, have achieved; we boldly ventured
in war with the monster. The more do I wish
that thou himself mightest have seen,
the foe in his trappings, full weary enough.
Him I quickly, with hard and fast fetters,
on his death-bed thought to have bound,
that through my hand-grips low he should lie,
struggling for life, but his body escaped.
I was not able, the Lord did not will it,
to keep him from going; I held him not firm enough,
the deadly foe: too strong on his feet
the enemy was. Yet his hand he left,
for his life's safety, to guard his track,
his arm and shoulder; yet not thereby
did the wretched creature comfort obtain;
nor will he, crime-doer, the longer live
with sins oppressed. For pain has him
in its grip compelling straitly clasped,
in its deadly bonds; there shall he await,
the crime-stained wretch, the Final Doom,
as the Lord of Splendor shall mete it to him."
Then less noisy was Ecglaf's son
in vaunting speech of words of war,
after the nobles, thro' might of the hero,
over the high roof had gazed on the hand,
the fingers of the foe, each for himself.*
Each finger-nail was firm as steel—
a heathen's hand-spurs and a warrior's,—
hideously monstrous. Every one said
that no excellent iron of the bold ones
would be able to touch the demon's hand,
would ever sever the bloody limb.

XVI. Feasting and Song

Then quickly 'twas ordered, that Heorot within
by hand be adorned; many were they,
of men and women, who the wine-house,
the guest-hall, prepared; gold-shimmering shone
the webs on the walls, wondrous sights many
to each and all that gaze upon such.

1 Heorot

* Beowulf, says Dr. Klaeber, "had placed Grendel's hand (on some projection perhaps) above the door (outside) as high as he could reach," where the nobles, looking from outside "in the direction of the high roof," behold it. Others think that it was hung up within the hall.

That splendid dwelling much shattered was,
though bound within with bands of iron;
the hinges asunder were rent, the roof
alone was saved all sound, when the monster,
stained with foul deeds, turned him to flight,
hopeless of life. 1002

[The feast is held, gifts are bestowed on the hero, and Hrothgar's minstrel sings a song of a hundred lines about Finn, the king of the Frisians.]

XVIII. The Queen's Speech

. . . . The lay was sung, 1159
the gleeman's song. Pastime was resumed,
noise rose from the benches, the cup-boys served wine
from wondrous vessels. Then Wealhtheow came forth
'neath a gold diadem, to where the two good
cousins† sat; at peace were they still,
each true to the other; there Hunferth too sat
at the Scylding lord's feet,—all had faith in his spirit,
his courage, altho' to his kinsmen he had not
in sword-play been true.‡ Then the Scyldings' queen spake:
"Accept this beaker, my beloved lord,[1]
dispenser of treasure; may'st be joyful, 1170
gold-friend of men! And speak to the Geats
with gentle words! So man shall do.
Be kind toward the Geats, mindful of gifts;
near and far thou now hast safety.
Men have said that thou this warrior
wouldst have for a son. Heorot is purged,
the bright hall of rings: enjoy while thou mayest
the rewards of the many, and to thy sons leave
folk and realm, when thou shalt go forth
to see thy Creator. Well I know that 1180
my gracious Hrothulf will the youth
in honor maintain if thou sooner than he,
oh friend of the Scyldings, leavest the world.
I ween that he with good will repay
our offspring dear, if he remembers
all the favors that we for his pleasure
and honor performed when he was a child."
Then she turned to the seat where were her sons,
Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the sons of the heroes, 1189
the youths all together; there sat the noble
Beowulf the Geat, beside the two brothers.

[1] Hrothgar
† Hrothgar, and his nephew, Hrothulf, who must have been older than the king's children (cp. lines 1180 ff), but who evidently did not remain "true."
‡ He was said to have killed his brothers.

XIX. Beowulf Rewarded. Eventide

The cup was brought him, and friendly greeting
in words was given and twisted gold
kindly proffered—bracelets two,
armor and rings, a collar the largest
of those that on earth I have heard tell of.
Never 'neath heaven have I heard of a better
treasure-hoard of men, since Hama bore off
to the glittering burg the Brosings' necklace,§
the jewel and casket (he fled the guileful 1200
hate of Eormenric, chose gain eternal[1]).
Hygelac the Geat wore this collar,
the grandson of Swerting, on his last raid,
when he 'neath his banner the treasure defended,
the slaughter-spoil guarded; fate took him off
when he out of pride sought his own woe,
war with the Frisians; he the jewels conveyed,
the precious stones, over the wave-bowl,
the powerful king; he fell 'neath his shield.
Then into the power of the Franks the king's life
went, and his breast-weeds, went too the collar;
warriors inferior plundered the fallen 1212
after the war-lot; the Geat-folk held
the abode of the slain.
The hall resounded.
Wealhtheow spake, before the warrior-band said:
"Use this collar, Beowulf dear,
oh youth, with joy, and use this mantle,
these lordly treasures, and thrive thou well;
prove thyself mighty, and be to these boys
gentle in counsels. I will reward thee. 1220
This hast thou achieved, that, far and near,
throughout all time, men will esteem thee,
even so widely as the sea encircles
the windy land-walls. Be while thou livest
a prosperous noble. I grant you well
precious treasures; be thou to my sons
gentle in deeds, thou who hast joy.
Here is each earl to the other true,
mild of mood, to his liege lord faithful;
the thanes are united, the people all ready. 1230
Warriors who have drunken, do as I bid."
To her seat then she went. There was choicest of feasts,
the warriors drank wine; Wyrd they knew not,
calamity grim, as it turned out
for many a man after evening had come
and Hrothgar had to his lodging departed,
the ruler to rest. There guarded the hall

[1] Perhaps entered a monastery (S. Bugge).
§ The famous necklace of Freyja, which Hama stole from Eormenric, the cruel king of the Goths.

countless warriors, as oft they had done.
They cleared the bench-floor; it soon was o'er-spread
with beds and bolsters. A certain beer-bearer,
ready and fated, bent to his rest.
They set at their heads their disks of war,
their shield-wood bright; there on the bench,
over each noble, easy to see,
was his high martial helm, his ringed byrnie
and war-wood stout. It was their custom
that they were ever for war prepared,
at home, in the field, in both alike,
at whatever time to their liege lord
the need befel. 'Twas a ready people.

XX. Grendel's Mother

They sank then to sleep. One sorely paid
for his evening rest, as full oft had happened
since the gold-hall Grendel occupied,
unrighteousness did, until the end came,
death after sins. Then it was seen,
wide-known among men, that still an avenger
lived after the foe, for a long time
after the battle-care,—Grendel's mother.
The woman-demon remembered her misery,
she that the watery horrors, the cold streams,
had to inhabit, when Cain became
slayer by sword of his only brother,
his father's son. Then he went forth blood-stained,
by murder marked, fleeing man's joy,
dwelt in the wilderness. Thence awoke many
fated demons; Grendel was one,
the hated fell wolf who at Heorot found
a watchful warrior awaiting the conflict;
and there the monster laid hold of him.
Yet was he mindful of his great strength,
the generous gift that God had given him,
and trusted for help in him the All-wielder,
for comfort and aid; so slew he the fiend,
struck down the hell-spirit. Then humble he made off,
the foe of mankind, to seek his death-home,
of joy deprived. Natheless his mother,
greedy and gloomy, was bent on going
the sorrowful journey, her son's death to avenge.
So came she to Heorot, to where the Ring-Danes
throughout the hall slept. Forthwith there came
to the warriors a change, when in on them rushed
Grendel's mother; the terror was less
by just so much as the force of women is,
the war-dread from woman, than that from a man
when the hilt-bound sword, hammer-beaten,
stained with gore, and doughty of edges,
hews off the head of the boar on the helm.

Then in the hall the hard edge was drawn,
the sword o'er the seats, many a broad shield
raised firm in hand; helms they forgot
and byrnies broad, when the terror seized them.
She was in haste,—would out from thence
to save her life, since she was discovered.
One of the nobles she quickly had
with grip fast seized, as she went to fen;
he was to Hrothgar of heroes the dearest
in comradeship beside the two seas,
a mighty shield-warrior, whom she killed,
a hero renowned. (Beowulf was absent,
for another apartment had before been assigned,
after giving of treasures, to the great Geat.)
A cry was in Heorot. She took with its gore
the well known hand;[1] grief had become
renewed in the dwellings. 'Twas no good exchange,
that those on both sides payment must make
with lives of their friends.

Then was the old king,
the hoary war-hero, in stormy mood
when his highest thane, no longer living,
his dearest friend, he knew to be dead.
Quickly to his chamber was Beowulf summoned,
the victor-rich warrior. Together ere day
he went with his earls, the noble champion
with his comrades went where the wise king awaited
whether for him the All-wielder would
after the woe-time a change bring about.
Then along the floor went the warlike man
with his body guard (the hall-wood resounded)
till he the wise prince greeted with words,
the lord of the Ingwins;[2] asked if he had had
according to his wish, an easy night.

XXI. Sorrow for Æschere. The Monster's Mere

Hrothgar spake, the Scyldings' protector:
"Ask not after happiness! Grief is renewed
to the folk of the Danes. Dead is Æschere,
of Yrmenlaf the elder brother,
my confidant and my counsellor,
my near attendant when we in war
defended our heads, when hosts contended,
and boar-crests crashed; such should an earl be,
preeminently good, as Æschere was.
He in Heorot has had for murderer
a ghost-like death-spirit; I know not whether

1 Grendel's (see l. 834)
2 the Danes

the fell carrion-gloater her steps back has traced,
made known by her meal. She the feud has avenged,
that thou yester-night didst Grendel slay,
through thy fierce nature, with fetter-like grasps,
for that he too long my people diminished
and wrought destruction. He in battle succumbed,
forfeiting life. And now comes another
mighty man-scather to avenge her son,—
has from afar warfare established,
as it may seem to many a thane
who mourns in spirit his treasure-giver,
in hard heart-affliction. Now low lies the hand
which once availed you for every desire.
"I have heard it said by the land-dwellers,
by my own subjects, my hall-counsellors,
that they have seen a pair of such
mighty march-stalkers holding the moors,
stranger-spirits, whereof the one,
so far as they could certainly know,
was in form of a woman; the other, accurst,
trod an exile's steps in the figure of man
(save that he huger than other men was),
whom in days of yore the dwellers on earth
Grendel named. They know not a father.
whether any was afore-time born
of the dark ghosts. That secret land
they dwell in, wolf-dens, windy nesses,
the perilous fen-path, where the mountain stream
downward flows 'neath the mists of the nesses,
the flood under earth. 'Tis not far thence,
a mile in measure, that the mere stands,
over which hang rustling groves;
a wood fast rooted the water o'ershadows.
"There every night may be seen a dire wonder,
fire in the flood. None so wise lives
of the children of men, who knows the bottom.
Although the heath-stepper, wearied by hounds,
the stag strong of horns, seek that holtwood,
driven from far, he will give up his life,
his breath, on the shore, ere he will venture
his head upon it. That is no pleasant place.
Thence surging of waters upwards ascends
wan to the welkin, when the wind stirs up
the hateful tempests, till air grows gloomy
and skies shed tears. Again now is counsel
in thee alone! The spot thou yet ken'st not,
the perilous place where thou may'st find
this sinful being. Seek if thou dare.
With riches will I for the strife reward thee,
with ancient treasures, as I before did,
with twisted gold, if thou comest off safe."

XXII. The Pursuit

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:
"Sorrow not, sage man, 'tis better for each
to avenge his friend than greatly to mourn.
Each of us must an end await
of this world's life; let him work who can
high deeds ere death; that will be for the warrior,
when he is lifeless, afterwards best.
Rise, lord of the realm, let us quickly go
to see the course of Grendel's parent.
I promise thee, not to the sea shall she 'scape,
nor to earth's embrace, nor to mountain-wood,
nor to ocean's ground, go whither she will.
This day do thou endurance have
in every woe, as I expect of thee!"
Up leapt the old man then, thanked God,
the mighty Lord, for what the man said.
For Hrothgar then a horse was bridled,
a steed with curled mane. The ruler wise
in state went forth; a troop strode on,
bearing their shields. Tracks there were
along the forest paths widely seen,
her course o'er the ground; she had thither gone
o'er the murky moor. Of their fellow thanes
she bore the best one, soul-bereft,
of those that with Hrothgar defended their home.
Then overpassed these sons of nobles
deep rocky gorges, a narrow road,
strait lonely paths, an unknown way,
precipitous nesses, monster-dens many.
He went in advance, he and a few
of the wary men, to view the plain,
till suddenly he found mountain-trees
overhanging a hoary rock,
a joyless wood; there was water beneath,
gory and troubled. To all the Danes,
friends of the Scyldings, 'twas grievous in mind,
a source of sorrow to many a thane,
pain to each earl, when of Æschere,
on the sea-shore, the head they found.
The flood boiled with blood, the people looked on
at the hot glowing gore. The horn at times sang
a ready war-song. The band all sat.
They saw in the water a host of the worm-kind,
strange sea dragons sounding the deep;
in the headland-clefts also, nickers lying,
which in the morning oft-times keep
their sorrowful course upon the sail-road,
worms and wild beasts;—they sped away,
bitter and rage-swollen; they heard the sound,

the war-horn singing. The lord of the Geats
with a bolt from his bow took one from life,
from his wave-strife, and left in his vitals
the hard war-shaft; he in the sea was
the slower in swimming, when death took him off.
Quickly on the waves, with hunting-spears
sharply hooked, he was strongly pressed,
felled by force, and drawn up on the headland,
the wonderful swimmer. The men there gazed
on the grisly guest.
Beowulf girt himself
in war-like weeds; for life he feared not;
his warrior-byrnie, woven by hands,
ample and inlaid, must tempt the deep;
it could well his body protect-
that battle-grip might not scathe his breast,
the fierce one's wily grasp injure his life.
But the flashing helm guarded his head,
(which with the sea-bottom was to mingle,
and seek the sea-surge) with jewels adorned,
encircled with chains, as in days of yore
the weapon-smith wrought it, wondrously framed,
set with swine-figures, so that thereafter
no brand nor war-sword ever could bite it.

Nor then was that least of powerful aids
which Hrothgar's orator[1] lent him at need:
Hrunting was named the hafted falchion.
'Twas among the foremost of olden treasures;
its edge was iron, tainted with poison,
harden'd with warrior-blood; ne'er in battle
had it failed any of those that brandished it,
who durst to travel the ways of terror,
the perilous trysts. 'Twas not the first time
that it a valorous deed should perform.

Surely Ecglaf's son remembered not,
the mighty in power, what erst he had said,
drunken with wine, when the weapon he lent
to a better sword-warrior. He durst not himself
'mid the strife of the waves adventure his life,
a great deed perform; there lost he his credit
for valorous doing. Not so with the other
when he had prepared himself for battle!

XXIII. The Fight Beneath the Waves

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:
"Remember thou now, great son of Healfdene,
sagacious prince, now I am ready to go,
O gold-friend of men, the things we have spoken:
If I should lose my life for thy need,
that thou wouldst ever be to me,
when I am gone, in a father's stead.
Be a guardian thou to my fellow thanes,
to my near comrades, if war take me off.
Also the treasures which thou hast given me,
beloved Hrothgar, to Hygelac send.
By that gold then may the lord of the Geats know,
may Hrethel's son see, when he looks on that treasure,
that I in man's virtue have found one pre-eminent,
a giver of rings, and rejoiced while I might.
And let Hunferth have the ancient relic,
the wondrous war-sword, let the far-famed man
the hard-of-edge have. I with Hrunting
will work me renown, or death shall take me."

After these words the Weder-Geats' lord
with ardor hastened, nor any answer
would he await. The sea-wave received
the warrior-hero. It was a day's space
ere he the bottom could perceive.
Forthwith she found—she who the flood's course
had blood-thirsty held a hundred years,
grim and greedy—that a man from above
was there exploring the realm of strange creatures.
Then at him she grasped, the warrior seized
in her horrible claws. Nathless she crushed not
his unhurt body; the ring-mail guarded him,
so that she might not pierce that war-dress,
the lock-linked sark, with her hostile fingers.

Then when the sea-wolf reached the bottom,
she bore to her dwelling the prince of rings
so that he might not, brave as he was,
his weapons wield; for many strange beings
in the deep oppressed him, many a sea-beast
with its battle tusks his war-sark broke;
the wretches pursued him. Then the earl found
he was in he knew not what dread hall,
where him no water in aught could scathe,
nor because of the roof could the sudden grip
of the flood reach him; he saw a fire-light,
a brilliant beam brightly shining.
The hero perceived then the wolf of the deeps,
the mighty mere-wife; a powerful onslaught
he made with his falchion, the sword-blow withheld not,
so on her head the ringed brand sang
a horrid war-song. The guest then discovered
how that the battle-beam would not bite,
would not scathe life, but that the edge failed
its lord at his need; erst had it endured
hand-conflicts many, slashed often the helm,
war-garb of the doomed; then was the first time
for the precious gift that its power failed.

Still was he resolute, slacked not his ardor,
of great deeds mindful was Hygelac's kinsman.
Flung he the twisted brand, curiously bound,

[1] Hunferth (*cf.* l. 499)

the angry champion, that stiff and steel-edged
it lay on the earth; in his strength he trusted,
his powerful hand-grip. So shall man do,
when he in battle thinks of gaining
lasting praise, nor cares for his life.
By the shoulder then seized he (recked not of her malice),
the lord of the war-Geats, Grendel's mother;
the fierce fighter hurled, incensed as he was,
the mortal foe, that she fell to the ground.
She quickly repaid him again in full
with her fierce grasps, and at him caught;
then stumbled he weary, of warriors the strongest,
the active champion, so that he fell.
She pressed down the hall-guest, and drew her dagger,
the broad gleaming blade,—would avenge her son,
her only child. On his shoulder lay
the braided breast-net which shielded his life
'gainst point, 'gainst edge, all entrance withstood.
Then would have perished Ecgtheow's son
'neath the wide earth, champion of the Geats,
had not his war-byrnie help afforded,
his battle-net hard, and holy God
awarded the victory. The wise Lord,
Ruler of Heaven, with justice decided it
easily, when he again stood up.

XXIV. Victory

Then he saw 'mongst the arms a victorious falchion,
an old jotun-sword, of edges doughty,
the glory of warriors; of weapons 'twas choicest,
save it was greater than any man else
to the game of war could carry forth,
good and gorgeous, the work of giants.
The knotted hilt seized he, the Scyldings' warrior,—
fierce and deadly grim, the ringed sword swung;
despairing of life, he angrily struck,
that 'gainst her neck it griped her hard,
her bone-rings[1] brake. Thro' her fated carcass
the falchion passed; on the ground she sank.
The blade was gory, the man joy'd in his work.
The sword-beam shone bright, light rayed within,
even as from heaven serenely shines
the candle of the firmament. He looked down the chamber,
then turned by the wall; his weapon upraised
firm by the hilt Hygelac's thane,
angry and resolute. Nor was the edge
to the war-prince useless; for he would forthwith
Grendel requite for the many raids
that he had made upon the West Danes,
and not on one occasion only,
when he Hrothgar's hearth-companions
slew in their rest, sleeping devoured
fifteen men of the folk of the Danes,
and as many others conveyed away,
hateful offerings. He had so repaid him
for that, the fierce champion, that at rest he saw,
weary of contest, Grendel lying
deprived of his life, as he had been scathed by
the conflict at Heorot; the corpse bounded far
when after death he suffered the stroke,
the hard sword-blow, and his head it severed.
Forthwith they saw, the sagacious men,
those who with Hrothgar kept watch on the water,
that the surge of the waves was all commingled,
the deep stained with blood. The grizzly-haired
old men together spake of the hero,
how they of the atheling hoped no more
that, victory-flush'd, he would come to seek
their famous king, since this seemed a sign
that him the sea-wolf had quite destroyed.
The noon-tide* came, they left the nesses,
the Scyldings bold; departed home thence
the gold-friend of men. The strangers sat,
sick of mood, and gazed on the mere,
wished but weened not that they their dear lord
himself should see.
Then that sword, the war-blade,
with its battle-gore like bloody icicles,
began to fade. A marvel it was,
how it all melted, most like to ice
when the Father relaxes the bands of the frost,
unwinds the flood-fetters, He who has power
over seasons and times; true Creator is that!
More treasures he took not, the Weder-Geats' lord,
within those dwellings (though many he saw there)
except the head, and the hilt also,
with jewels shining;—the blade had all melted,
the drawn brand was burnt, so hot was the blood,
so venomous the demon, who down there had perished.
Afloat soon was he that at strife had awaited
the slaughter of foes; he swam up through the water.

[1] vertebrae

* An apparent admission of the exaggeration in l. 1495, though noon meant formerly the ninth hour of the day, which would bring it near evening.

The ocean surges all were cleansed,
the dwellings vast, when the stranger guest
ner life-days left and this fleeting existence.
Then came to land the sailor's protector
stoutly swimming, rejoiced in his sea-spoil,
the mighty burden of what he brought with him.
Then toward him they went, with thanks to God,
the stout band of thanes, rejoiced in their lord,
because they beheld him safe and sound.
From the vigorous chief both helm and byrnie
were then soon loosed. The sea subsided—
the cloud-shadowed water with death-gore dappled.

Thence forth they went retracing their steps
happy at heart, the high-way measured,
the well-known road. The nobly bold men
up from the sea-shore bore the head,
not without labor for each of them,
the mightily daring. Four undertook
with toil to bear on the battle-spear,
up to the gold-hall, the head of Grendel;
until straightway to the hall they came,
resolute, warlike, four and ten of them,
Geats all marching with their lord.
Proud amid the throng, he trod the meadows.

Then entering came the prince of thanes,
the deed-strong man with glory honored,
the man bold in battle, Hrothgar to greet.
And into the hall, where men were drinking,
Grendel's head by the hair was borne,
a thing of terror to nobles and lady.
'Twas a wonderful sight men looked upon.

XXV. Hrothgar's Gratitude and Counsel

Beowulf spake, Ecgtheow's son:
"Lo, these sea-offerings, son of Healfdene,
lord of the Scyldings, we have joyfully brought,
in token of glory: thou seest them here.
Not easily did I escape with my life,
ventured with pain on the war under water.
Indeed the struggle would have been ended
outright, had not God me shielded.
Not able was I, in the conflict, with Hrunting
aught to accomplish, though that weapon was good;
but the Ruler of men granted to me,
that I saw on the wall, all beautiful hanging,
an old heavy sword, (He has often directed
the friendless man,) and that weapon I drew.
Then I slew in that strife, as occasion afforded,
the wards of the house. That war-falchion then,
that drawn brand, was burnt, as the blood burst forth,
of strife-blood the hottest. Thence I the hilt
from the foes bore away, avenged the crimes,
the Danes' death-plague, as it was fitting.

"I promise thee now that thou in Heorot
mayest sleep secure with thy warrior-band,
and thy thanes, each one, thanes of thy people,
the tried and the youthful; that thou needest not,
oh prince of the Scyldings, fear from that side
life's bane to thy warriors as erst thou didst."

Then the golden hilt, to the aged hero,
the hoar war-leader, in hand was given,
giant-work old; it passed to the keeping
(those devils once fallen) of the lord of the Danes,
wonderful smith-work; when quitted this world
the fierce-hearted creature, God's adversary,
of murder guilty, and his mother also,
it passed to the keeping of the best
of the world-kings that by the two seas,
in Scania-land, treasures dealt.
Then Hrothgar spake; he gazed on the hilt,
old relic whereon was the origin written
of an ancient war, when the flood had slain—
the flowing ocean—the race of the giants;—
they had borne them boldly. That was a people
alien from God; them a final reward,
through the rage of the water, the All-wielder gave.
On the mounting too, of shining gold,
in runic letters, was rightly marked,
was set and said, for whom first was wrought
that choicest of swords, with hilt bound round
and serpentine. Then spake the wise man,
the son of Healfdene, (all were silent):

"Lo this may he say who practises truth
and right 'mong the people, far back all remembers,
a land-warden old, that this earl was
nobly born. Thy fame is exalted,
through far and wide ways, Beowulf, my friend,
over every nation. Thou wearest with patience
thy might, and with prudence. I shall show thee my love,
e'en as we two have said: thou shalt be for a comfort
a very long time to thine own people,
a help unto warriors. Not so was Heremod[1]
to Ecgwela's children, the noble Scyldings;
he throve not for their weal, but for their slaughter,
and for a death-plague to the folk of the Danes.
In angry mood slew he his table-sharers,
his nearest friends, till he lonely departed,
the very great prince, from the joys of men.
Though him Mighty God, with delights of power,
with strength had exalted, above all men

[1] A Danish King, banished for cruelty.

had advanced him, yet there grew in his heart
a bloodthirsty spirit; he gave no rings
to the Danes, as was custom; joyless continued
he,
so that of war he the misery suffered,
long bale to the people. Learn thou from him;
lay hold of man's virtue! For thee have I told
this,
wise in winters. 'Tis wondrous to say,
how mighty God, to the race of men,
through his ample mind, dispenses wisdom,
lands and valor: He has power over all.
Sometimes He lets wander at their own will
the thoughts of a man of race renowned,
in his country gives him the joy of earth,
a shelter-city of men to possess;
thus makes to him subject parts of the world,
ample kingdoms, that he himself may not,
because of his folly, think of his end.
He lives in plenty; no whit deters him
disease or old age, no uneasy care
darkens his soul, nor anywhere strife
breeds hostile hate; but for him the whole
world
turns at his will; he the worse knows not,—

XXVI. Hrothgar's Counsel Concluded

until within him a great deal of arrogance
grows and buds, when the guardian sleeps,
the keeper of the soul. Too fast is the sleep,
bound down by cares; very near is the slayer,
who from his arrow-bow wickedly shoots.
Then he in the breast, 'neath the helm, will be
stricken
with the bitter shaft; he cannot guard him
from strange evil orders of the Spirit accursed.
Too small seems to him what long he has held;
fierce minded he covets, gives not in his pride
many rich rings; and the future life
he forgets and neglects, because God to him
gave,
Ruler of glory, many great dignities.
In the final close at length it chances
that the body-home, inconstant, sinks,
fated falls. Another succeeds,
who without reluctance treasure dispenses,
old wealth of the warrior, terror heeds not.
"From that evil keep thee, Beowulf dear,
best among warriors, and choose thee the better,
counsels eternal. Heed not arrogance,
famous champion! Now is thy might
a flower for awhile; eftsoons will it be
that disease or the sword shall deprive thee of
strength,
or the clutch of fire, or rage of flood,
or falchion's grip, or arrows' flight,
or cruel age; or brightness of eyes
shall fail and darken; sudden 'twill be,
that thee, noble warrior, death shall o'erpower.
"Thus I the Ring-Danes half a hundred years
had ruled 'neath the welkin, and saved them in
war
from many tribes through this mid-earth,
with spears and swords, so that I counted
that under Heaven I had no foe.
Lo to me then came a reverse in my realm,
after merriment sadness, since Grendel became
my enemy old, and my assailant.
From that persecution have I constantly borne
great grief of mind. So thanks be to God
the Lord Eternal, that I have lived
till I on that head all clotted with gore,
old conflict ended, might gaze with my eyes.
Go now to thy seat, the banquet enjoy,
O honored in battle; for us two shall be
many treasures in common, when morning shall
come."

Glad was the Geat and straightway went
to take his seat, as the sage commanded.
Then as before were the famed for valor,
the sitters at court right handsomely
set feasting afresh. The night-helm grew
murky,
dark o'er the vassals; the courtiers all rose;
the grizzly-haired prince would go to his bed,
the aged Scylding; the Geat, exceedingly
famed shield-warrior, desired to rest.
Him, journey-weary, come from afar,
a hall-thane promptly guided forth
who in respect had all things provided
for a thane's need, such as in that day
farers over the sea should have.

The great-hearted rested. High rose the hall
vaulted and gold-hued; therein slept the guest,
until the black raven, blithe-hearted, announced
the joy of heaven. Then came the bright sun
o'er the fields gliding. . . . .

[Beowulf returns the sword Hrunting to Hunferth, then goes to the king and announces his intention of returning to his fatherland. The king repeats his thanks and praises.]

XXVII. The Parting

Then to him gave the warrior's protector,
the son of Healfdene, treasures twelve;
with those gifts bade him his own dear people
in safety to seek, and quickly return.
The king, in birth noble, then kissed the prince,
the lord of the Scyldings the best of thanes;—
and round the neck clasped him; tears he shed,
the hoary headed; chances two
there were to the aged, the second stronger,
whether (or not) they should see each other
again in conference. So dear was the man

that his breast's heaving he could not restrain,
but in his bosom, in heart-bands fast,
for the man beloved his secret longing
burned in his blood. Beowulf thence,
a gold-proud warrior, trod the greensward,
in treasure exulting. The sea-ganger awaited,
at anchor riding, its owner and lord.*

DEOR'S LAMENT†

Weland for a woman learned to know exile,
that haughty earl bowed unto hardship,
had for companions sorrow and longing,
the winter's cold sting, woe upon woe,
what time Nithhad laid sore need on him.
Withering sinew-wounds! Ill-starred man!
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

On Beadohilde bore not so heavily
her brother's death as the dule in her own heart
when she perceived, past shadow of doubt,
her maidhood departed, and yet could nowise
clearly divine how it might be.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

Of Hild's fate we have heard from many.
Land-bereaved were the Geatish chieftains,
so that sorrow left them sleepless.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

Theodoric kept for thirty winters
in the burg of the Mærings; 'twas known of many.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

Heard have we likewise of Eormanric's mind,
wolfishly tempered; widely enthralled he
the folk of the Goth-realm; he was a grim king.
Many a warrior sat locked in his sorrow,
waiting on woe; wished, how earnestly!
the reign of that king might come to an end.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

. . Now of myself this will I say:
Erewhile I was Scôp of the Heodenings,
dear to my lord. Deor my name was.
A many winters I knew good service;
gracious was my lord. But now Heorrenda,
by craft of his singing, succeeds to the land-right
that Guardian of Men erst gave unto me.
That was o'erpassed; this may pass also.

CAEDMON (fl. 670)

From the PARAPHRASE OF THE SCRIPTURES*

The Garden of Eden

Then beheld our Creator
the beauty of his works and the excellence of his productions,
of the new creatures. Paradise stood
good and spiritual, filled with gifts,
with forward benefits. Fair washed
the genial land the running water,
the well-brook: no clouds as yet
over the ample ground bore rains
lowering with wind; yet with fruits stood
earth adorn'd. Held their onward course
river-streams, four noble ones,
from the new Paradise.
These were parted, by the Lord's might,
all from one (when he this earth created)

* Is the poem of Beowulf in any sense mythological? Perhaps the latest and best opinion on the subject is that it is not.

"Undoubtedly one is here on the borderland of myth. But in the actual poem the border is not crossed. Whatever the remote connection of Beowulf the hero with Beowa the god, . . . to the poet of the epic its hero is a man, and the monsters are such as folk then believed to haunt sea and lake and moor."—Francis B. Gummere: *The Oldest English Epic.*

"The poem loses nothing of its picturesqueness in being denied its mythology. The firedrake and Grendel and the she-demon are more terrible when conceived as uncanny and abominable beings whose activities in the world can only be dimly imagined by men than they are when made mere personifications of the forces of nature. Beowulf is no less heroic as a mortal facing with undaunted courage these grisly phantoms of the moor and mere, than as a god subduing the sea or the darkness. And the proud words that he utters in his dying hour are more impressive from the lips of a man than from those of a being who still retains some of the glory of a god about him,—'In my home I awaited what time might bring me, held well my own, sought no treacherous feuds, swore no false oaths. In all this I can rejoice, though sick unto death with my wounds.' "—William W. Lawrence: *Pub. Mod. Lang. Association,* June, 1909.

† *Deor's Lament* is one of the poems that may have been brought from the continent by the Angles in their early migrations. "Its form," says Stopford Brooke, "is remarkable. It has a refrain, and there is no other early English instance of this known to us. It is written in strophes, and one motive, constant throughout, is expressed in the refrain. This dominant cry of passion makes the poem a true lyric, . . . the Father of all English lyrics . . . Deor has been deprived of his rewards and lands, and has seen a rival set above his head. It is this whirling down of Fortune's wheel that he mourns in his song, and he compares his fate to that of others who have suffered, so that he may have some comfort. But the comfort is stern like that the Northmen take."

* These paraphrases of the Scriptures are commonly spoken of as Cædmon's, though ascribed to him on very uncertain grounds. Apart from their intrinsic worth they are interesting for their possible relation to *Paradise Lost.* See *Eng. Lit.,* p. 23. The translation is the literal one of Benjamin Thorpe.

water with beauty bright, and sent into the world.

The Fall of Satan

The All-powerful had angel tribes,
through might of hand, the holy Lord,
ten established, in whom he trusted well
that they his service would follow,
work his will; therefore gave he them wit,
and shaped them with his hands; the holy Lord.
He had placed them so happily, one he had made so powerful,
so mighty in his mind's thought, he let him sway over so much,
highest after himself in heaven's kingdom. He had made him so fair,
so beauteous was his form in heaven, that came to him from the Lord of hosts.
he was like to the light stars. It was his to work the praise of the Lord,
it was his to hold dear his joys in heaven, and to thank his Lord
for the reward that he had bestow'd on him in that light; then had he let him long possess it;
but he turned it for himself to a worse thing, began to raise war upon him,
against the highest Ruler of heaven, who sitteth in the holy seat.

. . . . . .

The fiend with all his comrades fell then from heaven above,
through as long as three nights and days,
the angels from heaven into hell, and them all the Lord
transformed to devils, because they his deed and word
would not revere; therefore them in a worse light,
under the earth beneath, Almighty God
had placed triumphless in the swart hell;
there they have at even, immeasurably long,
each of all the fiends, a renewal of fire;
then cometh ere dawn the eastern wind,
frost bitter-cold; ever fire or dart,
some hard torment they must have;
it was wrought for them in punishment.

. . . . . .

Then spake the haughty king
who of angels erst was brightest,
fairest in heaven: . . .
"This narrow place is most unlike
that other that we ere knew,
high in heaven's kingdom, which my master bestow'd on me,
though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess,
must cede our realm; yet hath he not done rightly
that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss
of the hot hell, bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
hath it decreed with mankind
to people. That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
that Adam shall, who of earth was wrought,
my strong seat possess,
be to him in delight, and we endure this torment,
misery in this hell. Oh had I power of my hands,
and might one season be without,
be one winter's space, then with this host I—
But around me lie iron bonds,
presseth this cord of chain: I am powerless!
me have so hard the clasps of hell,
so firmly grasped! Here is a vast fire
above and underneath, never did I see
a loathlier landskip; the flame abateth not,
hot over hell. Me hath the clasping of these rings,
this hard-polish'd band, impeded in my course,
debarr'd me from my way; my feet are bound,
my hands manacled, of these hell-doors are
the ways obstructed, so that with aught I cannot
from these limb-bonds escape."—From *Genesis*.

The Cloud by Day

Had the cloud, in its wide embrace,
the earth and firmament above alike divided:
it led the nation-host; quenched was the flame-fire,
with heat heaven-bright. The people were amazed,
of multitudes most joyous, their day-shield's shade
rolled over the clouds. The wise God had
the sun's course with a sail shrouded;
though the mast-ropes men knew not,
nor the sail-cross might they see,
the inhabitants of earth, all the enginery;
how was fastened that greatest of field-houses.

The Drowning of Pharaoh and His Army

The folk was affrighted, the flood-dread seized on
their sad souls; ocean wailed with death,
the mountain heights were with blood besteamed,
the sea foamed gore, crying was in the waves,
the water full of weapons, a death-mist rose;
the Egyptians were turned back;
trembling they fled, they felt fear:
would that host gladly find their homes;

their vaunt grew sadder; against them as a cloud, rose
the fell rolling of the waves; there came not any
of that host to home, but from behind inclosed them
fate with the wave. Where ways ere lay,
sea raged. Their might was merged,
the streams stood, the storm rose
high to heaven; the loudest army-cry
the hostile uttered; the air above was thickened
with dying voices; blood pervaded the flood,
the shield-walls were riven, shook the firmament
that greatest of sea-deaths: the proud died,
kings in a body; the return prevailed
of the sea at length; their bucklers shone
high over the soldiers; the sea-wall rose,
the proud-ocean-stream, their might in death was
fastly fettered.—From *Exodus*.

BEDE (673-735)

From the ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

The Britons Seek Succor from the Romans The Roman Wall

From that time,[1] the south part of Britain, destitute of armed soldiers, of martial stores, and of all its active youth, which had been led away by the rashness of the tyrants, never to return, was wholly exposed to rapine, as being totally ignorant of the use of weapons. Whereupon they suffered many years under two very savage foreign nations, the Scots from the west, and the Picts from the north. We call these foreign nations, not on account of their being seated out of Britain, but because they were remote from that part of it which was possessed by the Britons; two inlets of the sea lying between them, one of which runs in far and broad into the land of Britain, from the Eastern Ocean, and the other from the Western, though they do not reach so as to touch one another. . .

On account of the irruption of these nations, the Britons sent messengers to Rome with letters in mournful manner, praying for succours, and promising perpetual subjection, provided that the impending enemy should be driven away. An armed legion was immediately sent them, which, arriving in the island, and engaging the enemy, slew a great multitude of them, drove the rest out of the territories of their allies, and having delivered them fro their cruel oppressors, advised them to build wall between the two seas across the island, that it might secure them, and keep off the enemy; and thus they returned home with great triumph. The islanders raising the wall, as they had been directed, not of stone, as having no artist capable of such a work, but of sods, made it of no use. However, they drew it for many miles between the two bays or inlets of the seas, which we have spoken of; to the end that where the defense of the water was wanting, they might use the rampart to defend their borders from the irruptions of the enemies. Of which work there erected, that is, of a rampart of extraordinary breadth and height, there are evident remains to be seen at this day. It begins at about two miles' distance from the monastery of Abercurnig,[2] and running westward, ends near the city Alcluith.[3]

But the former enemies, when they perceived that the Roman soldiers were gone, immediately coming by sea, broke into the borders, trampled and overran all places, and like men mowing ripe corn, bore down all before them. Hereupon messengers are again sent to Rome imploring aid, lest their wretched country should be utterly extirpated, and the name of the Roman province, so long renowned among them, overthrown by the cruelties of barbarous foreigners, might become utterly contemptible. A legion is accordingly sent again, and, arriving unexpectedly in autumn, made great slaughter of the enemy, obliging all those that could escape, to flee beyond the sea; whereas before they were wont yearly to carry off their booty without any opposition. Then the Romans declared to the Britons that they could not for the future undertake such troublesome expeditions for their sake, advising them rather to handle their weapons like men, and undertake themselves the charge of engaging their enemies, who would not prove too powerful for them, unless they were deterred by cowardice; and, thinking that it might be some help to their allies, whom they were forced to abandon, they built a strong stone wall from sea to sea, in a straight line between the towns that had been there built for fear of the enemy, and not far from the trench of Severus. This famous wall, which is still to be seen, was built at the public and private expense, the Britons also lending their assistance. It is eight feet in breadth and twelve in height, in a straight line from

1 About 400 onward.
* See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 23.

2 Abercorn, a village on the south bank of the Firth of Forth.
3 Dumbarton.

ast to west, as is still visible to beholders. This being finished, they gave that dispirited people good advice, with patterns to furnish them with arms. Besides, they built towers on the sea-coast to the southward, at proper distances, where their ships were, because there also the irruptions of the barbarians were apprehended, and so took leave of their friends, never to return again.—Book I, Chapter 12. (Translation from the Latin, edited by J. A. Giles.)

A Parable of Man's Life†

The king, hearing these words, answered, that he was both willing and bound to receive the faith which he taught; but that he would confer about it with his principal friends and counsellors, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might all together be cleansed in Christ the Fountain of life. Paulinus consenting, the king did as he said; for, holding a council with the wise men, he asked of everyone in particular what he thought of the new doctrine, and the new worship that was preached? To which the chief of his own priests, Coifi, immediately answered, "O king, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without any delay."

Another of the king's chief men, approving of his words and exhortations, presently added: "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The other elders and king's counsellors by Divine inspiration, spoke to the same effect.—Book II, Chapter 13. (Translation from the Latin, edited by J. A. Giles.)

The Story of Cædmon‡

In this Abbess's Minster was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honoured with a divine gift; for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety; so that whatever he learned through clerks of the holy writings, that he, after a little space, would usually adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue; and by his songs the minds of many men were often inflamed with contempt for the world, and with desire of heavenly life. And moreover, many others after him, in the English nation, sought to make pious songs; but yet none could do like him, for he had not been taught from men, nor through man, to learn the poetic art; but he was divinely aided, and through God's grace received the art of song. And he therefore never might make aught of leasing[4] or of idle poems, but just those only which conduced to religion, and which it became his pious tongue to sing. The man was placed in worldly life until the time that he was of mature age, and had never learned any poem; and he therefore often in convivial society, when, for the sake of mirth, it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home to his house.

When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which that night had been committed to him—when he there, at proper time, placed his limbs on the bed and slept, then stood some man by him, in a dream, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, saying "Cædmon, sing me something." Then he an-

† This is an incident of the visit of Paulinus, who, in the year 625, during the reign of King Edwin (Eadwine) of Northumbria, came to England as a missionary from Pope Gregory.

4 lying

‡ See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 22. The "Minster" referred to was the monastery at Whitby, founded by the Abbess Hilda in 658.

swered and said, "I cannot sing anything, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and retired hither, because I could not." Again he who was speaking with him said, "Yet thou must sing to me." Said he, "What shall I sing?" Said he, "Sing me the origin of things." When he received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard, the order of which is this:

"Now must we praise
the Guardian of heaven's kingdom,
the Creator's might,
and his mind's thought;
glorious Father of men!
as of every wonder he,
Lord eternal,
formed the beginning.
He first framed
for the children of earth
the heaven as a roof;
holy Creator!
then mid-earth,
the Guardian of mankind,
the eternal Lord,
afterwards produced;
the earth for men,
Lord Almighty!"

Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure.

Then came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his superior, and said to him what gift he had received; and he forthwith led him to the abbess, and told, and made that known to her. Then she bade all the most learned men and the learners to assemble, and in their presence bade him tell the dream, and sing the poem; that, by the judgment of them all, it might be determined why or whence that was come. Then it seemed to them all, so as it was, that to him, from the Lord himself, a heavenly gift had been given. Then they expounded to him and said some holy history, and words of godly lore; then bade him, if he could, to sing some of them, and turn them into the melody of song. When he had undertaken the thing, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning, and sang and gave to them, adorned with the best poetry, what had been entrusted to him.

Then began the abbess to make much of and love the grace of God in the man; and she then exhorted and instructed him to forsake worldly life and take to monkhood: and he that well approved. And she received him into the minster with his goods, and associated him with the congregation of those servants of God, and caused him to be taught the series of the Holy History and Gospel; and he, all that he could learn by hearing, meditated with himself, and, as a clean[5] animal, ruminating, turned into the sweetest verse: and his song and his verse were so winsome to hear, that his teachers themselves wrote and learned from his mouth. He first sang of earth's creation, and of the origin of mankind, and all the history of Genesis, which is the first book of Moses, and then of the departure of the people of Israel from the Egyptians' land, and of the entrance of the land of promise, and of many other histories of the canonical books of Holy Writ; and of Christ's incarnation, and of his passion, and of his ascension into heaven; and of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the doctrine of the Apostles. And also of the terror of the doom to come, and the fear of hell torment, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom, he made many poems; and, in like manner, many others of the divine benefits and judgments he made; in all which he earnestly took care to draw men from the love of sins and wicked deeds, and to excite to a love and desire of good deeds; for he was a very pious man, and to regular disciplines[6] humbly subjected; and against those who in otherwise would act, he was inflamed with the heat of great zeal. And he therefore with a fair end his life closed and ended.

For when the time approached of his decease and departure, then was he for fourteen days ere that oppressed and troubled with bodily infirmity; yet so moderately that, during all that time, he could both speak and walk. There was in the neighbourhood a house for infirm men, in which it was their custom to bring the infirm, and those who were on the point of departure, and there attend to them together. Then bade he his servant, on the eve of the night that he was going from the world, to prepare him a place in that house, that he might rest; whereupon the servant wondered why he this bade, for it seemed to him that his departure was not so near; yet he did as he said and commanded. And when he there went to bed, and in joyful mood was speaking some things, and joking together with those who were therein previously, then it was over midnight that he asked, whether they had the eucharist[7] within?

5 In the ceremonial sense (see *Leviticus*, xi).
6 penances
7 host, or consecrated bread

They answered, "What need is to thee of the eucharist? Thy departure is not so near, now thou thus cheerfully and thus gladly art speaking to us." Again he said, "Bring me nevertheless the eucharist."

When he had it in his hands, he asked, Whether they had all a placid mind and kind, and without any ill-will towards him? Then they all answered, and said, that they knew of no ill-will towards him, but they all were very kindly disposed and they besought him in turn that he would be kindly disposed to them all. Then he answered and said, "My beloved brethren, I am very kindly disposed to you and all God's men." And he thus was strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum,[8] and preparing himself an entrance into another life. Again he asked, "How near it was to the hour that the brethren must rise and teach the people of God, and sing their nocturns?"[9] They answered, "It is not far to that." He said, "It is well, let us await the hour." And then he prayed, and signed himself with Christ's cross, and reclined his head on the bolster, and slept for a little space; and so with stillness ended his life. And thus it was, that as he with pure and calm mind and tranquil devotion had served God, that he, in like manner, left the world with as calm a death, and went to His presence; and the tongue that had composed so many holy words in the Creator's praise, he then in like manner its last words closed in His praise, crossing himself, and committing his soul into His hands. Thus it is seen that he was conscious of his own departure, from what we have now heard say.—Book IV., Chapter 24. (Translated from Latin into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred the Great. Modern English translation by Benjamin Thorpe.)

CYNEWULF (fl. 750)*

RIDDLE II.

Who so wary and so wise of the warriors lives,
That he dare declare who doth drive me on my way,
When I start up in my strength! Oft in stormy wrath,
Hugely then I thunder, tear along in gusts,
Fare above the floor of earth, burn the folk-halls down,
Ravage all the rooms! There the reek ariseth
Gray above the gables. Great on earth the din,
And the slaughter-qualm of men. Then I shake the woodland,
Forests rich in fruits; then I fell the trees;—
I with water over-vaulted—by the wondrous Powers
Sent upon my way, far and wide to drive along!
On my back I carry that which covered once
All the tribes of Earth's indwellers, spirits and all flesh,
In the sand together! Say who shuts me in,
Or what is my name—I who bear this burden!

Answer: A Storm on Land.

RIDDLE VI.

I am all alone, with the iron wounded,
With the sword slashed into, sick of work of battle,
Of the edges weary. Oft I see the slaughter,
Oft the fiercest fighting. Of no comfort ween I,—
So that, in the battle-brattling,[1] help may bring itself to me;
Ere I, with the warriors, have been utterly fordone.
But the heritage of hammers[2] hews adown at me,
Stark of edges, sworded-sharp, of the smiths the handiwork,
On me biting in the burgs! Worse the battle is
I must bear for ever! Not one of the Leechkin,[3]
In the fold-stead, could I find out,
Who, with herbs he has, then should heal me of my wound!
But the notching of my edges more and more becomes
Through the deadly strokes of swords, in the daylight, in the night.

Of the Shield.

RIDDLE XV.

I a weaponed warrior was! Now in pride bedecks me
A young serving-man all with silver and fine gold,
With the work of waving gyres![4] Warriors sometimes kiss me;
Sometimes I to strife of battle summon with my calling
Willing war-companions! Whiles, the horse doth carry

8 provisions for a journey (in this case the eucharist)
9 service before daybreak
* These extracts from Cynewulf's writings are translations by Mr. Stopford Brooke, and have been taken from Mr. Brooke's *History of Early English Literature* by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

1 battle uproar
2 swords
3 physicians
4 circles

Me the march-paths over, or the ocean-stallion
Fares the floods with me, flashing in my jewels—.
Often times a bower-maiden, all bedecked with armlets,
Filleth up my bosom; whiles, bereft or covers,
I must, hard and heedless, (in the houses) lie!
Then, again, hang I, with adornments fretted,
Winsome on the wall where the warriors drink.
Sometimes the folk-fighters, as a fair thing on warfaring,
On the back of horses bear me; then bedecked with jewels
Shall I puff with wind from a warrior's breast.
Then, again, to glee-feasts I the guests invite
Haughty heroes to the wine—other whiles shall I
With my shouting save from foes what is stolen away,
Make the plundering scather flee. Ask what is my name!

Of the Horn.

From the CHRIST.†

Then the *Courage-hearted* quakes, when the King he hears
Speak the words of wrath—Him the wielder of the Heavens—

† The *Christ* is a poem dealing with the Nativity and Ascension of Christ, and the Day of Judgment. Our extracts are from the hymn-like passage which presages the Judgment and the poet's dread upon that day, and which closes with a vision of the stormy voyage of life ending in serenity. Cynewulf signed some of his poems acrostically by inserting runes which spelt his name. Runes were characters which represented words as well as letters, just as our letter "B" might stand for the words *be* or *bee*. Those used in this passage of which we give a portion are:

ᚳ = C = cēne = keen, bold one

ᚣ = Y = yfel = wretched

ᚾ = N = nyd = need

ᛖ = E = eh = horse

ᚹ = W = wyn = joy

ᚢ = U = ur = our

ᛚ = L = lagu = water

ᚠ = F = feoh = wealth

Speak to those who once on earth but obeyed him weakly,
While as yet their *Yearning pain* and their *Need* most easily
Comfort might discover. . . .
Gone is then the *Winsomeness*
Of the Earth's adornments! What to *Us* as men belonged
Of the joys of life was locked, long ago, in *Lake-Flood*,[6]
All the *Fee*[7] *on Earth*. . . .

Mickle is our need
That in this unfruitful time, ere that fearful Dread,
On our spirit's fairness we should studiously bethink us!
Now most like it is as if we on lake of ocean,
O'er the water cold in our keels are sailing,
And through spacious sea, with our stallions of the Sound,[8]
Forward drive the flood-wood. Fearful is the stream
Of immeasurable surges that we sail on here,
Through this wavering world, through these windy oceans,
O'er the path profound. Perilous our state of life
E'er that we had sailed (our ship) to the shore (at last),
O'er the rough sea-ridges. Then there reached us help,
That to hithe[9] of Healing homeward led us on—
He the Spirit-Son of God! And he dealt us grace,
So that we should be aware, from the vessel's deck,
Where our stallions of the sea we might stay with ropes,
Fast a-riding by their anchors—ancient horses of the waves!
Let us in that haven then all our hope establish,
Which the ruler of the Æther there has roomed for us,
When He climbed to Heaven—Holy in the Highest!

From the ELENE.‡

Forth then fared the folk-troop, and a fighting-lay

6 The Deluge 7 property 8 ships 9 harbor

‡ The *Elene* is the story of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in search of the Holy Cross. The lines quoted describe the battle in which Constantine is victorious over the Huns. See Brooke's *Early English Literature*, pp. 405-406.

Sang the Wolf in woodland, wailed a slaughter-rune!
Dewy-feathered, on the foes' track,
Raised the Earn[10] his song. . . .

Loud upsang the Raven
Swart, and slaughter-fell. Strode along the war-host;
Blew on high the horn-bearers; heralds of the battle shouted;
Stamped the earth the stallion; and the host assembled
Quickly to the quarrel! . . .

Sang the trumpets
Loud before the war-hosts; loved the work the raven:
Dewy-plumed, the earn looked upon the march;
. . . . . Song the wolf uplifted,
Ranger of the holt![11] Rose the Terror of the battle!
There was rush of shields together, crush of men together,
Hard hand-swinging there, and of hosts down-dinging,
After that they first encountered flying of the arrows!
On that fated folk, full of hate the hosters[12] grim
Sent the showers of arrows, spears above the yellow shields;
Forth they shot then snakes of battle[13]
Through the surge of furious foes, by the strength of fingers!
Strode the stark[14] in spirit, stroke on stroke they pressed along;
Broke into the wall of boards[15], plunged the bill[16] therein:
Thronged the bold in battle! There the banner was uplifted;
(Shone) the ensign 'fore the host; victory's song was sung.
Glittered there his javelins, and his golden helm
On the field of fight! Till in death the heathen, Joyless fell!

From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*

Anno 409. This year the Goths took the city of Rome by storm, and after this the Romans never ruled in Britain; and this was about eleven hundred and ten years after it had been built. Altogether they ruled in Britain four hundred and seventy years since Caius Julius first sought the land.

Anno 418. This year the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has since been able to find them; and some they carried with them into Gaul.

. . . . . .

Anno 443. This year the Britons sent over sea to Rome, and begged for help against the Picts; but they had none, because they were themselves warring against Attila, king of the Huns. And then they sent to the Angles, and entreated the like of the athelings[1] of the Angles.

. . . . . .

Anno 449. This year Martianus and Valentinus succeeded to the empire, and reigned seven years. And in their days Hengist and Horsa, invited by Vortigern, king of the Britons, landed in Britain, on the shore which is called Wippidsfleet; at first in aid of the Britons, but afterwards they fought against them. King Vortigern gave them land in the south-east of this country, on condition that they should fight against the Picts. Then they fought against the Picts, and had the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles; desired a larger force to be sent, and caused them to be told the worthlessness of the Britons, and the excellencies of the land. Then they soon sent thither a larger force in aid of the others. At that time there came men from three tribes in Germany; from the Old-Saxons, from the Angles, from the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kentish-men and the Wight-warians, that is, the tribe which now dwells in Wight, and that race among the West-Saxons which is still called the race of Jutes. From the Old-Saxons came the men of Essex and Sussex and Wessex. From Anglia, which has ever since remained waste betwixt the Jutes and Saxons, came the men of East Anglia, Middle Anglia, Mercia, and all North-humbria. Their leaders were two brothers, Hengist and Horsa: they were the sons of Wihtgils; Wihtgils son of Witta, Witta of Wecta, Wecta of Woden: from this Woden sprang all our royal families, and those of the South-humbrians also.†

Anno 455. This year Hengist and Horsa fought against King Vortigern at the place which is called Ægels-threp[2] and his brother

10 eagle
11 wood
12 soldiers, host
13 darts
14 firm
15 shields
16 sword
* See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 28.

1 princes
2 Aylesford
† The language here appears to be that of a northern chronicler. The MS. of this portion has been traced to Peterborough.

Horsa was there slain, and after that Hengist obtained the kingdom, and Æsc his son.

. . . . . .

Anno 565. This year Ethelbert succeeded to the kingdom of the Kentish-men, and held it fifty-three years. In his days the holy pope Gregory sent us baptism, that was in the two and thirtieth year of his reign: and Columba, a mass-priest, came to the Picts, and converted them to the faith of Christ: they are dwellers by the northern mountains. And their king gave him the island which is called Ii[3]: therein are five hides‡ of land, as men say. There Columba built a monastery, and he was abbot there thirty-seven years, and there he died when he was seventy-two years old. His successors still have the place. The Southern Picts had been baptized long before: Bishop Ninia, who had been instructed at Rome, had preached baptism to them, whose church and his monastery is at Whitherne, consecrated in the name of St. Martin: there he resteth, with many holy men. Now in Ii there must ever be an abbot, and not a bishop; and all the Scottish bishops ought to be subject to him because Columba was an abbot and not a bishop.

. . . . . .

Anno. 596. This year Pope Gregory sent Augustine to Britain, with a great many monks, who preached the word of God to the nation of the Angles.

. . . . . .

Anno 871. . . . And about fourteen days after this, King Ethelred and Alfred his brother fought against the army[4] at Basing, and there the Danes obtained the victory. And about two months after this, King Ethelred and Alfred his brother fought against the army at Marden; and they[4] were in two bodies, and they[5] put both to flight, and during a great part of the day were victorious; and there was great slaughter on either hand; but the Danes had possession of the place of carnage: and there Bishop Heahmund was slain, and many good men: and after this battle there came a great army in the summer to Reading. And after this, over Easter, king Ethelred died; and he reigned five years and his body lies at Winburn-minster.

Then Alfred the son of Ethelwulf, his brother, succeeded to the kingdom of the West-Saxons. And about one month after this, king Alfred with a small band fought against the whole army at Wilton, and put them to flight for a good part of the day; but the Danes had possession of the place of carnage. And this year nine general battles were fought against the army in the kingdom south of the Thames, besides which Alfred the king's brother, and single ealdormen,† and king's thanes, often times made incursions on them, which were not counted: and within the year nine earls and one king were slain. And that year the West-Saxons made peace with the army.—(From the translation edited by J. A. Giles.)

3 Iona 4 the Danes 5 Ethelred and Alfred
‡ Variously estimated at from 60 to 120 acres.

The Battle of Brunanburh *

Anno 937. Here Athelstan the King, ruler of earls,
ring-giver to chieftains, and his brother eke,
Edmund Atheling,[1] lifelong honor
struck out with the edges of swords in battle
at Brunanburh: they cleft the shield-wall,[2]
hewed the war-lindens[3] with the leavings of hammers,[4]
these heirs of Edward; for fitting it was
to their noble descent that oft in the battle
'gainst foes one and all the land they should fend,
the hoards and the homes. The enemy fell,
Scot-folk and seamen,[5] 11
death-doomed they fell; slippery the field
with the blood of men, from sunrise
when at dawn the great star
stole o'er the earth, the bright candle of God
the Eternal Lord, till the noble creation
sank to its seat. There lay many a one
slain by a spear, many a Norseman
shot o'er his shield, many a Scotsman
weary and sated with strife. The men of Wessex 20
in troops the live-long day
followed on the footsteps of the hostile folk.
From the rear they fiercely struck the fleeing
with the sharp-ground swords. The Mercians did not stint
hard hand-play to any of the heroes
who with Anlaf o'er the wave-welter[6]
in the bosom of boats sought the land,
doomed to fall in the fight. On the field

† nobles
1 prince
2 The Germanic phalanx, in which the shields were overlapped.
3 shields made of linden wood
4 swords, hammered out
5 the Danes
6 ocean
* This poem is, says Professor Bright, "the most important of the poetic insertions in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles." It records the victory of Athelstan, son of Edward, grandson of Alfred the Great and king of the West Saxons and the Mercians, over a combination including Danes from Northumbria and Ireland, Scots, and Welsh. The Danes were headed by Anlaf (or Olaf), the Scots by Constantine.

five young kings lay killed,
put to sleep by swords; and seven too
of the earls of Anlaf, and countless warriors
of the seamen and the Scotch: routed was
the Norsemen's king, forced by need
with a little band to the boat's bow.
The galley glided on the waves; the king fled forth
on the fallow flood; so he saved his life.
And so by flight to his northern kinsfolk
came that wise one, Constantine,
gray battle man; boast he durst not
of the strife of swords; shorn of kinsfolk was he,
fallen on the battle-field his friends,
slain were they in strife; and his son, young for war,
left he on the slaughter-spot sore wounded.
Gray-haired hero, hoary traitor,
boast he durst not of the brand-clash;[7]
nor could Anlaf with their armies shattered
laugh that they the better were in battle-work,
in the fight of banners on the battle-field,
in the meeting of the spears, in the mingling of the men,
in the strife of weapons on the slaughter-field
which they played with Edward's heirs.
Departed then the Northmen in the nailèd ships,
a dreary leaving of darts[8] on the dashing sea.
O'er the deep water Dublin they sought,
Ireland again, abashed.
So the brethren both together,
King and Atheling, sought their kinsfolk
and West-Saxon land, from war exultant;
left behind to share the slain
the dusky-coated, the dark raven
horny-beaked, and the eagle white behind,
gray-coated, the carrion to consume,
the greedy war-hawk, and that gray beast,
the wolf in the weald.[9] Nor had greater slaughter
ever yet upon this island
e'er before a folk befallen
by sword-edges, say the books,
those old wise ones,[10] since from Eastward hither
Angles and Saxons on advanced,
o'er the waters wide sought the Britons,
warsmiths proud o'ercame the Welsh,
Earls honor-hungry got this homeland.[11]

7 clashing of swords
8 The few left alive.
9 forest
10 In apposition with "books."
11 Referring to the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain in the fifth century.

ALFRED THE GREAT (849-901)

Ohthere's Narrative.*

Ohthere told his lord King Alfred, that he dwelt northmost of all the Northmen. He said that he dwelt in the land to the northward, along the West-Sea; he said, however, that that land is very long north from thence, but it is all waste except in a few places where the Finns here and there dwell, for hunting in the winter, and in the summer for fishing in that sea. He said that he was desirous to try, once on a time, how far that country extended due north, or whether any one lived to the north of the waste. He then went due north along the country, leaving all the way the waste land on the right, and the wide sea on the left, for three days: he was as far north as the whale-hunters go at the farthest. Then he proceeded in his course due north as far as he could sail in another three days; then the land there inclined due east, or the sea into the land, he knew not which, but he knew that he there waited for a west wind, or a little north, and sailed thence eastward along that land as far as he could sail in four days; then he had to wait for a due north wind, because the land there inclined due south, or the sea in on that land, he knew not which; he then sailed along the coast due south, as far as he could sail in five days. There lay a great river[1] up in that land; they then turned up in that river, because they durst not sail on by that river, on account of hostility, because all that country was inhabited on the other side of that river; he had not before met with any land that was inhabited since he came from his own home; but all the way he had waste land on his right, except for fishermen, fowlers, and hunters, all of whom were Finns, and he had constantly a wide sea to the left. The Beormas[2] had well cultivated their country, but they did not dare to enter it; and the Terfinna land[3] was all waste, except where hunters, fishers, or fowlers had taken up their quarters.

The Beormas told him many particulars both of their own land, and of the other lands lying about them; but he knew not what was true, because he did not see it himself; it seemed

1 The Dwina.
2 A people east of the Dwina.
3 The region between the Gulf of Bothnia and the North Cape.

* From the addition made by King Alfred to his translation of *Orosius' History of the World;* modern English translation by Benjamin Thorpe. Ohthere was a Norwegian sailor, who, straying to Alfred's court, was eagerly questioned. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 26.

to him that the Finns and the Beormas spoke nearly one language. He went thither chiefly, in addition to seeing the country, on account of the walruses, because they have very noble bones in their teeth; some of those teeth they brought to the king; and their hides are good for ship-ropes. This whale is much less than other whales, it being not longer than seven ells; but in his own country is the best whale-hunting,—there they are eight and forty ells long, and the biggest of them fifty ells long; of these he said that he and five others had killed sixty in two days. He was a very wealthy man in those possessions in which their wealth consists, that is in wild deer. He had at the time he came to the king, six hundred unsold tame deer. These deer they call rein-deer, of which there were six decoy rein-deer, which are very valuable among the Finns, because they catch the wild rein-deer with them.

He was one of the foremost men in that country, yet he had not more than twenty horned cattle, and twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and the little that he ploughed he ploughed with horses.* But their wealth consists for the most part in the rent paid them by the Finns. That rent is in skins of animals, and birds' feathers, and whalebone, and in ship-ropes made of whales' hides, and of seals'. Everyone pays according to his birth; the best-born, it is said, pay the skins of fifteen martens, and five rein-deer's, and one bear's skin, ten ambers[4] of feathers, a bear's or otter's skin kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long, made either of whale-hide or of seal's.

He said that the Northmen's land was very long and narrow; all that his man could either pasture or plough lies by the sea, though that is in some parts very rocky; and to the east are wild mountains, parallel to the cultivated land. The Finns inhabit these mountains, and the cultivated land is broadest to the eastward, and continually narrower the more north. To the east it may be sixty miles broad, or a little broader, and towards the middle thirty, or broader; and northward, he said, where it is narrowest, that it might be three miles broad to the mountain, and the mountain then is in some parts so broad that a man may pass over in two weeks, and in some parts so broad that a man may pass over in six days. Then along this land southwards, on the other side of the mountain, is Sweden; to that land northwards, and along that land northwards, Cwenland.[5] The Cwenas sometimes make depredations on the Northmen over the mountain, and sometimes the Northmen on them; there are very large fresh meres amongst the mountains, and the Cwenas carry their ships over land into the meres, and thence make depredations on the Northmen; they have very little ships, and very light.

Ohthere said that the shire in which he dwelt is called Halgoland. He said that no one dwelt to the north of him; there is likewise a port to the south of that land, which is called Sciringes-heal;[6] thither, he said, no one could sail in a month, if he landed at night, and every day had a fair wind; and all the while he would sail along the land, and on the starboard will first be Iraland,[7] and then the islands which are between Iraland and this land.[8] Then it is this land until he come to Sciringes-heal, and all the way on the larboard, Norway. To the south of Sciringes-heal, a very great sea runs up into the land, which is broader than any one can see over; and Jutland is opposite on the other side, and then Zealand. This sea runs many miles up in that land. And from Sciringes-heal, he said that he sailed in five days to that port which is called Æt-Hæthum,[9] which is between the Wends, and Saxons, and Angles, and belongs to Denmark.

When he sailed thitherward from Sciringes-heal, Denmark was on his left, and on the right a wide sea for three days, and two days before he came to Hæthum he had on the right Jutland, Zealand, and many islands. In these lands the Angles dwelt before they came hither to this land. And then for two days he had on his left the islands which belong to Denmark.

4 forty bushels
* The Anglo-Saxons plowed with oxen.

5 Between the Gulf of Bothnia and the White Sea.
6 In the Gulf of Christiania.
7 Ireland (meaning Scotland; or possibly an error for Iceland).
8 England
9 Sleswig

ANGLO-NORMAN PERIOD

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH
(c. 1100-1154)

The Story of King Leir *

After this unhappy fate of Bladud, Leir, his son, was advanced to the throne, and nobly governed his country sixty years. He built upon the river Sore a city, called in the British tongue, Kaerleir, in the Saxon, Leircestre. He was without male issue, but had three daughters, whose names were Gonorilla, Regau, and Cordeilla, of whom he was dotingly fond, but especially of his youngest, Cordeilla. When he began to grow old, he had thoughts of dividing his kingdom among them, and of bestowing them on such husbands as were fit to be advanced to the government with them. But to make trial who was worthy to have the best part of his kingdom, he went to each of them to ask which of them loved him most. The question being proposed, Gonorilla, the eldest, made answer, "That she called heaven to witness, she loved him more than her own soul." The father replied, "Since you have preferred my declining age before your own life, I will marry you, my dearest daughter, to whomsoever you shall make choice of, and give with you the third part of my kingdom." Then Regau, the second daughter, willing, after the example of her sister, to prevail upon her father's good nature, answered with an oath, "That she could not otherwise express her thoughts, but that she loved him above all creatures." The credulous father upon this made her the same promise that he did to her eldest sister, that is, the choice of a husband, with the third part of his kingdom. But Cordeilla, the youngest, understanding how easily he was satisfied with the flattering expressions of her sisters, was desirous to make trial of his affection after a different manner. "My father," said she, "is there any daughter that can love her father more than duty requires? In my opinion, whoever pretends to it, must disguise her real sentiments under the veil of flattery. I have always loved you as a father, nor do I yet depart from my purposed duty; and if you insist to have something more extorted from me, hear now the greatness of my affection, which I always bear you, and take this for a short answer to all your questions; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you." The father, supposing that she spoke this out of the abundance of her heart, was highly provoked, and immediately replied, "Since you have so far despised my old age as not to think me worthy the love that your sisters express for me, you shall have from me the like regard, and shall be excluded from any share with your sisters in my kingdom. Notwithstanding, I do not say but that since you are my daughter, I will marry you to some foreigner, if fortune offers you any such husband; but will never, I do assure you, make it my business to procure so honourable a match for you as for your sisters; because, though I have hitherto loved you more than them, you have in requital thought me less worthy of your affection than they." And, without further delay, after consultation with his nobility, he bestowed his two other daughters upon the dukes of Cornwall and Albania, with half the island at present, but after his death, the inheritance of the whole monarchy of Britain.

It happened after this, that Aganippus, king of the Franks, having heard of the fame of Cordeilla's beauty, forthwith sent his ambassadors to the king to demand her in marriage. The father, retaining yet his anger towards her, made answer, "That he was very willing to bestow his daughter, but without either money or territories; because he had already given away his kingdom with all his treasure to his eldest daughters, Gonorilla and Regau." When this was told Aganippus, he, being very much in love with the lady, sent again to king Leir, to tell him, "That he had money and territories enough, as he possessed the third part of Gaul, and desired no more than his daughter only, that he might have heirs by her." At

* From the *Historia Britonum Regum*, Book II, Chapters XI.-XIV. Translation from the Latin edited by J. A. Giles. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 37.

last the match was concluded; Cordeilla was sent to Gaul, and married to Aganippus.

A long time after this, when Leir came to be infirm through old age, the two dukes, on whom he had bestowed Britain with his two daughters, fostered an insurrection against him, and deprived him of his kingdom, and of all regal authority, which he had hitherto exercised with great power and glory. At length, by mutual agreement, Maglaunus, duke of Albania, one of his sons-in-law, was to allow him a maintenance at his own house, together with sixty soldiers, who were to be kept for state. After two years' stay with his son-in-law, his daughter Gonorilla grudged the number of his men, who began to upbraid the ministers of the court with their scanty allowance; and, having spoken to her husband about it, she gave orders that the number of her father's followers should be reduced to thirty, and the rest discharged. The father, resenting this treatment, left Maglaunus, and went to Henuinus, duke of Cornwall, to whom he had married his daughter Regau. Here he met with an honourable reception, but before the year was at an end, a quarrel happened between the two families which raised Regau's indignation; so that she commanded her father to discharge all his attendants but five, and to be contented with their service. This second affliction was insupportable to him, and made him return again to his former daughter, with hopes that the misery of his condition might move in her some sentiments of filial piety, and that he, with his family, might find a subsistence with her. But she, not forgetting her resentment, swore by the gods he should not stay with her, unless he would dismiss his retinue, and be contented with the attendance of one man; and with bitter reproaches she told him how ill his desire of vainglorious pomp suited his age and poverty. When he found that she was by no means to be prevailed upon, he was at last forced to comply, and, dismissing the rest, to take up with one man only. But by this time he began to reflect more sensibly with himself upon the grandeur from which he had fallen, and the miserable state to which he was now reduced, and to enter upon thoughts of going beyond sea to his youngest daughter. Yet he doubted whether he should be able to move her commiseration, because (as was related above) he had treated her so unworthily. However, disdaining to bear any longer such base usage, he took ship for Gaul. In his passage he observed he had only the third place given him among the princes that were with him in the ship, at which, with deep sighs and tears, he burst forth into the following complaint:—

"O irreversible decrees of the Fates, that never swerve from your stated course! why did you ever advance me to an unstable felicity, since the punishment of lost happiness is greater than the sense of present misery? The remembrance of the time when vast numbers of men obsequiously attended me in the taking the cities and wasting the enemy's countries, more deeply pierces my heart than the view of my present calamity, which has exposed me to the derision of those who were formerly prostrate at my feet. Oh! the enmity of fortune! Shall I ever again see the day when I may be able to reward those according to their deserts who have forsaken me in my distress? How true was thy answer, Cordeilla, when I asked thee concerning thy love to me, 'As much as you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you.' While I had anything to give, they valued me, being friends, not to me, but to my gifts: they loved me then, but they loved my gifts much more: when my gifts ceased, my friends vanished. But with what face shall I presume to see you, my dearest daughter, since in my anger I married you upon worse terms than your sisters, who, after all the mighty favours they have received from me, suffer me to be in banishment and poverty?"

As he was lamenting his condition in these and the like expressions, he arrived at Karitia,[1] where his daughter was, and waited before the city while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief for a father who suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordeilla was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered, he had none but one man, who had been his armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town. Then she took what money she thought might be sufficient, and gave it to the messenger, with orders to carry her father to another city, and there give out that he was sick, and to provide for him bathing, clothes, and all other nourishment. She likewise gave orders that he should take into his service forty men, well clothed and accoutred, and that when all things were thus prepared he should notify his arrival to king Aganippus and his daughter. The messenger quickly returning, carried Leir to another city, and there kept him concealed, till he had done everything that Cordeilla had commanded.

1 Calais.

As soon as he was provided with his royal apparel, ornaments, and retinue, he sent word to Aganippus and his daughter, that he was driven out of his kingdom of Britain by his sons-in-law, and was come to them to procure their assistance for recovering his dominions. Upon which they, attended with their chief ministers of state and the nobility of the kingdom, went out to meet him, and received him honourably, and gave into his management the whole power of Gaul, till such time as he should be restored to his former dignity.

In the meantime Aganippus sent officers over all Gaul to raise an army, to restore his father-in-law to his kingdom of Britain. Which done, Leir returned to Britain with his son and daughter and the forces which they had raised, where he fought with his sons-in-law and routed them. Having thus reduced the whole kingdom to his power, he died the third year after. Aganippus also died; and Cordeilla, obtaining the government of the kingdom, buried her father in a certain vault, which she ordered to be made for him under the river Sore, in Leicester, and which had been built originally under the ground to the honour of the god Janus.[2] And here all the workmen of the city, upon the anniversary solemnity of that festival, used to begin their yearly labours.

Arthur Makes the Saxons His Tributaries

After a few days they went to relieve the city Kaerliudcoit, that was besieged by the pagans; which being situated upon a mountain, between two rivers in the province of Lindisia, is called by another name Lindocolinum.[1] As soon as they arrived there with all their forces, they fought with the Saxons, and made a grievous slaughter of them, to the number of six thousand; part of whom were drowned in the rivers, part fell by the hands of the Britons. The rest in a great consternation quitted the siege and fled, but were closely pursued by Arthur, till they came to the wood of Celidon, where they endeavoured to form themselves into a body again, and make a stand. And here they again joined battle with the Britons, and made a brave defence, whilst the trees that were in the place secured them against the enemies' arrows. Arthur, seeing this, commanded the trees that were in that part of the wood to be cut down, and the trunks to be placed quite round them, so as to hinder their getting out; resolving to keep them pent up here till he could reduce them by famine. He then commanded his troops to besiege the wood, and continued three days in that place. The Saxons, having now no provisions to sustain them, and being just ready to starve with hunger, begged for leave to go out; in consideration whereof they offered to leave all their gold and silver behind them, and return back to Germany with nothing but their empty ships. They promised also that they would pay him tribute from Germany, and leave hostages with him. Arthur, after consultation about it, granted their petition; allowing them only leave to depart, and retaining all their treasures, as also hostages for payment of the tribute. But as they were under sail on their return home, they repented of their bargain, and tacked about again towards Britain, and went on shore at Totness. No sooner were they landed, than they made an utter devastation of the country as far as the Severn sea, and put all the peasants to the sword. From thence they pursued their furious march to the town of Bath, and laid siege to it. When the king had intelligence of it, he was beyond measure surprised at their proceedings, and immediately gave orders for the execution of the hostages. And desisting from an attempt which he had entered upon to reduce the Scots and Picts, he marched with the utmost expedition to raise the siege; but laboured under very great difficulties, because he had left his nephew Hoel sick at Alclud.[2] At length, having entered the province of Somerset, and beheld how the siege was carried on, he addressed himself to his followers in these words: "Since these impious and detestable Saxons have disdained to keep faith with me, I, to keep faith with God, will endeavour to revenge the blood of my countrymen this day upon them. To arms, soldiers, to arms, and courageously fall upon the perfidious wretches, over whom we shall, with Christ assisting us, undoubtedly obtain victory."

When he had done speaking, St. Dubricius, archbishop of Legions,[3] going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice, "You that have the honour to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to your country and fellow subjects, whose sufferings by the treachery of the pagans will be an everlasting reproach to you, if you do not courageously defend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ

2 During the Roman occupation. 1 Lincoln

2 Dumbarton

3 The City of Legions (now Newport) in South Wales, where the Roman legions wintered.

for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. 'If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself, which is suffered in so glorious a cause, shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins.'' At these words, all of them encouraged with the benediction of the holy prelate, instantly armed themselves, and prepared to obey his orders. Also Arthur himself, having put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so powerful a king, placed a golden helmet upon his head, on which was engraven the figure of a dragon; and on his shoulders his shield called Priwen; upon which the picture of the blessed Mary, mother of God, was painted, in order to put him frequently in mind of her. Then girding on his Caliburn,[4] which was an excellent sword made in the isle of Avallon, he graced his right hand with his lance, named Ron, which was hard, broad, and fit for slaughter. After this, having placed his men in order, he boldly attacked the Saxons, who were drawn out in the shape of a wedge, as their manner was. And they, notwithstanding that the Britons fought with great eagerness, made a noble defence all that day; but at length, towards sunsetting, climbed up the next mountain, which served them for a camp: for they desired no larger extent of ground, since they confided very much in their numbers. The next morning Arthur, with his army, went up the mountain, but lost many of his men in the ascent, by the advantage which the Saxons had in their station on the top, from whence they could pour down upon him with much greater speed than he was able to advance against them. Notwithstanding, after a very hard struggle, the Britons gained the summit of the hill and quickly came to a close engagement with the enemy, who again gave them a warm reception, and made a vigorous defence. In this manner was a great part of that day also spent; whereupon Arthur, provoked to see the little advantage he had yet gained and that victory still continued in suspense, drew out his Caliburn, and, calling upon the name of the blessed Virgin, rushed forward with great fury into the thickest of the enemy's ranks; of whom (such was the merit of his prayers) not one escaped alive that felt the fury of his sword; neither did he give over the fury of his assault until he had, with his Caliburn alone, killed four hundred and seventy men. The Britons, seeing this, followed their leader in great multitudes, and made slaughter on all sides; so that Colgrin, and Baldulph his brother, and many thousands more fell before them. But Cheldric,[5] in this imminent danger of his men, betook himself to flight.—From the same; Book IX, Ch. III, IV.

[4] The famous Excalibur.
[5] Leader of the Saxons.

FROM THE ANCREN RIWLE

(ANCHORESSES' RULE.)*

Do you now ask what rule you anchoresses should observe? Ye should by all means, with all your might and all your strength, keep well the inward rule, and for its sake the outward. The inward rule is always alike. The outward is various, because every one ought so to observe the outward rule as that the body may therewith best serve the inward. All may and ought to observe one rule concerning purity of heart, that is, a clean unstained conscience, without any reproach of sin that is not remedied by confession. This the body rule effects. This rule is framed not by man's contrivance, but by the command of God. Wherefore, it ever is and shall be the same, without mixture and without change; and all men ought ever invariably to observe it. But the external rule, which I called the handmaid, is of man's contrivance; nor is it instituted for any thing else but to serve the internal law. It ordains fasting, watching, enduring cold, wearing haircloth, and such other hardships as the flesh of many can bear and many cannot. Wherefore, this rule may be changed and varied according to every one's state and circumstances. For some are strong, some are weak, and may very well be excused, and please God with less; some are learned, and some are not, and must work the more, and say their prayers at the stated hours in a different manner; some are old and ill favoured, of whom there is less fear; some are young and lively, and have need to be more on their guard. Every anchoress must, therefore, observe the outward rule according to the advice of her confessor, and do obediently whatever he enjoins and commands her, who knows

* These "Rules and Duties of Monastic Life" were prepared (*c.* 1210) for the guidance of a little society of three nuns who dwelt at Tarente, in Dorsetshire—"gentlewomen, sisters, of one father and of one mother, who had in the bloom of their youth forsaken all the pleasures of the world and become anchoresses." The book consists of eight chapters, the first and last of which deal with the "outward rule," the others with the "inward rule." It is possibly the work of Richard Poor (d. 1237), Bishop of Salisbury, who was benefactor of the nunnery at Tarente. Very marked is the spirit of charity and tolerance in which it is written. Moreover, it is among the best examples of simple, eloquent prose in English antedating the English Bible. Our translation is that of James Morton.

her state and strength. He may modify the outward rule, as prudence may direct, and as he sees that the inward rule may thus be best kept.

. . . . . .

When you first arise in the morning bless yourselves with the sign of the cross and say, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," and begin directly "Creator Spirit, Come," with your eyes and your hands raised up toward heaven, bending forward on your knees upon the bed, and thus say the whole hymn to the end, with the versicle, "Send forth Thy Holy Spirit," and the prayer, "God, who didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people," etc. After this, putting on your shoes and your clothes, say the Paternoster[1] and the Creed,[2] and then, "Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, have mercy on us! Thou who didst condescend to be born of a virgin, have mercy on us!" Continue saying these words until you be quite dressed. Have these words much in use, and in your mouth as often as ye may, sitting and standing.

. . . . . .

True anchoresses are compared to birds; for they leave the earth; that is, the love of all earthly things; and through yearning of heart after heavenly things, fly upward toward heaven. And, although they fly high, with high and holy life, yet they hold the head low, through meek humility, as a bird flying boweth down its head, and accounteth all her good deeds and good works nothing worth, and saith, as our Lord taught all his followers, "*Cum omnia bene feceritis, dicite quod servi inutiles sumus;*" "When ye have done all well," saith the Lord, "say that ye are unprofitable servants." Fly high, and yet hold the head always low.

The wings that bear them upward are, good principles, which they must move unto good works, as a bird, when it would fly, moveth its wings. Also the true anchoresses, whom we compare to birds,—yet not we, but God—spread their wings and make a cross of themselves, as a bird doth when it flieth; that is, in the thoughts of the heart, and the mortification of the flesh, they bear the Lord's cross. Those birds fly well that have little flesh, as the pelican hath, and many feathers. The ostrich, having much flesh, maketh a pretense to fly, and flaps his wings, but his feet always draw to the earth. In like manner, the carnal anchoress, who loveth carnal pleasures, and seeketh her ease, the heaviness of her flesh and its desires deprive her of her power of flying; and though she makes a pretense and much noise with her wings; that is, makes it appear as if she flew, and were a holy anchoress, whoever looks at her narrowly, laughs her to scorn; for her feet, as doth the ostrich's, which are her lusts, draw her to the earth. Such are not like the meagre pelican, nor do they fly aloft, but are birds of the earth, and make their nests on the ground. But God called the good anchoresses birds of heaven, as I said before: "*Vulpes foveas habent et volucres cæli nidos.*" "Foxes have their holes, and birds of heaven their nests."

True anchoresses are indeed birds of heaven, that fly aloft, and sit on the green boughs singing merrily; that is, they meditate, enraptured, upon the blessedness of heaven that never fadeth, but is ever green; and sit on this green, singing right merrily; that is, in such meditation they rest in peace and have gladness of heart, as those who sing. A bird, however, sometimes alighteth down on the earth to seek his food for the need of the flesh; but while he sits on the ground he is never secure, and is often turning himself, and always looking cautiously around. Even so, the pious recluse, though she fly ever so high, must at times alight down to the earth in respect of her body—and eat, drink, sleep, work, speak, and hear, when it is necessary, of earthly things. But then, as the bird doth, she must look well to herself, and turn her eyes on every side, lest she be deceived, and be caught in some of the devil's snares, or hurt in any way, while she sits so low.

"The birds," saith our Lord, "have nests;" "*volucres cæli habent nidos.*" A nest is hard on the outside with pricking thorns, and is delicate and soft within; even so shall a recluse endure hard and pricking thorns in the flesh; yet so prudently shall she subdue the flesh by labour, that she may say with the Psalmist: "*Fortitudinem meam ad te custodiam;*" that is, "I will keep my strength, O Lord, to thy behoof;" and therefore the pains of the flesh are proportioned to every one's case. The nest shall be hard without and soft within; and the heart sweet. They who are of a bitter or hard heart, and indulgent towards their flesh, make their nest, on the contrary, soft without and thorny within. These are the discontented and fastidious anchoresses; bitter within, when they ought to be sweet; and delicate without, when they ought to be hard. These, in such a nest, may have hard rest, when

[1] The Lord's Prayer.
[2] The Confession of Faith, beginning, "Credo in unum Deum."

they consider well. For, from such a nest, they will too late bring forth young birds, which are good works, that they may fly toward heaven. Job calleth a religious house a nest; and saith, as if he were a recluse: "*In nidulo meo moriar;*" that is, "I shall die in my nest, and be as dead therein;" for this relates to anchorites; and, to dwell therein until she die; that is, I will never cease, while my soul is in my body, to endure things hard outwardly, as the nest is, and to be soft within.

. . . . . .

Hear now, as I promised, many kinds of comfort against all temptations, and, with God's grace, thereafter the remedies.

Whosoever leadeth a life of exemplary piety may be certain of being tempted. This is the first comfort. For the higher the tower is, it hath always the more wind. Ye yourselves are the towers, my dear sisters, but fear not while ye are so truly and firmly cemented all of you to one another with the lime of sisterly love. Ye need not fear any devil's blast, except the lime fail; that is to say, except your love for each other be impaired through the enemy. As soon as any of you undoeth her cement, she is soon swept forth; if the other do not hold her she is soon cast down, as a loose stone is from the coping of the tower, down into the deep pitch of some foul sin.

Here is another encouragement which ought greatly to comfort you when ye are tempted. The tower is not attacked, nor the castle, nor the city, after they are taken; even so the warrior of hell attacks, with temptation, none whom he hath in his hand; but he attacketh those whom he hath not. Wherefore, dear sisters, she who is not attacked may fear much lest she be already taken. . .

The sixth comfort is, that our Lord, when He suffereth us to be tempted, playeth with us, as the mother with her young darling: she flies from him, and hides herself, and lets him sit alone, and look anxiously around, and call Dame! dame! and weep a while, and then leapeth forth laughing, with outspread arms, and embraceth and kisseth him, and wipeth his eyes. In like manner, our Lord sometimes leaveth us alone, and withdraweth His grace, His comfort, and His support, so that we feel no delight in any good that we do, nor any satisfaction of heart; and yet, at that very time, our dear Father loveth us never the less, but does it for the great love that He hath to us.

. . . . . .

Ye shall not possess any beast, my dear sisters, except only a cat. An anchoress that hath cattle appears as Martha was, a better housewife than anchoress; nor can she in any wise be Mary, with peacefulness of heart. For then she must think of the cow's fodder, and of the herdsman's hire, flatter the heyward,[1] defend herself when her cattle is shut up in the pinfold, and moreover pay the damage. Christ knoweth, it is an odious thing when people in the town complain of anchoresses' cattle. If, however, any one must needs have a cow, let her take care that she neither annoy nor harm any one, and that her own thoughts be not fixed thereon. An anchoress ought not to have any thing that draweth her heart outward. Carry ye on no traffic. An anchoress that is a buyer and seller selleth her soul to the chapman of hell. Do not take charge of other men's property in your house, nor of their cattle, nor their clothes, neither receive under your care the church vestments, nor the chalice, unless force compel you, or grea fear, for oftentimes much harm has come from such care-taking.

Because no man seeth you, nor do ye see any man, ye may be well content with your clothes, be they white, be they black; only see that they be plain, and warm, and well made—skins well tawed; [2] and have as many as you need, for bed, and also for back. Next your flesh ye shall wear no flaxen cloth, except it be of hards[3] and of coarse canvass. Whoso will may have a stamin,[4] and whoso will may be without it. Ye shall sleep in a garment and girt. Wear no iron, nor haircloth, nor hedgehog-skins; and do not beat yourselves therewith, nor with a scourge of leather thongs, nor leaded; and do not with holly nor with briars cause yourselves to bleed without leave of your confessor; and do not, at one time, use too many flagellations. Let your shoes be thick and warm. In summer ye are at liberty to go and sit barefoot, and to wear hose without vamps,[5] and whoso liketh may lie in them. A woman may well enough wear an undersuit of haircloth very well tied with the strapples reaching down to her feet, laced tightly. If ye would dispense with wimples, have warm capes, and over them black veils. She who wishes to be seen, it is no great wonder though she adorn herself; but, in the eyes of God, she is more lovely who is unadorned outwardly for his sake. Have neither ring, nor broach, nor ornamented girdle, nor gloves, nor any such thing that is not proper for you to have.

. . . . . .

1 A cattle-keeper on a common.
2 Prepared with oil, or without tan-liquor.
3 The coarser parts of flax or hemp.
4 A shirt of linsey-woolsey.
5 gaiters

In this book read every day, when ye are at leisure,—every day, less or more; for I hope that, if ye read it often, it will be very beneficial to you, through the grace of God, or else I shall have ill employed much of my time. God knows, it would be more agreeable to me to set out on a journey to Rome, than to begin to do it again. And, if ye find that ye do according to what ye read, thank God earnestly; and if ye do not, pray for the grace of God, and diligently endeavour that ye may keep it better, in every point, according to your ability. May the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the one Almighty God, keep you under his protection! May he give you joy and comfort, my dear sisters, and for all that ye endure and suffer for him may he never give you a less reward than his entire self. May he be ever exalted from world to world, for ever and ever, Amen.

As often as ye read any thing in this book, greet the Lady with an Ave Mary for him that made this rule, and for him who wrote it, and took pains about it. Moderate enough I am, who ask so little.

PROVERBS OF KING ALFRED*

1

Many thanes sat at Seaford,
many bishops, book-learned men,
many proud earls, knights every one.
There was Earl Ælfric, wise in the law;
Alfred also, England's guardian,
England's darling, England's king.
He began, as ye may hear,
to teach them how to lead their lives.
He was king, and he was clerk;[1]
well he loved the Lord's work;
wise in word and cautious in deed,
he was the wisest man in England.

2

Thus quoth Alfred, England's comfort:
"Would ye, my people, give ear to your lord,
he would direct you wisely in all things,
how ye might win to worldly honour
and also unite your souls with Christ."

3

Wise were the words King Alfred spake.
"Humbly I rede[2] you, my dear friends,
poor and rich, all you my people,
that ye all fear Christ the Lord,
love him and please him, the Lord of Life.
He is alone good, above all goodness;
He is alone wise, above all wisdom;
He is alone blissful, above all bliss;
He is alone man's mildest Master;
He is alone our Father and Comfort." . .

4

Thus quoth Alfred:
"The earl and the lord
that heeds the king's word
shall rule o'er his land
with righteous hand;
and the clerk and the knight
shall give judgment aright,
to poor or to rich
it skilleth[3] not which.
For whatso men sow,
the same shall they mow,
and every man's doom
to his own door come." . .

12

Thus quoth Alfred:
"Small trust may be
in the flowing sea.
Though thou hast treasure
enough and to spare,
both gold and silver,
to nought it shall wear;
to dust it shall drive,
as God is alive.
Many a man for his gold
God's wrath shall behold,
and shall be for his silver
forgot and forlorn.
It were better for him
he had never been born." . .

14

Thus quoth Alfred:
"If thou hast sorrow,
tell it not to thy foe;
tell it to thy saddle-bow
and ride singing forth.
So will he think,
who knows not thy state,
that not unpleasing
to thee is thy fate.
If thou hast a sorrow
and he knoweth it,
before thee he'll pity,
behind thee will twit.
Thou mightest betray it
to such a one
as would without pity
thou madest more moan.
Hide it deep in thy heart

1 scholar 2 counsel 3 matters

* The proverbs here translated from Middle English, some of them plainly Biblical, were popularly ascribed to King Alfred and were supposed to have been delivered by him to his Witenagemot at Seaford. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 38.

that it leave no smart;
nor let it be guessed
what is hid in thy breast." . .

22

Thus quoth Alfred:
"Boast shouldst thou not,
nor chide with a sot;
nor foolishly chatter
and idle tales scatter
at the freeman's board.
Be chary of word.
The wise man can store
few words with great lore.
Soon shot's the fool's bolt;
whence I count him a dolt
who saith all his will
when he should keep still.
For oft tongue breaketh bone,
though herself has none."

CUCKOO SONG (c. 1250)*

Summer is y-comen in,
Loudly sing Cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
And springeth wood anew.
Sing Cuckoo!

Loweth after calf the cow,
Bleateth after lamb the ewe,
Buck doth gambol, bullock amble,—
Merry sing Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, Cuckoo! Well singest thou
Cuckoo! nor cease thou ever now.

(*Foot*)

Sing Cuckoo now, sing Cuckoo.
Sing Cuckoo, sing Cuckoo now.

* See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 42, for the Middle English, which is here somewhat modernized. The song was set to music, and the manuscript which contains the music adds the following directions, in Latin: "This part-song (*rota*) may be sung by four in company. It should not be sung by fewer than three, or at least two, in addition to those who sing the *Foot*. And it should be sung in this manner: One begins, accompanied by those who sing the *Foot*, the rest keeping silent. Then, when he has reached the first note after the cross [a mark on the musical score], another begins; and so on. The first line of the *Foot* one singer repeats as often as necessary, pausing at the end; the other line another man sings, pausing in the middle but not at the end, but immediately beginning again."

FOURTEENTH CENTURY—AGE OF CHAUCER

FROM THE PEARL (c. 1350)*

1

O pearl, for princes' pleasure wrought,
In lucent gold deftly to set,
Never from orient realms was brought
Its peer in price, I dare say, yet.
So beautiful, so fresh, so round,
So smooth its sides, so slender shown,
Whatever gems to judge be found
I needs must set it apart, alone.
But it is lost! I let it stray
Down thro' the grass in an arbor-plot.
With love's pain now I pine away,
Lorn of my pearl without a spot. 12

2

Since in that spot it slipt from my hand,
Oft have I lingered there and yearned
For joy that once my sorrows banned
And all my woes to rapture turned.
Truly my heart with grief is wrung,
And in my breast there dwelleth dole;
Yet never song, methought, was sung
So sweet as through that stillness stole.
O tide of fancies I could not stem!
O fair hue fouled with stain and blot!
O mould, thou marrest a lovely gem,
Mine own, own pearl without a spot. . . 24

* This anonymous poem is allegorical; possibly the "pearl" is the poet's daughter (*Eng. Lit.*, 44). The selection here given is translated, because the West Midland dialect of the original presents more difficulties than the East Midland of Chaucer. The whole is a very interesting piece of construction, combining the Romance elements of meter and rhyme, as employed by Chaucer, with the old Saxon alliteration which the West Midland poets, like Langland, affected. Note also the refrain-like effects. In this translation, the exacting rhyme-scheme of the original, which permits but three rhyme sounds in a stanza, has been adhered to in the last three stanzas only. The first stanza of the original runs thus:

Perle plesaunte to prynces paye,
To clanly clos in golde so clere,
Out of oryent I hardyly saye,
Ne proved I never her precios pere,—
So rounde, so reken in uche a raye,
So smal, so smothe her sydez were,—
Queresoever I jugged gemmez gaye,
I sette hyr sengeley in synglere.
Allas! I leste hyr in on erbere;
Thurgh gresse to grounde hit fro me yot;
I dewyne for-dokked of luf-daungere,
Of that pryvy perle withouten spot.

4

Once to that spot I took my way
And passed within the arbor green.
It was mid-August's festal day,
When the corn is cut with sickles keen.
The mound that did my pearl embower
With fair bright herbage was o'erhung,
Ginger and gromwell and gillyflower,
And peonies sprinkled all among.
Yet if that sight was good to see,
Goodlier the fragrance there begot
Where dwells that one so dear to me,
My precious pearl without a spot. 48

5

Then on that spot my hands I wrung,
For I felt the touch of a deadly chill,
And riotous grief in my bosom sprung,
Tho' reason would have curbed my will.
I wailed for my pearl there hid away,
While fiercely warred my doubts withal,
But tho' Christ showed where comfort lay,
My will was still my sorrow's thrall.
I flung me down on that flowery mound,
When so on my brain the fragrance wrought
I sank into a sleep profound,
Above that pearl without a spot. 60

6

Then from that spot my spirit soared.
My senses locked in slumber's spell,
My soul, by grace of God outpoured,
Went questing where his marvels dwell.
I know not where that place may be,
I know 'twas by high cliffs immured,
And that a forest fronted me
Whose radiant slopes my steps allured.
Such splendor scarce might one believe—
The goodly glory wherewith they shone;
No web that mortal hands may weave 71
Has e'er such wondrous beauty known. . .

9

Yes, beautiful beyond compare,
The vision of that forest-range
Wherein my fortune bade me fare—
No tongue could say how fair, how strange.
I wandered on as one entranced,
No bank so steep as to make me cower;
And the farther I went the brighter danced
The light on grass and tree and flower.

Hedge-rows there were, and paths, and streams
  Whose banks were as fine threads of gold,
And I stood on the strand and watched the gleams
  Of one that downward in beauty rolled.

10

Dear Lord, the beauty of that fair burn!
  Its berylline banks were bright as day,
And singing sweetly at every turn
  The murmuring waters took their way.
On the bottom were stones a-shimmer with light
  As gleams through glass that waver and leap,
Or as twinkling stars on a winter night
  That watch in heaven while tired men sleep.
For every pebble there that laved
  Seemed like a rare and radiant gem;
Each pool was as with sapphires paved,
  So lustrous shone the beauty of them. . .

13

Then longing seized me to explore
  The farther margin of that stream,
For fair as was the hither shore
  Far fairer did the other seem.
About me earnestly I sought
  To find some way to win across,
But all my seeking availed me nought;
  There was no ford; I stood at loss.
Methought I must not daunted dwell
  In sight of such a blissful goal,
When lo, a strange thing there befell
  That still more deeply stirred my soul.

14

More wonder still my soul to daze!
  I saw beyond that lowly stream
A crystal cliff refulgent raise
  Its regal height, and, dazzling, gleam.
And at its foot there sat a child,
  A gracious maid, and debonair,
All in a white robe undefiled—
  Well had I known her otherwhere.
As glistening gold men use to spin,
  So shone that glory the cliff before.
Long did I drink her beauty in,
  And longed to call to her ever more. . .

16

But more than my longing was now my fright;
  I stood quite still; I durst not call;
With eyes wide open and lips shut tight,
  I stood as quiet as hawk in hall.
I weened it was some spectral shape,
  I dreaded to think what should ensue
If I should call her and she escape
  And leave me only my plight to rue.
When lo, that gracious, spotless may,[1]
  So delicate, so soft, so slight,
Uprose in all her queenly array,
  A priceless thing in pearls bedight.

17

Pearl-dight in royal wise, perdie,
  One might by grace have seen her there,
When all as fresh as a fleur-de-lys
  Adown the margent stepped that fair.
Her robe was white as gleaming snow,
  Unclasped at the sides and closely set
With the loveliest margarites, I trow,
  That ever my eyes looked on yet.
Her sleeves were broad and full, I ween,
  With double braid of pearls made bright.
Her kirtle shone with as goodly sheen,
  With precious pearls no less bedight. . .

20

Pearl-dight, that nature's masterpiece
  Came down the margent, stepping slow;
No gladder man from here to Greece
  When by the stream she stood, I trow.
More near of kin than aunt or niece,
  She made my gladness overflow;
She proffered me speech—Oh heart's release!—
  In womanly fashion bending low;
Caught off her crown of queenly show
  And welcomed me as a maiden might.
Ah well that I was born to know
  And greet that sweet one pearl-bedight!

21

"O pearl," quoth I, "all pearl-bedight,
  Art thou my Pearl, the Pearl I mourn
And long for through the lonely night?
  In weariness my days have worn
Since thou in the grass didst slip from sight.
  Pensive am I, heart-sick, forlorn,—
While thou hast won to pure delight
  In Paradise, of sorrow shorn.
What fate has hither my jewel borne
  And left me beggared to moan and cry?
For since we twain asunder were torn,
  A joyless jeweler am I."

22

That jewel then, with gems o'erspread,
  Upturned her face and her eyes gray,
Replaced the crown upon her head,
  And thus my longing did allay:
"Oh, sir, thou hast thy tale misread
  To say thy pearl is stolen away,
That is so safely casketed
  Here in this garden bright and gay,
Herein forever to dwell and play
  Where comes not sin nor sorrow's blight.
Such treasury[2] wouldst thou choose, parfay,
  Didst thou thy jewel love aright." *

[1] maid

[2] Compare *Matthew* vi, 21.

* A long religious dissertation follows and the dreamer awakes consoled.

WILLIAM LANGLAND?
(1332?-1400)

THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN.*

FROM THE PROLOGUE.

In a somer seson, whan soft was the sonne,
I shope[1] me in shroudes[2] as I a shepe[3] were,
In habite as an heremite unholy of workes,[4]
Went wyde[5] in this world wondres to here.
Ac[6] on a May mornynge, on Malverne hulles,[7]
Me byfel a ferly,[8] of fairy,[9] me thoughte;
I was wery forwandred[10] and went me to reste
Under a brode banke bi a bornes[11] side,
And as I lay and lened and loked in the wateres,
I slombred in a slepyng, it sweyved[12] so merye.
Thanne gan I to meten[13] a merveilouse swevene,[14]
That I was in a wildernesse, wist I never where;
As I bihelde into the est an hiegh to[15] the sonne,
I seigh[16] a toure[17] on a toft[18] trielich[19] ymaked;
A depe dale binethe, a dongeon[20] there-inne,
With depe dyches and derke and dredful of sight.
A faire felde ful of folke[21] fonde I there bytwene,
Of alle maner of men, the mene and the riche,
Worchyng and wandryng as the worlde asketh.
Some putten hem[22] to the plow, pleyed ful selde,
In settyng[23] and in sowyng swonken[24] ful harde,
And wonnen that wastours with glotonye destruyeth.[25]

1 arrayed
2 rough garments
3 shepherd
4 not spiritual
5 abroad
6 but
7 hills
8 wonder
9 enchantment
10 weary from wandering
11 brook's
12 sounded
13 to dream
14 dream
15 on high toward
16 saw
17 The tower of Truth, abode of God the Father.
18 elevated place
19 cunningly
20 The "castel of care," abode of Falsehood (Lucifer).
21 The world.
22 them(selves)
23 planting
24 toiled
25 and won that which wasteful men expend in gluttony.

* In this long allegorical poem, the poet with the daring of a reformer attacks what he thinks to be the abuses in church, state, and society. The prologue, of which the first 82 lines are here given, sets the key-note of the poem by a description of the suffering, weakness, and crimes of the world as seen by the poet in a vision. Then in Passus (Chapter) I, of which a few lines are given, the poet begins his narrative interpretation of his vision. Our text is the B-text as printed by Dr. Skeat.

And some putten hem to pruyde, apparailed hem there-after,
In contenaunce of clothyng comen disgised.[26]
In prayers and in penance putten hem manye,
Al for love of owre lorde lyveden ful streyte,[27]
In hope forto have hevenriche[28] blisse;
As ancres[29] and heremites that holden hem in here[33] selles,
And coveiten nought in contre to kairen[30] aboute,
For no likerous[31] liflode[32] her[33] lykam[34] to plese.
And somme chosen chaffare;[35] they cheven[36] the bettere,
As it semeth to owre syght that suche men thryveth;
And somme murthes[37] to make as mynstralles conneth,[38]
And geten gold with here[33] glee, giltles, I leve.[39]
Ac iapers[40] and iangelers,[41] Iudas chylderen,
Feynen hem[42] fantasies and foles hem maketh,
And han here witte at wille to worche, yif thei sholde;
That Poule precheth of hem I nel nought preve it here;
Qui turpiloquium loquitur is luciferes hyne.[43]
Bidders[44] and beggeres fast aboute yede,[45]
With her belies and her bagges of bred ful ycrammed;
Fayteden[46] for here fode, foughten atte ale;[47]
In glotonye, god it wote,[48] gon hij[49] to bedde,
And risen with ribaudye[50] tho roberdes knaves;[51]
Slepe and sori sleuthe[52] seweth[53] hem evre.[54]
Pilgrymes and palmers[55] plighted hem togidere
To seke seynt Iames[56] and seyntes in Rome.
Thei went forth in here wey with many wise tales,
And hadden leve to lye al here lyf after.
I seigh somme that seiden thei had ysought seyntes:

26 came strangely garbed
27 strictly
28 of the kingdom of heaven
29 anchorites
30 wander
31 delicate
32 livelihood, living
33 their
34 body
35 trade
36 succeed
37 mirth
38 know how
39 believe
40 jesters
41 chatterers
42 invent for themselves
43 what Paul preaches about them I will not show here, "for he who speaks slander is Lucifer's servant."
44 beggars
45 went
46 cheated
47 fought at the ale
48 knows
49 they
50 ribaldry
51 those robber villains
52 sloth
53 pursue
54 ever
55 Palmers made it their regular business to visit shrines.
56 A shrine at Compostella in Galicia.

To eche a[57] tale that thei tolde here tonge was tempred to lye
More than to sey soth[58] it semed bi here speche.
Heremites on[59] an heep, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsyngham,* and here wenches after[60];
Grete lobyes[61] and longe,[62] that loth were to swynke,[63]
Clotheden hem in copis[64] to ben knowen fram othere;
And shopen hem[65] heremites here ese to have.
I fonde there Freris, alle the foure ordres,[66]
Preched the peple for profit of hem-selven,
Glosed[67] the gospel as hem good lyked,[68]
For coveitise[69] of copis construed it as thei wolde.
Many of this maistres Freris[70] mowe[71] clothen hem at lykyng,
For here money and marchandise marchen togideres.
For sith[72] charite hath be chapman[73] and chief to shryve lordes,†
Many ferlis[74] han fallen in a fewe yeris.[75]
But[76] holychirche and hij holde better togideres,
The most myschief on molde[77] is mountyng wel faste.[78]
There preched a Pardonere[79] as he a prest were,
Broughte forth a bulle[80] with bishopes seles,
And seide that hym-self myghte assoilen[81] hem alle
Of falshed of fastyng,[82] of vowes ybroken.
Lewed[83] men leved[84] hym wel and lyked his wordes,
Comen up knelyng to kissen his bulles;
He bonched[85] hem with his brevet[86] and blered here eyes,
And raughte[87] with his ragman[88] rynges and broches;
Thus they geven here golde, glotones to kepe. . . .
Were the bischop yblissed[89] and worth bothe his eres,
His seel[90] shulde nought be sent to deceyve the peple.
Ac it is naught by[91] the bischop that the boy[92] precheth,
For the parisch prest and the pardonere parten[93] the silver,
That the poraille[94] of the parisch sholde have, yif thei nere.[95] . . .

57 at every
58 truth
59 in
60 in their train
61 lubbers
62 tall
63 toil
64 friars' capes
65 arrayed themselves as
66 Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustines
67 interpreted
68 as it pleased them
69 covetousness
70 these master friars
71 may
72 since
73 pedlar
74 wonders
75 years
76 unless
77 earth
78 will increase rapidly
79 One commissioned to grant pardons.
80 a Papal mandate
81 absolve
82 failure in fasting
83 ignorant
84 believed
85 struck
86 letter of indulgence
87 got
88 bull with bishop's seals
89 righteous
90 seal
91 not against
92 i. e., the pardoner
93 divide
94 poor
95 if they (the pardoner and the priest) did not exist

* The shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham (Norfolk) was almost more celebrated than that of Thomas à Becket.

† So worldly were the friars seeking money for hearing confessions and peddling their wares, that they often quarreled with the priests as to which should hear the confession.

From Passus I.

What this montaigne bymeneth,[1] and the merke dale,
And the felde ful of folke, I shal yow faire schewe.
A loveli ladi of lere,[2] in lynnen yclothed,
Come down fram a castel and called me faire,
And seide, 'Sone, slepestow,[3] sestow[4] this poeple,
How bisi thei ben abouten the mase[5]?
The moste partie of this poeple that passeth on this erthe,
Have thei worschip[6] in this worlde, thei wilne no better;
Of other hevene than here holde thei no tale[7].'
I was aferd of her face theigh[8] she faire were,
And seide, 'Mercy, Madame, what is this to mene?'
'The toure up the toft,' quod she, 'Treuthe is there-inne,
And wolde that ye wroughte as his worde techeth;
For he is fader of feith, fourmed yow alle,
Bothe with fel[9] and with face, and yaf[10] yow fyve wittis
Forto worschip hym ther-with the while that ye ben here.

1 means
2 face
3 sleepest thou
4 seest thou
5 confused throng
6 if they have honor
7 account
8 though
9 skin
10 gave

THE WYCLIF BIBLE (c. 1380)

ATTHEW III. The Coming of John the Baptist.

In tho daies Joon Baptist cam and prechid
the desert of Judee, and seide, Do ye pen-
nce, for the kyngdom of hevenes schal nygh.
or this is he of whom it is seid bi Isaie the
ofete, seiynge, A vois of a crier in desert,
ake ye redi the weyes of the Lord, make ye
ght the pathis of hym. And this Joon hadde
othing of camels heris, and a girdil of skyn
oute his leendis, and his mete was hony
ukis[1] and hony of the wode. Thanne Jeru-
lem wente out to hym, and al Judee, and al
e countre aboute Jordan, and thei werun
ischen of hym in Jordan, and knowlechiden
r synnes.

But he sigh many of Farisies and of Saduces
nynge to his baptem, and seide to hem, Gen-
aciouns of eddris,[2] who schewid to you to
fro wrath that is to come? Therfor do ye
rthi fruytis of penaunce. And nyle ye seie[3]
h ynne you, We han Abraham to fadir: for
eie to you that God is myghti to reise up of
s stones the sones of Abraham. And now
axe is putte to the root of the tre: therfor
ry tre that makith not good fruyt schal be
te doun, and schal be cast in to the fire.

waisch you in watyr in to penaunce: but
that schal come aftir me is stronger than
whos schoon I am not worthi to bere: he
al baptise you in the Holi Goost, and fier.
os wenewynge[4] clooth is in his hond, and
schal fulli clense his corn floor, and schal
ere his whete in to his berne; but the chaf
schal brenne with fier that mai not be
nchid.

Thanne Jhesus cam fro Galilee in to Jordan
Joon, to be baptisid of him. Jon forbede
n and seide, I owe to be baptisid of thee,
thou comest to me? But Jhesus answerid
seide to hym, Suffre now: for thus it fall-
to us to fulfille alle rightfulnesse. Then
n suffrid hym. And whanne Jhesus was
tisid, anon he wente up fro the watir: and
hevenes weren opened to hym, and he say
spirit of God comynge doun as a dowve,
comynge on him. And lo, a vois fro
enes, seiynge, This is my loved sone, in
che I have plesid to me. *(Punctuation and
talization modernized.)*

ney-suckles (Wyclif, translating from the Vul-
gate, evidently mistook the meaning of the
Latin *locustæ*)
ders
ll not ye to say
nnowing

THE KING JAMES BIBLE (1611)

Matthew III. The Coming of John the Baptist.

In those daies came John the Baptist, preach-
ing in the wildernesse of Judea, and saying,
Repent yee: for the kingdome of heaven is at
hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the
Prophet Esaias, saying, The voyce of one cry-
ing in the wildernesse, Prepare ye the way of
the Lord, make his paths straight. And the
same John had his raiment of camels haire,
and a leatherne girdle about his loynes, and his
meate was locusts and wilde honie. Then went
out to him Hierusalem, and all Judea, and all
the region round about Jordane. And were
baptized of him in Jordane, confessing their
sinnes.

But when he saw many of the Pharisees and
Sadducees come to his Baptisme, he said unto
them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned
you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring
forth therefore fruits meete for repentance.
And thinke not to say within your selves, Wee
have Abraham to *our* father: For I say unto
you, that God is able of these stones to raise
up children unto Abraham. And now also the
axe is layd unto the roote of the trees: There-
fore every tree which bringeth not foorth good
fruite, is hewen downe, and cast into the fire.

I indeed baptize you with water unto re-
pentance: but he that commeth after mee, is
mightier than I, whose shooes I am not worthy
to beare, hee shall baptize you with the holy
Ghost, and with fire. Whose fanne is in his
hand, and he will throughly purge his floore,
and gather his wheate into the garner: but wil
burne up the chaffe with unquenchable fire.
Then commeth Jesus from Galilee to Jordane,
unto John, to be baptized of him: But John
forbade him, saying, I have need to bee bap-
tized of thee, and commest thou to me?

And Jesus answering, said unto him, Suffer
it to be so now: for thus it becommeth us to
fulfill all righteousnesse. Then he suffered him.
And Jesus, when hee was baptized, went up
straightway out of the water: and loe, the
heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the
Spirit of God descending like a dove, and light-
ing upon him. And loe, a voice from heaven,
saying, This is my beloved Soone, in whom I
am well pleased. *(Verse numbering omitted.)*

CHAUCER'S PRONUNCIATION

a long = *ah* as in *father: bathed* [bahth-ed].
a short = *ah* without prolongation, as in *aha: at* [aht].
ai, ay = *ah'ee* (nearly equal to modern long *i*): *day* [dah'ee].
au, aw = *ah'oo* (nearly equal to modern *ou* in *house:* straunge [strahwnjë].
e long = *ai* as in *pair: bere* [bearë].
e short = *e* as in *ten: hem* [hem].
e final = *ë* (pronounced as a very light separate syllable, like the final *e* in the German *eine.* So also is *es* of the plural.): *soote* [sohtë]. It is regularly elided before a following vowel, before *he, his, him, hire* (her), *here* (their), *hem* (them), and occasionally before other words beginning with *h;* also in *hire, here, oure,* etc.
ea, ee = our long *a; eek* [āke].
ei, ey = *ah' ee* (or our long *i,* aye): *wey* [wy].
eu, ew = French *u: hewe* [hü-e].
i long = *ee* (nearly): *shires* [sheer-es].
i short = *i* in *pin: with* [with].
o, oo long = *oa* in *oar: roote* [nearly rōtë].
o short = *o* in *not:* [not].
oi, oy = *oo' ee* (near equal to modern *oi*): *floytinge* [floiting].
ou, ow = our *oo* in *rood* in words that in Mod. Eng. have taken the sound of *ou* in *loud: hous* [hoos].
ou, ow = *oh' oo* in words that now have the ō sound: *soule, knowe* [sōlë, knowë].
u long = French *u* (found only in French words): *vertu* [vehrtü].
u short = *u* in *pull: but* [bŏot].
c = *k* before *a, o, u* or any consonant.
= *s* before *e, i, y.*
g = hard in words not of French origin.
= *j* before *e, i* in words of French origin.
gh = *kh,* like the German *ch* in *nicht.*
h initial = omitted in unaccented *he, his, him, hire, hem.*
r = trilled.
s = often sharp when final.
= never *sh* or *zh* (*vision* has therefore three syllables, *condicioun* four, etc.).
t = as at present; but final *-tion* = two syllables (si-oon).
th = *th* in *thin* or *th* in *this,* as in Mod. Eng.
w = sometimes *oo* as in *herberw.*

The following may serve to illustrate the approximate pronunciation of a few lines, without attempting Mr. Skeat's finer distinctions, such as *vahyn* for *veyne,* etc. Note that *ë* is a separate syllable lightly pronounced, that *u* equals *u* in *full,* and *ü* is French *u.*

Whan that Ahpreellë with 'is shoorës sohtë
The drookht of March hath persëd toh the rohtë,
And bahthëd evree vyne in swich lecoor
Of which vertü engendred is the floor;
Whan Zephirus aik with 'is swaitë braith
Inspeerëd hath in evry holt and haith
The tendre croopës, and the yungë sunnë
Hath in the Ram 'is halfë coors irunnë,
And smahlë foolës makhen melodeeë
That slaipen al the nikht with ohpen eeë,—
So priketh 'em nahtür in her corahgës,—
Than longen folk toh gohn on pilgrimahgës,
And palmerz for toh saiken strahwngë strondës,
Toh fernë halwës kooth in sondree londës;
And spesialee, from evree sheerës endë
Of Engëlond, toh Cahwnterberee thy wendë,
The hohlee blisful marteer for toh saikë,
That hem hath holpen whan that thy wair saikë.

CHAUCER'S METRE

A large part of Chaucer's work is written in heroic couplets: every two consecutive lines rhyming, and each line containing five iambic feet, that is, five groups of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable of each foot; e. g.

And bath'|ed eve'|ry veyn'|in swich'|li cour'|

An extra syllable is often added at the end of the line: e. g.

Whan that| April|le with| his shou|res soo|te

Sometimes the first foot is shortened to one long syllable: e. g.

Twen|ty bo|kes clad| in blak| or reed|

THE TEXT

We have followed, with a few changes, the text of *The Canterbury Tales* printed by Dr W. W. Skeat in the Clarendon Press Series which is based on the Ellesmere MS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
(1340?-1400) *

From THE CANTERBURY TALES

The Prologue.

Whan that[1] Aprille with his shoures soote[2]
The droghte[3] of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne[4] in swich licour[5],
Of which vertu[6] engendred is the flour[7];
Whan Zephirus[8] eek[9] with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt[10] and heeth
The tendre croppes[11], and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne[12],
And smale fowles[13] maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë[14],
(So priketh hem[15] nature in hir[16] corages[17]):
Than[18] longen[19] folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken[20] straunge strondes[21],
To ferne[22] halwes[23], couthe[24] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir[25] for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke[26].

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard[27] as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage[28],
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel[29] nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure[30] y-falle[31]

1 when
2 sweet showers
3 drought
4 vein
5 such sap
6 power
7 flower
8 the west-wind
9 also
10 wood
11 shoots
12 when the spring sun has passed through the second, or April, half of his course in that constellation of the zodiac called the Ram, i. e., about April 11
13 birds
14 eyes
15 them
16 their
17 hearts
18 then
19 Indicative plural of the verb "long".
20 seek
21 shores
22 distant
23 shrines
24 known
25 Thomas à Becket
26 sick
27 An inn (a tabard was a short coat).
28 heart
29 full
30 chance
31 fallen

* "I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakespeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakespeare!"—Coleridge. See also Dryden "On Chaucer" in the present volume.

In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed[32] atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to[33] reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon[34],
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward[35] erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as[36] I yow devyse[37].
But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt[38] to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren[39], and of what degree;
And eek in what array[40] that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first biginne.
A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom[41] and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre[42],
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre[43])
As wel in cristendom as hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre[44] he was, whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne[45]
Aboven alle nacions in Pruce[46].
In Lettow[47] hadde he reysed[48] and in Ruce[49],
No cristen man so ofte of his degree[50].
In Gernade[51] at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir[52], and riden in Belmarye[53].
At Lyeys[54] was he, and at Satalye[54]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See[55]
At many a noble armee[56] hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene[57]
In listes[58] thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke[59] worthy knight hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye[60],
Ageyn[61] another hethen in Turkye:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys[62].
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,

32 made easy; i. e., accommodated in the best manner
33 at
34 every one
35 agreement
36 where
37 tell
38 according
39 what sort of people they were
40 dress
41 liberality
42 war
43 further
44 Alexandria (1365)
45 sat at the head of the table
46 Prussia
47 Lithuania (a western province of Russia)
48 forayed
49 Russia
50 rank
51 Granada
52 Algeciras
53 A Moorish kingdom in Africa.
54 A town in Asia Minor.
55 Mediterranean
56 armed expedition
57 In Asia Minor.
58 tournaments
59 same
60 In Asia Minor.
61 against
62 high praise

And of his port[1] as meek as is a mayde.
He nevere yet no vileinye[2] ne sayde
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors[3] were goode, but he was nat gay[4].
Of fustian[5] he wered a gipoun[6]
Al bismotered[7] with his habergeoun[8].
For he was late y-come from his viage[9],
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage[10].
With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler[11],
With lokkes crulle[12], as[13] they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe[14],
And wonderly delivere[15], and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye[16],
In Flaundres, in Artoys[17], and Picardye[17],
And born him wel, as of so litel space[18],
In hope to stonden in his lady[19] grace.
Embrouded[20] was he, as it were a mede[21]
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singinge he was, or floytinge[22], al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte[23],
Iuste[24] and eek daunce, and wel purtreye[25] and wryte.
So hote[26] he lovede, that by nightertale[27]
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf[28] biforn his fader at the table.
A Yeman hadde he[29], and servaunts namo[30]
At that tyme, for him liste[31] ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecok arwes brighte and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,
(Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly[33]:
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe),
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed[34] hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft[35] wel coude[36] he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer[37],
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler[38],
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneised[39] wel, and sharp as point of spere;
A Cristofre[40] on his brest of silver shene[41].
An horn he bar, the bawdrik[42] was of grene;
A forster[43] was he, soothly[44], as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by sëynt Loy[45];
And she was cleped[46] madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly[47],
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe*,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no drope ne fille[48] up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest[49],
Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe[50] was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
Ful semely after hir mete she raughte[51],
And sikerly[52] she was of greet disport[53],
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port[54],
And peyned[55] hir to countrefete[56] chere[57]
Of court, and been estatlich[58] of manere,
And to ben holden digne[59] of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous[60],
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed[61].
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,

1 bearing
2 unbecoming word
3 horses
4 gaily dressed
5 coarse cloth
6 a short tight-fitting coat
7 spotted
8 coat of mail
9 voyage
10 In order to give thanks for his safe return.
11 An aspirant for knighthood.
12 curly
13 as if
14 average height
15 nimble
16 military expeditions
17 An ancient province of France.
18 considering the shortness of the time
19 lady's
20 embroidered
21 meadow
22 playing the flute
23 compose
24 joust (engage in a tournament)
25 draw
26 hotly
27 night-time
28 carved
29 the knight
30 no more
31 it pleased him
32 arrows
33 order his tackle (equipment) in yeomanlike manner
34 nut-head, a closely cropped head
35 wood-craft
36 knew
37 guard for the arm
38 shield
39 equipped
40 image of St. Christopher
41 bright
42 girdle worn over the shoulder
43 forester
44 truly
45 St. Eloy or Loy or Eligius, patron saint of goldsmiths.
46 named
47 daintily, exactly
48 fell
49 pleasure
50 cup
51 reached
52 surely
53 good humor
54 bearing
55 took pains
56 imitate
57 behavior
58 to be dignified
59 worthy
60 compassionate
61 bread made of the best flour—cake-bread

* Stratford le Bow, where there was a Benedictine nunnery, and where Anglo-French would be spoken, rather than the Parisian kind.

r if men smoot it with a yerde[1] smerte[2]:
nd al was conscience and tendre herte.
ul semely hir wimpel[3] pinched[4] was;
ir nose tretys[5]; hir eyen greye as glas;
ir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
ut sikerly[6] she hadde a fair forheed.
was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
or, hardily[7], she was nat undergrowe.
ul fetis[8] was hir cloke, as I was war[9].
f smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
peire of bedes[10], gauded[11] al with grene;
nd ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
n which ther was first write a crowned A,
nd after, *Amor vincit omnia*[12].
Another Nonne with hir hadde she,
hat was hir chapeleyne, and Preestes thre.
A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye[13],
n out-rydere, that lovede venerye[14],
manly man, to been an abbot able.
l many a deyntee[15] hors hadde he in stable:
nd, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel here
nglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
nd eek as loude as doth the chapel-belle.
ere-as[16] this lord was keper of the celle[17],
e reule of seint Maure or of seint Benet[18],
-cause that it was old and som-del streit[19],
is ilke monk leet olde thinges[20] pace[21],
nd held after the newe world the space[22].
yaf nat of that text a pulled[23] hen,
at seith, that hunters been nat holy men;
that a monk, whan he is recchelees[24],
likned til a fish that is waterlees;
is is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
t thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
nd I seyde his opinioun was good.
hat[25] sholde he studie, and make him selven
wood[26],
on a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
swinken[27] with his handes, and laboure,
Austin bit[28]? How shal the world be served?
t Austin have his swink[27] to him reserved.

Therefor he was a pricasour[29] aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust[30], for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh[31] his sleves purfiled[32] at the hond
With grys[33], and that the fyneste of a lond;
And, for to festne his hood under his chin,
He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled[34], that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point[35];
His eyen stepe[36], and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed[37],
His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost[38].
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
A Frere[39] there was, a wantown[40] and a merye,
A limitour[41], a ful solempne[42] man.
In alle the ordres foure[43] is noon that can[44]
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns[45] over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun:
For he had power of confessioun,
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat[46].
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve[47] penaunce
Ther-as he wiste to han a good pitaunce[48];
For unto a povre ordre for to yive[49]
Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
For if he[50] yaf, he[51] dorste make avaunt[52],
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte[53],
He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore smerte[54].
Therfore, in stede of weping and preyeres,

ick
arply
eck covering
alted
ell proportioned
rely
rtainly
ell made
vare
set of beads, a rosary
aving the gawdies or large beads
green
Love conquers all."
very fine monk indeed
unting
ne
here
smaller religious house dependent on a monastery.
18 The oldest forms of monastic discipline were based on the rules of St. Maur and of St. Benet or Benedict.
19 somewhat strict
20 (these rules)
21 pass
22 pace, way
23 plucked (he would not give a straw for that text that—)
24 wandering or vagrant
25 why
26 crazy
27 work
28 bids
29 hard rider
30 pleasure
31 saw
32 bordered
33 grey fur
34 bald
35 *en bon point*, fat
36 bright
37 glow like the fire under a cauldron
38 tormented ghost
39 friar
40 brisk
41 One licensed to beg within certain limits.
42 pompous
43 Dominicans (Black Friars); Franciscans (Grey Friars); Carmelites (White Friars); Augustin (or Austin) Friars.
44 knows
45 country gentlemen
46 One licensed to give absolution.
47 give, assign
48 where he knew he could get a good gift
49 give
50 the man
51 the friar
52 boast
53 heart
54 he suffer sorely

Men moot[1] yeve silver to the povre freres.
His tipet[2] was ay[3] farsed[4] ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certeinly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote[5].
Of yeddinges[6] he bar utterly the prys[7].
His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys[8].
Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everich hostiler[9] and tappestere[10]
Bet[11] than a lazar[12] or a beggestere[13];
For un-to swich a worthy man as he
Acorded nat, as by his facultee[14],
To have with seke[15] lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is nat honest[16], it may nat avaunce[17]
For to delen with no swich poraille[18],
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And over-al[19], ther-as[20] profit sholde aryse,
Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous[21].
He was the beste beggere in his hous;
For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho[22],
So plesaunt was his *In principio*[23],
Yet wolde he have a ferthing[24], er he wente,
His purchas[25] was wel bettre than his rente[26].
And rage[27] he coude as it were right a whelpe[28].
In love-dayes[29] ther coude he mochel helpe.
For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer
With a thredbare cope, as in a povre scoler,
But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope[30],
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse[31],
To make his English swete up-on his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee[32], and hye on horse he sat,
Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
His resons[33] he spak ful solempnely[34],
Sowninge[35] alway thencrees[36] of his winning.
He wolde the see were kept[37] for any thing[38]
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle[39].
Wel coude[40] he in eschaunge sheeldes[41] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette[42];
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly[43] was he of his governaunce[44],
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce[45].
For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
But sooth to seyn, I noot[46] how men him calle.

A Clerk[47] ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go[48].
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas[49] nat right fat, I undertake[50];
But loked holwe[51], and ther-to soberly[52].
Ful thredbar was his overest[53] courtepy[54]
For he had geten him yet no benefice[55],
Ne was so worldly for to have office[56].
For him was levere[57] have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele[58], or gay sautrye[59].
But al be that he was a philosophre[60],
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente[61];
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him where-with to scoleye[62].
Of studie took he most cure[63] and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence[64].
Sowninge[65] in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe[66], war[67] and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys[68],

1 ought to
2 hood, cowl
3 ever
4 stuffed
5 fiddle
6 songs
7 he took the prize
8 lily
9 innkeeper
10 bar maid
11 better
12 leper
13 female beggar
14 it was unsuitable, considering his ability
15 sick
16 creditable
17 profit
18 poor people
19 everywhere
20 where
21 energetic
22 shoe
23 *St. John I.* 1, "In the beginning," etc. (the opening of the friar's address)
24 half a cent
25 proceeds of his begging
26 regular income
27 play
28 just like a puppy
29 arbitration days (for settling differences without lawsuit)
30 short cape
31 lisped a little out of whimsical jolliness
32 dress of variegated color
33 opinions
34 pompously
35 proclaiming, sounding
36 the increase
37 guarded
38 at any cost, by all means
39 The first a port in the Netherlands, opposite Harwich in England; the second a town near the mouth of the river Orwell in England.
40 knew how to
41 French crowns (he was a money-changer)
42 employed
43 dignified
44 management
45 agreements
46 ne+wot (know not)
47 student, scholar
48 devoted himself
49 ne+was (was not)
50 affirm
51 hollow
52 solemn
53 outer
54 coat
55 ecclesiastical living
56 secular office
57 he had rather
58 fiddle
59 psaltery, harp
60 The word meant both philosopher and alchemist.
61 get
62 devote himself to study
63 care
64 meaning
65 tending to
66 king's lawyer
67 wary
68 portico (of St. Paul's, where lawyers met for consultation)

Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence[1]:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse,
Justice he was ful often in assyse[2],
By patente[3] and by pleyn[4] commissioun;
For his science, and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour[5] was nowher noon[6].
Al was fee simple[7] to him in effect,
His purchasing mighte nat been infect[8]. 320
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle[9],
That from the tyme of king William were falle[10].
Therto he coude endyte, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche[11] at his wryting;
And every statut coude[12] he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote
Girt with a ceint[13] of silk, with barres[14] smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330
A Frankeleyn[15] was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd[16], as is the dayesye[17].
Of his complexioun[18] he was sangwyn[19].
Wel loved he by the morwe[20] a sop[21] in wyn.
To liven in delyt was evere his wone[22],
For he was Epicurus[23] owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicitee parfyt.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Iulian[24] he was in his contree. 340
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon[25];
A bettre envyned[26] man was nevere noon.
Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
It snewed[27] in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe[28],
And many a breem[29] and many a luce in stewe[30]. 350
Wo[31] was his cook, but-if[32] his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere[33].
His table dormant[34] in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns[35] ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire[36].
An anlas[37] and a gipser[38] al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour[39];
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour[40]. 360
An Haberdassher[41] and a Carpenter,
A Webbe,[42] a Dyere, and a Tapicer[43],
And they were clothed alle in o liveree,
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked[44] was;
Hir knyves were y-chaped[45] noght with bras,
But al with silver wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys[46],
To sitten in a yeldhalle[47] on a deys[48]. 370
Everich[49], for the wisdom that he can[50],
Was shaply[51] for to been an alderman.
For catel[52] hadde they ynogh and rente[53],
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente[54];
And elles certein were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame*,
And goon[55] to vigilyës[56] al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore[57].
A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones[58],
To boille chikns[59] with the mary-bones, 380
And poudre-marchant[60] tart[61], and galingale[62].
Wel coude he knowe[63] a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe[64], and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux[65], and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shine[66] a mormal[67] hadde he;

1 exciting much reverence
2 court of assize
3 letters patent
4 full
5 conveyancer
6 none
7 unconditional inheritance
8 invalidated (i. e., he could cunningly convey property without entanglements of entail)
9 in exact words he had all cases and decisions
10 had occurred
11 make an agreement so none could find fault
12 knew
13 girdle
14 bars, or ornaments
15 country gentleman
16 beard
17 daisy
18 temperament
19 lively
20 in the morning
21 A sort of custard with bread in it.
22 wont, custom.
23 A Greek philosopher, popularly supposed to have considered pleasure the chief good.
24 Patron saint of hospitality.
25 of the same quality
26 provided with wines
27 snowed; i. e., abounded
28 coop
29 bream (a fish)
30 pond
31 woe unto his cook
32 unless
33 utensils
34 stationary
35 meetings of justices of the peace
36 member of parliament
37 knife
38 pouch
39 auditor
40 sub-vassal (landholder)
41 seller of hats
42 weaver
43 upholsterer
44 trimmed
45 capped (tipped)
46 citizen
47 guild-hall
48 dais
49 everyone
50 knew (had)
51 fit
52 property
53 income
54 be glad of it
55 to go
56 social gatherings in the church or churchyard
57 royally carried
58 occasion
59 chickens
60 a seasoning
61 sharp
62 the root of sweet cyperus
63 well knew he how to distinguish
64 boil
65 chowders
66 shin
67 sore

For blankmanger[1], that made he with the beste.
A Shipman was ther, woning[2] fer by weste:
For aught I woot[3], he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood up-on a rouncy[4], as he couthe[5],
In a gowne of falding[6] to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas[7] hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun;
And, certeinly, he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman[8] sleep.
Of nyce[9] conscience took he no keep[10].
If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
By water he sente hem hoom to every lond[11].
But of his craft[12] to rekene wel his tydes
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe[13] and his mone[14], his lodemenage[15],
Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond[16] to the cape of Finistere[17],
And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.
With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk[18],
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye[19].
He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres[20], by his magik naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen[21] the ascendent
Of his images[22] for his pacient*.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye†,
And where engendred, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote[23],
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote[24].
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries[25],
For ech of hem made other for to winne[26];
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne[27].
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius*,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable[28] was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin[29] and in pers[30] he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata[31] and with sendal[31]
And yet he was but esy of dispence[32];
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial[33],
Therfor he lovede gold in special.
A Good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe[34].
Of cloth-making she hadde swiche an haunt[35],
She passed hem of Ypres[36] and of Gaunt[37].
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offring[38] bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs[39] ful fyne were of ground[40];
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound[41]
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moiste[42] and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore[43] she hadde fyve,
Withouten[44] other compaignye in youthe;
But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe[45].
And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem;

1 minced capon, cream, sugar and flour
2 dwelling
3 know
4 common hackney
5 as well as he could
6 coarse cloth
7 cord
8 merchant
9 over scrupulous
10 heed
11 made them walk the plank
12 skill
13 harbor
14 moon
15 pilotage
16 Jutland, Denmark
17 On the coast of Spain.
18 medicine
19 astrology
20 he treated his patient at favorable astrological times
21 forecast
22 talismans
23 the root of the evil
24 remedy
25 medicines mixed with confections
26 the doctor and the druggist each made business for the other
27 of recent date
28 moderate
29 reddish
30 light blue
31 thin silk
32 moderate in spending
33 Gold in medicine was supposed to render it especially efficacious.
34 a pity
35 skill
36 In West Flanders
37 Ghent
38 The ceremony of offering gifts to relics on "Relic Sunday."
39 kerchiefs for the head
40 texture
41 Because ornamented with gold and silver.
42 soft
43 People were married at the church porch.
44 without counting
45 at present

* Figures or talismans made when a favorable star was rising above the horizon, i. e., was in the ascendant, could, it was believed, cause good or evil to a patient.
† Diseases were thought to be caused by an excess of one or another of these humours.
* The god of medicine, son of Apollo. The others named in lines 430-434 are all famous physicians and scholars of antiquity and mediæval times. Gatisden of Oxford was almost a contemporary of Chaucer.

At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne[1],
In Galice at seint Iame[2], and at Cologne[3].
She coude moche of wandring by the weye.
Gat-tothed[4] was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere[5] esily she sat,
Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler[6] or a targe;
A foot-mantel[7] aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felaweschip wel coude she laughe and carpe[8].
Of remedies of love[9] she knew per-chaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.
A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun[10] of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved[11] ofte sythes[12].
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes[13],
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offring[14], and eek of his substaunce[15].
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lafte nat[16], for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief[17] to visyte
The ferreste[18] in his parisshe, moche and lyte[19],
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho[20] wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal yren[21] do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed[22] man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep[23],
A [spotted] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre[24],
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to sëynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie[25] for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde[26],
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie[27].
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nat despitous[28],
Ne of his speche daungerous[29] ne digne[30],
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben[31] sharply for the nones[32].
A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced[33] conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it him-selve.
With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde y-lad[34] of dong ful many a fother[35],
A trewe swinkere[36] and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
God loved he best with al his hole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte[37],
And thanne his neighebour right as him-selve.
He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke[38] and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre[39], if it lay in his might.
His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre[40] swink and his catel[41].
In a tabard he rood upon a mere[42].
Ther was also a Reve[43] and a Millere,
A Somnour[44] and a Pardoner[45] also,
A Maunciple[46], and my-self; there were namo[47].
The Miller was a stout carl[48], for the nones[49],
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for over-al ther[50] he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram[51].
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre[52],

1 Where there was an image of the Virgin.
2 to the shrine of St. James in Galicia in Spain
3 Where according to legend the bones of the Three Wise Men of the East were kept.
4 gap-toothed; i. e., with teeth wide apart
5 nag
6 shield
7 riding skirt
8 chatter
9 love-charms
10 parson
11 proved
12 times
13 he was loath to excommunicate those who would not pay their tithes
14 gifts made to him
15 property
16 ceased not
17 trouble
18 farthest
19 rich and poor
20 those
21 iron
22 ignorant
23 notice
24 he did not sub-let his parish
25 a position to sing mass
26 maintained
27 hireling
28 merciless
29 over-bearing
30 proud
31 reprove
32 on occasion
33 sophisticated
34 led
35 load
36 laborer
37 whether his luck were good or bad
38 dig ditches
39 pay
40 own
41 property
42 mare (then the humble man's steed)
43 bailiff
44 A summoner to ecclesiastical courts.
45 One commissioned to grant pardons.
46 A purchaser of food for lawyers at inns of court or for colleges.
47 no more
48 churl, fellow
49 for you
50 everywhere
51 The prize.
52 knotted, thick-set fellow

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre[1],
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.
Up-on the cop[2] right of his nose he hade
A werte[3], and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres[4];
His nose-thirles[5] blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
He was a Ianglere[6] and a goliardeys[7],
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes[8].
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes[9];
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold[10], pardee.
A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne[11],
And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple[12],
Of which achatours[13] mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by taille[14],
Algate he wayted[15] so in his achat[16],
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed[17] mannes wit shal pace[18]
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men?
Of maistres hadde he mo[19] than thryes ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him live by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood[20],
Or live as scarsly[21] as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller cappe[22].

The Reve was a sclendre colerik[23] man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked[24] lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner[25] and a binne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the reyn,
The yeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet[26], his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor[27], and his pultrye,
Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaunt yaf the rekening[28]
Sin[29] that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage[30].
Ther nas baillif, ne herde[31], ne other hyne[32],
That he ne knew his sleighte and his covyne[33];
They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
His woning[34] was ful fair up-on an heeth,
With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude bettre than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was astored prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood[35].
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister[36];
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat up-on a ful good stot[37],
That was al pomely[38] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers[39] up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
Tukked[40] he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And evere he rood the hindreste of our route.

A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawceflem[41] he was, with eyen narwe,
. . . . . .
With scalled[42] browes blake, and piled[43] berd;
Of his visage children were aferd.
Ther nas quik-silver, litarge[44], ne brimstoon,
Boras[45], ceruce[44], ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes[46] whyte,
Ne of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood[47].
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;

1 could not heave off its hinges
2 tip
3 wart
4 ears
5 nostrils
6 bold talker
7 buffoon
8 ribaldries
9 take toll three times (instead of once)
10 worth gold (because with it he tested his flour)
11 play upon
12 lawyers' quarters
13 buyers
14 tally, i. e., on credit
15 always he was so careful
16 purchase
17 ignorant
18 surpass
19 more
20 crazy
21 economically
22 cheated them all
23 irascible
24 cut short
25 granary
26 cattle
27 stock
28 rendered account
29 since
30 find him in arrears
31 herder
32 servant
33 whose craft and deceit he did not know
34 dwelling
35 lend his lord's own property to him and receive gratitude and interest as well
36 trade
37 stallion
38 spotted, dappled
39 blue
40 his coat was tucked up by means of a girdle
41 pimpled
42 scurfy
43 plucked (thin)
44 white lead
45 borax
46 blotches
47 mad

And eek ye knowen wel, how that a Iay
Can clepen 'Watte,'[1] as well as can the pope.
But who-so coude in other thing him grope[2],
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;
Ay '*Questio quid iuris*'[3] wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot[4] and a kynde;
A bettre felawe sholde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre for[5] a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his [wikked sin]
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:
And prively a finch eek coude he pulle[6].
And if he fond owher[7] a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs[8],
But-if[9] a mannes soule were in his purs[10];
For in his purs he sholde y-punisshed be.
'Purs is the erchedeknes helle,' seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gulty man him drede[11]—
For curs wol slee right as assoilling[12] saveth—
And also war him of a *significavit*[13].
In daunger[14] hadde he at his owne gyse[15]
The yonge girles[16] of the diocyse,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir reed[17].
A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake[18];
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil Pardoner
Of Rouncivale[19], his frend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song, 'Com hider, love, to me.'
This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun[20],
Was nevere trompe[21] of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex[22];
By ounces[23] henge his lokkes that he hadde[24],
And ther-with he his shuldres overspradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons[25] oon and oon;
But hood, for Iolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte[26], he rood al of the newe Iet[27];
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.

A vernicle[28] hadde he sowed on his cappe.
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful[29] of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;

. . . . . .

But of his craft, fro Berwik unto Ware[30],
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male[31] he hadde a pilwe-beer[32],
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl[33]:
He seyde, he hadde a gobet[34] of the seyl[35]
That sëynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Up-on the see, til Iesu Crist him hente[36].
He hadde a croys[37] of latoun[38], ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond[39],
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes twaye.
And thus with feyned flaterye and Iapes[40],
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen, atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest[41] he song an offertorie;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle[42] his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye narette it nat my vileinye[43],
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere[44];
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely[45].
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I,
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,

1 Walter (then a very common name in England)
2 test
3 "The question is, What is the law?"
4 good fellow
5 in return for
6 pluck a pigeon for himself
7 anywhere
8 excommunication
9 unless
10 purse
11 (reflexive) fear for himself
12 absolution
13 writ of excommunication
14 in his jurisdiction
15 control
16 young people of either sex
17 the adviser of them all
18 sign-pole of an inn (often a bush hung up in front)
19 Possibly the Hospital of Rouncyvalle in London.
20 accompaniment
21 trumpet
22 handful of flax
23 small portions
24 such as he had
25 shreds
26 it seemed to him
27 fashion
28 a St. Veronica (a cloth bearing a picture of Christ)
29 brimful
30 from the north to the south of England
31 valise
32 pillow-case
33 the veil of the Virgin
34 piece
35 sail
36 caught, i. e., converted
37 cross
38 brass
39 in the country
40 tricks
41 best of all
42 file, polish
43 attribute it not to my ill-breeding
44 appearance
45 exactly

He moot reherce, as ny[1] as evere he can,
Everich a[2] word, if it be in his charge[3],
Al[4] speke he never so rudeliche and large[5];
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him rede[6],
The wordes mote[7] be cosin to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al[8] have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere[9] made our hoste us everichon[10],
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste[11].
A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe[12],
A fairer burgeys[13] was ther noon in Chepe[14]:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen[15] he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges[16];
And seyde thus: 'Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh[17] this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe[18] as is now.
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how[19].
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese[20], and it shal coste noght.
Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir[21] quyte[22] yow your mede[23].
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen[24] yow to talen[25] and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therefor wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at[26] my Iugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But[27] ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withoute more speche.'
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche[28];
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it wys[29],
And graunted him with-outen more avys[30],
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.
'Lordinges,' quod he, 'now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with our weye[31],
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas[32],
Shal han a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my Iugement withseye[33]
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape[34] me therfore.'
This thing was graunted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales Iuge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wold reuled been at his devys[35],
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his Iugement.
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet[36] anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
With-outen any lenger taryinge.
A-morwe, whan that[37] day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok[38],

1 nearly
2 every
3 i. e., in the tale committed to him
4 although
5 freely
6 Chaucer could not read Greek
7 must
8 although
9 entertainment
10 every one
11 it pleased
12 bright
13 citizen
14 A market square in London (now a street, Cheapside).
15 to play, jest
16 paid our bills
17 saw not
18 inn
19 give you fun if I knew how
20 give you recreation
21 Thomas à Becket
22 requite (give)
23 reward
24 plan
25 to tell tales
26 by
27 unless
28 seek
29 a matter of deliberation
30 consideration
31 to shorten our way with
32 amusement
33 gainsay
34 prepare
35 decision
36 fetched
37 when
38 cock of us all (who woke them up)

And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas[1],
Un-to the watering of seint Thomas[2].
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; 'Lordinges, herkneth if yow leste.
Ye woot your forward[3], and I it yow recorde[4].
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As evere mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my Iugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut[5], er that we ferrer[6] twinne[7];
He which that hath the shortest shal biginne.'
'Sire knight,' quod he, 'my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord[8].
Cometh neer[9],' quod he, 'my lady prioresse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght[10]; ley hond to, every man.'
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure[11], or sort[12], or cas[13],
The sothe[14] is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun[15],
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: 'Sin[16] I shal beginne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a[17] Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye.'
And with that word we riden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere[18]
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

The Nonne Preestes Tale*

Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of the Cok and Hen, Chauntecleer and Pertelote.

A povre widwe somdel stope[19] in age,
Was whylom[20] dwelling in a narwe[21] cotage,
Beisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke[22] day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel and hir rent[23];
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond[24] hir-self, and eek hir doghtren[25] two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte[26] Malle.
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle[27],
In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.
Of poynaunt sauce hir neded[28] never a deel.
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir throte;
Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun[29] ne made hir nevere syk;
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette[30] hir no-thing for to daunce,
Ne poplexye shente[31] nat hir heed;
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne reed;
Hir bord was served most with whyt and blak,
Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no lak,
Seynd[32] bacoun, and somtyme an ey[33] or tweye,
For she was as it were a maner deye[34].
A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing nas[35] his peer.
His vois was merier than the merye orgon[36]
On messe-dayes[37] that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer[38] was his crowing in his logge[39],
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge[40].
By nature knew he ech ascensioun[41]
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben amended[42].
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed[43], as it were a castel-wal.
His bile[44] was blak, and as the Ieet[45] it shoon;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon[46];
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,

In the Ellesmere MS. this is the twentieth tale. Sir John, the "Nun's Priest," was an escort of Madame Eglentyne; see *Prologue*, 164. His tale is an old one, found in various languages.

1 faster than a walk
2 Two miles on the way to Canterbury.
3 agreement
4 remind you of it
5 lots
6 further
7 separate
8 decision
9 nearer
10 don't meditate
11 chance
12 fate
13 accident
14 truth
15 contract
16 since
17 in
18 expression
19 advanced
20 once upon a time
21 narrow
22 since that
23 her property (chattels) and her income
24 supported
25 daughters
26 was called
27 Bower and hall are terms applicable to a castle; used here humorously of the probably one-room cottage.
28 (reflexive) she needed
29 surfeit
30 hindered
31 hurt
32 singed (broiled)
33 egg
34 sort of dairy-woman
35 was not
36 organs
37 mass-days
38 surer
39 lodging
40 horologe
41 he knew the time every hour of the day (for 15° of the equinoctial are passed each hour of the twenty-four)
42 so that it couldn't be improved upon
43 embattled
44 bill
45 jet
46 toes

And lyk the burned[1] gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennes, for to doon all his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of[2] colours.
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throte
Was cleped[3] faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire[4],
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith[5],
He loved hir so, that wel him was therwith.
But such a Ioye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, 'my lief is faren in londe[6].'
For thilke[7] tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.
And so bifel, that in a dawenynge,
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is drecched[8] sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him rore,
She was agast, and seyde, 'o herte deere,
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere? 70
Ye ben a verray sleper, fy for shame!'
And he answerde and seyde thus, 'madame,
I pray yow, that ye take it nat agrief[9]:
By God, me mette[10] I was in swich meschief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.
Now God,' quod he, 'my swevene[11] rede[12] aright,
And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romed up and doun
Withinne our yerde, wher as I saugh a beste,
Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad areste[13] 80
Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres;
His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.
Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
This caused me my groning, douteles.'
'Avoy[14]!' quod she, 'fy on yow, herteles[15]!
Allas!' quod she, 'for, by that God above,
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love; 90
I can nat love a coward, by my feith.
For certes, what so any womman seith,

1 burnished
2 in respect to
3 named
4 gracious
5 locked in every limb
6 my beloved is gone to the country, gone away
7 at that
8 troubled
9 amiss
10 I dreamed
11 dream
12 interpret
13 seizure
14 away
15 heartless one

We alle desyren, if it mighte be,
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free[16],
And secree[17], and no nigard, ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool[18],
Ne noon avauntour[19], by that God above!
How dorste ye sayn for shame unto youre love,
That any thing mighte make yow aferd?
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd? 100
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?
No-thing, God wot, but vanitee, in sweven is.
Swevenes engendren of repleccioun s,
And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns[20],
Whan humours[21] been to[22] habundant in a wight.
Certes this dreem, which ye han met[23] to-night,
Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre rede *colera*[24], pardee,
Which causeth folk to dremen in here[25] dremes
Of arwes[26], and of fyr with rede lemes[27], 110
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,
Of contek[28], and of whelpes grete and lyte;
Right as the humour of malencolye[29]
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
For fere of blake beres, or boles[30] blake,
Or elles, blake develes wole him take.
Of othere humours coude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can. 119
Lo Catoun[31], which that was so wys a man,
Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors[32] of dremes?
Now, sire,' quod she, 'whan we flee fro the bemes,
For Goddes love, as[33] tak som laxatyf;
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,
That both of colere, and of malencolye[29]
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow, 129
That shul ben for your hele, and for your prow[34];
And in our yerd tho herbes shal I fynde,
The whiche han of here propretee, by kynde[35],
To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for Goddes owene love!
Ye been ful colerik of complecciou n.
Ware[36] the sonne in his ascencioun
Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours hote;

16 liberal
17 trusty
18 weapon
19 boaster
20 temperaments
21 The four causes and classes of disease (see *Prologue*, 420).
22 too
23 dreamed
24 red cholera (caused by too much bile and blood)
25 their
26 arrows
27 gleams
28 contest
29 Due to excess of bile.
30 bulls
31 Dionysius Cato
32 take no notice
33 do now (pleonastic)
34 profit
35 nature
36 beware

And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote[1],
That ye shul have a fevere terciane[2],
Or an agu, that may be youre bane.
A day or two ye shul have digestyves
Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere[3],
Or elles of ellebor[4], that groweth there,
Of catapuce[5], or of gaytres[6] beryis,
Of erbe yve, growing in our yerd, that mery is;
Pekke hem up right as they growe, and ete hem in.
Be mery, housbond, for your fader kyn!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow namore.'
'Madame,' quod he, '*graunt mercy*[7] of your lore.
But natheles, as touching daun[8] Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a gret renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,
By God, men may in olde bokes rede
Of many a man, more of auctoritee
Than evere Catoun was, so moot I thee[9],
That al the revers[10] seyn of this sentence[11],
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of Ioye as tribulaciouns
That folk enduren in this lyf present.
Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
The verray preve[12] sheweth it in dede.
Oon of the gretteste auctours that men rede[13]
Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente
On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;
And happed so, thay come into a toun,
Vher as ther was swich congregacioun
Of peple, and eek so streit[14] of herbergage[15],
That they ne founde as muche as o cotage,
In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.
Vherfor thay mosten, of necessitee,
As for that night, departen compaignye;
And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
And took his logging as it wolde falle.
That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
Fer[16] in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
That other man was logged wel y-nough,
As was his aventure[17], or his fortune,
That us governeth alle as in commune[18].
And so bifel, that, long er it were day,
This man mette in his bed, ther as he lay,
How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
And seyde, 'allas! for in an oxes stalle
This night I shal be mordred ther[19] I lye.
Now help me, dere brother, or I dye;
In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.
This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde[20];
But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
He turned him, and took of this no keep[21],
Him thoughte[22] his dreem nas but a vanitee.
Thus twyes in his sleping dremed he.
And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
Com, as him thoughte, and seide, 'I am now slawe[23];
Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde!
Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde[24],
And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,
'A carte ful of donge ther shaltow see,
In which my body is hid ful prively;
Do thilke carte arresten[25] boldely.
My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn;'
And tolde him every poynt how he was slayn,
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;
For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
To his felawes in he took the way;
And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
After his felawe he bigan to calle.
The hostiler answerde him anon,
And seyde, 'sire, your felawe is agon,
As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette[26],
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
That was arrayed in that same wyse
As ye han herd the dede man devyse[27];
And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
Vengeaunce and Iustice of this felonye:—
'My felawe mordred is this same night,
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.
I crye out on the ministres[28],' quod he,
'That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;
Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe slayn!'
What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?
The peple out-sterte, and caste the cart to grounde,
And in the middel of the dong they founde
The dede man, that mordred was al newe.
'O blisful God, that art so Iust and trewe!
Lo, how that thou biwreyest[29] mordre alway!
Mordre wol out, that se we day by day.
Mordre is so wlatsom[30] and abhominable
To God, that is so Iust and resonable,

1 wager a groat (four pence)
2 tertian (every third day)
3 laurel, centaury, fumitory
4 hellebore
5 spurge
6 dog-wood
7 great thanks
8 lord, master (Latin *dominus*)
9 so may I thrive (a strong affirmative; cp. l. 246)
10 opposite
11 opinion
12 proof
13 Cicero
14 scant
15 lodging-places
16 afar
17 luck
18 in general
19 murdered where
20 started up
21 heed
22 it seemed to him
23 slain
24 morning-time
25 have..stopped
26 delay
27 relate
28 officers
29 makest known
30 hateful

That he ne wol nat suffre it heled[1] be;
Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
Mordre wol out, this[2] my conclusioun.
And right anoon, ministres of that toun
Han hent the carter, and so sore him pyned[3],
And eek the hostiler so sore engyned[4],
That thay biknewe[5] hir wikkednesse anoon,
And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.
'Here may men seen that dremes been to drede.
And certes, in the same book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
(I gabbe[6] nat, so have I Ioye or blis,)
Two men that wolde han passed over see,
For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie,
That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.
But on a day, agayn[7] the even-tyde,
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as hem leste.
Iolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,
And casten hem[8] ful erly for to saille;
But to that oo[9] man fel a greet mervaille[10].
That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn[7] the day;
Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes syde,
And him comaunded, that he sholde abyde[11],
And seyde him thus, 'if thou to-morwe wende,
Thou shalt be dreynt[12]; my tale is at an ende.'
He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette,
And preyde him his viage for to lette[13];
As[14] for that day, he preyde him to abyde.
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful faste.
'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte agaste[15],
That I wol lette[13] for to do my thinges[16].
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
For swevenes been but vanitees and Iapes[17].
Men dreme al-day[18] of owles or of apes,
And eek of many a mase[19] therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that nevere was ne shal.
But sith[20] I see that thou wolt heer abyde,
And thus for-sleuthen[21] wilfully thy tyde,
God wot it reweth[22] me; and have good day.'
And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.
But er that he hadde halfe his cours v-seyled,
Noot[23] I nat why, ne what mischaunce it eyled[24],
But casuelly[25] the shippes botme rente,
And ship and man under the water wente
In sighte of othere shippes it byside,
That with hem seyled at the same tyde.
And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere,
By swiche ensamples olde maistow[26] lere[27],
That no man sholde been to recchelees[28]
Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,
That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede.
'Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike[29], how Kenelm mette a thing;
A lyte[30] er he was mordred, on a day,
His mordre in his avisioun[31] he say[32].
His norice[33] him expouned every del
His swevene, and bad him for to kepe him wel
For[34] traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer old,
And therfore litel tale[35] hath he told[36]
Of any dreem, so høly was his herte.
By God, I hadde levere[37] than my sherte
That ye had rad[38] his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely,
Macrobeus, that writ the avisioun[39]
In Affrike of the worthy Cipioun,
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they been
Warning of thinges that men after seen.
And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel
In the olde testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Reed eek of Ioseph, and ther shul ye see
Wher[40] dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)
Warning of thinges that shul after falle.
Loke of Egipt the king, daun[41] Pharao,
His bakere and his boteler[42] also,
Wher[40] they ne felte noon effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes[43] of sondry remes[44]
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
'Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde[45] king,
Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,
Which signified he sholde anhanged be?
Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,
That day that Ector sholde lese[46] his lyf,
She dremed on the same night biforn,
How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn[47],

1 hidden
2 this is
3 tormented
4 racked
5 confessed
6 lie
7 toward
8 planned
9 one
10 marvel
11 tarry
12 drowned
13 delay
14 at least
15 frighten
16 business matters
17 jests
18 all the time
19 wild fancy
20 since
21 lose through sloth
22 grieveth
23 know not
24 ailed it
25 accidentally
26 mayest thou
27 learn
28 careless
29 Mercia
30 little
31 vision
32 saw
33 nurse
34 for fear of
35 heed
36 taken
37 rather
38 read
39 Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*, annotated by the grammarian Macrobius.
40 whether
41 lord
42 butler
43 the history
44 realms
45 Lydia (in Asia Minor)
46 lose
47 lost

If thilke day he wente in-to bataille;
She warned him, but it mighte nat availle;
He wente for to fighte natheles,
But he was slayn anoon[1] of[2] Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is ny[3] day, I may nat dwelle.
Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,
That I shal han of this avisioun
Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,
That I ne telle of laxatyves no store[4],
For they ben venimous[5], I woot it wel;
I hem defye, I love hem nevere a del.
'Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte al this;
Madame Pertelote, so have I blis[6],
Of o thing God hath sent me large grace;
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet-reed about youre yën,
It maketh al my drede for to dyen;
For, also siker[7] as *In principio,*
Mulier est hominis confusio[8];
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
Womman is mannes Ioye and al his blis;
. . . . . .
I am so ful of Ioye and of solas
That I defye bothe sweven and dreem.'
And with that word he fley[9] doun fro the beem,
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
Roial he was, he was namore aferd;
. . . . . .
He loketh as it were a grim leoun;
And on his toos he rometh up and doun,
Him deyned[10] not to sette his foot to grounde.
He chukketh, whan he hath a corn y-founde,
And to him rennen[11] thanne his wyves alle.
Thus roial, as a prince is in his halle,
Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;
And after wol I telle his aventure.
Whan that the month in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan God first maked man,
Was complet, and y-passed were also,
Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,
Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,
His seven wyves walking by his syde,
Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
Twenty degrees and oon, and somwhat more;
And knew by kynde, and by noon other lore,
That it was pryme[12], and crew with blisful stevene[13].
'The sonne,' he sayde, 'is clomben up on hevene
Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkneth thise blisful briddes[14] how they singe,
And see the fresshe floures how they springe;
Ful is myn hert of revel and solas.'
But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas[15];
For evere the latter ende of Ioye is wo.
God woot that worldly Ioye is sone ago[16];
And if a rethor[17] coude faire endyte[18],
He in a chronique saufly[19] mighte it write,
As for a sovereyn notabilitee[20].
Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;
This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake[21],
As is the book of Launcelot de Lake[22],
That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.
A col[23]-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
That in the grove hadde woned yeres three,
By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast[24],
The same night thurgh-out the hegges[25] brast[26]
Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
And in a bed of wortes[27] stille he lay,
Til it was passed undern[28] of the day,
Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle
As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
That in awayt liggen[29] to mordre men.
O false mordrer, lurking in thy den!
O newe Scariot[30], newe Genilon[31]!
False dissimilour[32], O Greek Sinon[33],
That broghtest Troye al-outrely[34] to sorwe!
O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,
That thou into that yerd flough fro the bemes!
Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy dremes,
That thilke day was perilous to thee.
But what that God forwot[35] mot nedes be,
After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis.
Witnesse on[36] him, that any perfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercacioun
In this matere, and greet disputisoun,

1 quickly
2 by
3 nigh
4 set no value upon laxatives
5 poisonous
6 as I hope for bliss
7 sure
8 In the beginning woman is man's destruction.
9 flew
10 he deigned
11 run
12 nine o'clock
13 voice
14 birds
15 fate
16 gone
17 rhetorician
18 relate
19 safely
20 a thing especially worthy to be known
21 affirm
22 A romance of chivalry, obviously false.
23 coal black
24 pre-ordained by the supreme conception
25 hedges
26 burst
27 herbs
28 about eleven a. m.
29 lie
30 Judas Iscariot
31 The traitor that caused the defeat of Charlemagne and the death of Roland.
32 deceiver
33 Designer of the wooden horse by which Troy was entered.
34 entirely
35 foreknows
36 by

And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne can not bulte it to the bren[1],
As can the holy doctour Augustyn[2],
Or Boece[3], or the bishop Bradwardyn[4],
Whether that Goddes worthy forwiting
Streyneth[5] me nedely for to doon a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee);
Or elles, if free choys be graunted me
To do that same thing, or do it noght,
Though God forwot it, er that it was wroght;
Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del
But by necessitee condicionel[6].
I wol not han to do of swich matere;
My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his counseil of his wyf, with sorwe,
To walken in the yerd upon that morwe
That he had met the dreem, that I of tolde.
Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde[7];
Wommannes counseil broghte us first to wo,
And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.
But for I noot[8], to whom it mighte displese,
If I counseil of wommen wolde blame,
Passe over, for I seyde it in my game[9].
Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich matere,
And what thay seyn of wommen ye may here.
Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat myne;
I can noon harme of no womman divyne.

Faire in the sond, to bathe hire merily,
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
Agayn[10] the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free
Song merier than the mermayde in the see;
For Phisiologus[11] seith sikerly,
How that they singen wel and merily.
And so bifel, that as he caste his yë[12],
Among the wortes, on a boterflye,
He was war[13] of this fox that lay ful lowe.
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon, 'cok, cok,' and up he sterte,
As man that was affrayed in his herte.
For naturelly a beest desyreth flee
Fro his contrarie[14], if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seyn it with his yë.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye[15],
He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Seyde, 'Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye gon?
Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend?
Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.
I am nat come your counseil for tespye;
But trewely, the cause of my cominge
Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.
For trewely ye have as mery a stevene[16],
As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene;
Therwith ye han in musik more felinge
Than hadde Boece, or any that can singe.
My lord your fader (God his soule blesse!)
And eek your moder, of hir gentilesse,
Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese[17];
And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
So mote I brouke[18] wel myn eyen tweye,
Save yow, I herde nevere man so singe,
As dide your fader in the morweninge;
Certes, it was of herte[19], al that he song.
And for to make his voys the more strong,
He wolde so peyne him[20], that with both his yën
He moste winke[21], so loude he wolde cryen,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
And eek he was of swich discrecioun,
That ther nas no man in no regioun
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have weel rad in daun[22] Burnel the Asse,
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
For that a prestes sone yaf him a knok
Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce[23],
He made him for to lese his benefyce[24].
But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
Of your fader, and of his subtiltee.
Now singeth, sire, for seinte charitee,
Let se, conne ye your fader countrefete?'
This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
So was he ravisshed with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour[25]
Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour[26],
That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.
Redeth Ecclesiaste[27] of flaterye;
Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye.

1 boult it to the bran; i. e., thoroughly sift the question
2 St. Augustine
3 Boethius, a Roman statesman and philosopher of the fifth century A. D.
4 Chancellor at Oxford in the fourteenth century.
5 foreknowledge constrains
6 except by conditional (as opposed to simple or absolute) necessity (The old question whether foreknowledge constitutes foreordination.)
7 baneful
8 know not
9 jest
10 in
11 Theobaldus' *Physiologus*, or "Natural History of Twelve Animals."
12 eyes
13 aware
14 opponent, foe
15 to espy
16 voice
17 to my great pleasure; i. e., the fox had eaten them
18 have the use of
19 from his heart
20 strain himself
21 he must shut both eyes
22 lord (This was an old story.)
23 foolish
24 i. e., by crowing so late that the youth did not awake in time
25 flatterer
26 deceiver
27 *Ecclesiasticus*, xii. 10.

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowe loude for the nones[1];
And daun Russel[2] the foxe sterte up at ones,
And by the gargat[3] hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer[4],
For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed[5].
O destinee, that mayst nat ben eschewed!
Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes!
Allas, his wyf ne roghte[6] nat of dremes!
And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,
. . . . . .
Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to dye?
O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn[7],
That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slayn
With shot, compleynedest his deth so sore,
Why ne hadde I now thy sentence[8] and thy lore,
The Friday for to chide, as diden ye?
(For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)
Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude pleyne[9]
For Chauntecleres drede, and for his peyne.
Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun
Was nevere of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus[10] with his streite[11] swerd,
Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the berd,
And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*)[12],
As maden alle the hennes in the clos[13],
Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the sighte.
But sovereynly[14] dame Pertelote shrighte[15],
Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales[16] wyf,
Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
And that the Romayns hadde brend Cartage,
She was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully into the fyr she sterte[17],
And brende[18] hir-selven with a stedfast herte.
O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
As, whan that Nero brende the citee
Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;
Withouten gilt[19] this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:
This sely[20] widwe, and eek hir doghtres two,
Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten thay anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
And cryden, 'Out! harrow! and weylaway!
Ha, ha, the fox!' and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot[21], and Gerland[21],
And Malkin[22], with a distaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
They yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem quelle[23];
The gees for feré flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*[24]
Certes, he Iakke Straw[25], and his meynee[26],
Ne maden nevere shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes[27] and of box[28],
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and pouped[29],
And therwithal thay shryked and they houped[30];
It semed as that hevene sholde falle.
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!
Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, 'sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis[31] God helpe me),
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilence up-on yow falle!
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
Maugree[32] your heed, the cok shal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in feith, and that anon.'—
The fox answerde, 'In feith, it shal be don,'—
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly[33],
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,
'Allas!' quod he, 'O Chauntecleer, allas!
I have to yow,' quod he, 'y-doon trespas,
In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd,
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the yerd;

1 occasion
2 As the ass was called Burnel because he is brown, so the fox was called Russell because he is red.
3 throat
4 bore
5 followed
6 did not care for
7 Chaucer is making fun of an old writer, Geoffrey de Vinsauf.
8 power of expression
9 complain
10 Pyrrhus
11 drawn
12 The *Aeneid*.
13 enclosure
14 surpassingly
15 shrieked
16 A king of Carthage.
17 leaped
18 burned
19 guilt
20 pious
21 a dog (?)
22 a servant girl
23 kill
24 bless ye
25 Jack Straw, leader with Wat Tyler in the Peasants' Revolt of 1381; said to have killed "many Flemings,"
26 competitors in trade.
26 followers
27 horns
28 wood
29 made a noise with a horn
30 whooped
31 certainly
32 in spite of
33 quickly

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke[1] entente;
Com doun, and I shal telle yow what I mente.
I shal seye sooth to yow, God help me so.'
'Nay than,' quod he, 'I shrewe[2] us bothe two,
And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and bones,
If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.
Thou shalt namore, thurgh thy flaterye
Do[3] me to singe and winke with myn yë.
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, God lat him never thee[4]!
'Nay,' quod the fox, 'but God yive him meschaunce,
That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That iangleth[5] whan he sholde holde his pees.'
Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men.
For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To our doctryne[6] it is y-write, y-wis.
Taketh the fruyt, and let the chaf be stille.
Now, gode God, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen[7].

From THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

The Story of Thisbe of Babylon, Martyr

Incipit Legende Tesba Babilon, Martiris

At Babiloyne whilom fil it[8] thus,—
The whiche toun the queene Semyramus[9]
Leet dichen al about, and walles make[10]
Ful hye, of harde tiles wel y-bake:
There were dwellynge in this noble toune
Two lordes, which that were of grete renoune,
And woneden[11] so neigh upon a grene,
That ther nas but a stoon wal hem betwene,
As ofte in grette tounes is the wone.
And sooth to seyn, that o man had a sone,
Of al that londe oon of the lustieste;
That other had a doghtre, the faireste
That esteward in the worlde was tho[12] dwellynge.
The name of everyche[13] gan to other sprynge[14],
By wommen that were neyghebores aboute;
For in that contre yit, withouten doute,
Máydens ben y-kept for jelousye
Ful streyte[15], leste they diden somme folye.
This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
And Tesbe highte the maide,—Naso[16] seith thus.
And thus by reporte was hir name y-shove[17],
That as they wex in age, wex hir love.
And certeyn, as by reson of hir age,
Ther myghte have ben betwex hem marïage,
But that hir fadres nold[18] it not assente,
And both in love y-like soore they brente[19],
That noon of al hir frendes myghte it lette[20].
But prevely[21] somtyme yit they mette
By sleight, and spoken somme of hir desire,
As wre the glede[22] and hotter is the fire;
Forbeede a love, and it is ten so woode[23].
This wal, which that bitwixe hem bothe stoode,
Was cloven a-two, right fro the toppe adoun,
Of olde tyme, of his foundacioun.
But yit this clyfte was so narwe and lite[24]
It was nat seene, deere ynogh a myte[25];
But what is that that love kannat espye?
Ye lovers two, if that I shal nat lye,
Ye founden first this litel narwe clifte,
And with a soune as softe as any shryfte[26],
They leete hir wordes thurgh the clifte pace,
And tolden, while they stoden in the place,
Al hire compleynt of love, and al hire wo,
At every tyme whan they dorste so.
Upon the o syde of the walle stood he,
And on that other syde stood Tesbe,
The swoote soun of other to receyve.
And thus here[27] wardeyn wolde they disceyve,
And every day this walle they wolde threete[28],
And wisshe to God that it were doun y-bete.
Thus wolde they seyn: 'Allas, thou wikked walle!
Thurgh thyn envye thow us lettest[29] alle!
Why nyltow cleve[30], or fallen al a-two?
Or at the leeste, but thow wouldest so[31],
Yit woldestow but ones let us meete,
Or ones that we myghte kyssen sweete,
Than were we covered[32] of oure cares colde.
But natheles, yit be we to thee holde[33],
In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon
Our wordes thurgh thy lyme and eke thy stoon;

1 wicked
2 curse
3 cause
4 prosper
5 chatters
6 instruction
7 A sort of benediction; the "my lord" refers probably to the Archbishop of Canterbury.
8 it happened
9 Semiramis, wife of Ninus, the mythical king and founder of Nineveh.
10 caused to be surrounded by ditches and walls
11 dwelt (*wone* in 714 = custom)
12 then
13 each
14 came to the ears of the other
15 strictly
16 Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) in *Metamorphoses* iv 55, ff., whence this story is taken.
17 their names were brought forward (literally *pushed*)
18 would not
19 burned
20 prevent
21 secretly
22 cover the glowing coal
23 ten times as passionate
24 little
25 scarcely at all
26 confession
27 their
28 threaten
29 hinderest
30 wilt thou not cleave in two
31 if thou wouldest not do that
32 recovered
33 beholden

Yet oghte we with the ben wel apayede[1].'
And whan these idel wordes weren sayde,
The colde walle they wolden kysse of stoon,
And take hir leve, and forth they wolden goon.
And this was gladly in the evetyde,
Or wonder erly, lest men it espyede.
And longe tyme they wroght in this manere,
Til on a day, whan Phebus[2] gan to clere[3]—
Aurora with the stremes of hire hete[4]
Had dried uppe the dewe of herbes wete—
Unto this clyfte, as it was wont to be,
Come Piramus, and after come Tesbe.
And plighten trouthe[5] fully in here faye[6],
That ilke same nyght to steele awaye,
And to begile hire wardeyns everychone,
And forth out of the citee for to gone.
And, for the feeldes ben so broode and wide,
Fór to meete in o place at o tydé
They sette markes, hire metyng sholde bee
Ther[7] kyng Nynus was graven[8], under a tree,—
For olde payens[9], that ydóles heriede[10],
Useden tho in feeldes to ben beriede[11],—
And faste by his grave was a welle.
And, shortly of this tale for to telle,
This covenaunt was affermed wonder faste,
And longe hem thoghte that the sonne laste,
That it nere goon[12] under the see adoun.
This Tesbe hath so greete affeccioun,
And so grete lykynge Piramus to see,
That whan she seigh hire tyme myghte bee,
At nyght she stale[13] awey ful prevely,
With hire face y-wympled subtilly.
For al hire frendes, for to save hire trouthe,
She hath forsake; allas, and that is routhe[14],
That ever woman wolde be so trewe
To trusten man, but she the bet hym knewe[15]!
And to the tree she goth a ful goode paas[16],
For love made hir so hardy in this caas;
And by the welle adoun she gan hir dresse[17].
Allas! than comith a wilde leonesse
Out of the woode, withouten more arreste[18],
With blody mouth, of strangelynge of a beste,
To drynken of the welle ther as she sat.
And whan that Tesbe had espyed that,
She ryst[19] hir up, with a ful drery herte,
And in a cave with dredful foot she sterte,
For by the moone she saugh it wel withalle.
And as she ranne, hir wympel leet she falle,
And tooke noon hede, so sore she was awhaped[20],
And eke so glade that she was escaped;
And ther she sytte, and darketh[21] wonder stille.
Whan that this lyonesse hath dronke hire fille,
Aboute the welle gan she for to wynde[22],
And ryght anon the wympil gan she fynde,
And with hir blody mouth it al to-rente.
Whan this was don, no lenger she ne stente[23],
But to the woode hir wey than hath she nome[24].
And at the laste this Piramus is come,
But al to longe, allas, at home was hee!
The moone shone, men myghte wel y-see,
And in his wey, as that he come ful faste,
His eyen to the grounde adoun he caste;
And in the sonde as he behelde adoun[25],
He seigh the steppes broode of a lyoun;
And in his herte he sodeynly agroos[26],
And pale he wex, therwith his heer aroos,
And nere he come, and founde the wympel torne.
'Allas,' quod he, 'the day that I was borne!
This o nyght wol us lovers bothe slee!
How shulde I axen mercy of Tesbee,
Whan I am he that have yow slayne, allas?
My byddyng hath i-slayn yow in this caas!
Allas, to bidde a woman goon by nyghte
In place ther as[27] peril fallen myghte!
And I so slowe! allas, I ne hadde be[28]
Here in this place, a furlong wey or ye[29]!
Now what lyon that be in this foreste,
My body mote he renten[30], or what beste
That wilde is, gnawen mote he now my herte!'
And with that worde he to the wympel sterte,
And kiste it ofte, and wepte on it ful sore;
And seyde, 'Wympel, allas! ther nys no more[31],
But thou shalt feele as wel the blode of me,
As thou hast felt the bledynge of Tesbe.'
And with that worde he smot hym to the herte;
The blood out of the wounde as brode sterte
As water, whan the conduyte broken is.
Now Tesbe, which that wyste[32] nat of this,
But syttyng in hire drede, she thoghte thus:
'If it so falle that my Piramus
Be comen hider, and may me nat y-fynde,
He may me holden fals, and eke unkynde.'
And oute she comith, and after hym gan espien
Bóthe with hire herte and with hire eyen;
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my drede,
Bothe of the lyonesse and al my dede.'
And at the laste hire love than hath she founde,
Bétynge with his helis[33] on the grounde,
Al blody; and therwithal abak she sterte,

1 pleased
2 Apollo, the sun-god
3 shine clearly
4 heat
5 troth
6 faith
7 where
8 buried
9 pagans
10 worshipped
11 then used to be buried in fields
12 were not gone
13 stole
14 pity
15 unless she knew him better
16 quickly
17 took her station
18 delay
19 riseth
20 amazed
21 lies hid
22 roam
23 stopped
24 taken
25 looked down
26 shuddered
27 where
28 that I had not been
29 a short time before you
30 may he rend
31 nothing remains
32 who knew
33 i. e., still pulsating

And lyke the wawes[1] quappe[2] gan hir herte,
And pale as boxe[3] she wax, and in a throwe[4]
Avised hir[5], and gan him wel to knowe,
That it was Piramus, hire herte dere.
Who koude write which a dedely chere
Hath Tesbe now? and how hire heere[6] she rente?
And how she gan hir-selve to turmente?
And how she lyth and swowneth on the grounde?
And how she wepe of teres ful his wounde?
How medleth[7] she his blood with hir compleynte?
How with his blood hir-selven gan she peynte?
How clippeth[8] she the dede corps? allas!
How doth this woful Tesbe in this cas?
How kysseth she his frosty mouthe so colde?
Who hath don this? and who hath ben so bolde
To sleen my leefe? O speke, Piramus!
I am thy Tesbe, that thee calleth thus!'
And therwithal she lyfteth up his heed.
This woful man, that was nat fully deed,
Whan that he herde the name of Tesbe crien[9],
On hire he caste his hevy dedely eyen,
And doun agayn, and yeldeth up the goste.
Tesbe rist uppe, withouten noyse or boste[10],
And saugh hir wympel and his empty shethe,
And eke his swerde, that him hath don to dethe.
Than spake she thus: 'Thy woful hande,' quod she,
'Is strong ynogh in swiche a werke to me;
For love shal me yive strengthe and hardynesse,
To make my wounde large ynogh, I gesse.
I wole thee[11] folowen ded, and I wol be
Felawe and cause eke of thy deeth,' quod she.
'And thogh that nothing save the deth only
Myghte the fro me departe[12] trewely,
Thou shal no more departe now fro me
Than fro the deth, for I wol go with the.
'And now, ye wrecched jelouse fadres oure,
Wé, that weren whilome children youre,
We prayen yow, withouten more envye,
That in o grave i-fere[13] we moten lye,
Syn love hath broght us to this pitouse ende.
And ryghtwis God to every lover sende,
That loveth trewely, more prosperite
Than ever hadde Piramus and Tesbe.
And let no gentile woman hire assure,
To putten hire in swiche an áventure.
But God forbede but a woman kan
Ben also trewe and lovynge as a man,
And for my parte I shal anon it kythe[14]!'
And with that worde his swerde she took as swithe[15],
That warme was of hire loves blood, and hote,
And to the herte she hire-selven smote.
And thus are Tesbe and Piramus ago[16].
Of trewe men I fynde but fewe mo
In al my bookes, save this Piramus,
And therfore have I spoken of hym thus
For it is deyntee to us men to fynde
A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde.
Here may ye seen, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and kan as wel as he.

1 waves
2 flutter
3 box-wood
4 moment
5 considered
6 hair
7 mingleth
8 embraceth
9 spoken
10 outcry
11 thee
12 separate
13 together

THE COMPLEYNT OF CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE

To you, my purse, and to noon other wyght
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sorry now that ye been light;
For, certes, but ye make me hevy chere[17],
Me were as leef be leyd upon my bere[18],
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crye,—
Beth[19] hevy ageyn, or elles mot[20] I dye!

Now voucheth sauf[21] this day or hit[22] be nyght,
That I of you the blisful soun[23] may here[24],
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright,
That of yelownesse hadde never pere[25],
Ye be my lyf! ye be myn hertes stere[26]!
Quene of comfort and of good companye!
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye.

Now, purse, that be to me my lyves light
And saveour, as doun[27] in this worlde here,
Out of this toun help me throgh your myght,
Syn[28] that ye wole not been my tresorere[29];
For I am shave as nye as is a frere[30].
But yet I pray unto your curtesye,
Beth hevy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

L'Envoye De Chaucer

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun[31],
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
Ben verray kyng, this song to you I sende,
And ye that mowen[32] al myn harm amende,
Have mynde upon my supplicacioun!

14 show
15 quickly
16 gone
17 unless you put on for me a heavy look (with a play on the word *heavy*, which usually in this connection means *sad*)
18 I would as soon be laid upon my bier
19 be
20 must
21 vouchsafe, grant
22 before it
23 sound
24 hear
25 peer
26 helm, guide
27 down
28 since
29 treasurer
30 shaven as close as a friar (terribly hard pinched)
31 Henry IV. had just been made king. Brutus was a legendary king of England (Albion).
32 can

FROM THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE*

PROLOGUE

Forasmuch as the land beyond the sea, that is to say the Holy Land, that men call the Land of Promission or of Behest[1], passing all other lands, is the most worthy land, most excellent, and lady and sovereign of all other lands, and is blessed and hallowed of the precious body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the which land it liked him to take flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, to environ[2] that holy land with his blessed feet; . . . and forasmuch as it is long time passed that there was no general passage ne voyage over the sea; and many men desire for to hear speak of the Holy Land, and have thereof great solace and comfort;—I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, and passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles; and have passed throughout Turkey, Armenia the little and the great; through Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt the high and the low; through Libya, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the less and the more†, a great part; and throughout many other isles that be about Ind, where dwell many diverse folks, and of diverse manners and laws, and of diverse shapes of men; . . . I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither. For I have oftentimes passed and ridden that way, with good company of many lords. God be thanked!

And ye shall understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it. But lords and knights and other noble and worthy men that con[3] Latin but little, and have been beyond the sea, know and understand if I say truth or no, and if I err in devising[4], for forgetting or else, that they may redress it and amend it. For things passed out of long time from a man's mind or from his sight, turn soon into forgetting; because that[5] the mind of man ne may not be comprehended ne withholden, for the frailty of mankind.‡

OF THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JESU CHRIST

At Constantinople is the cross of our Lord Jesu Christ, and his coat without seams, that is clept *tunica inconsutilis*[6], and the sponge, and the reed, of the which the Jews gave our Lord eisel[7] and gall, in[8] the cross. And there is one of the nails that Christ was nailed with on the cross. And some men trow that half the cross, that Christ was done on, be in Cyprus, in an abbey of monks, that men call the Hill of the Holy Cross; but it is not so. For that cross, that is in Cyprus, is the cross in the which Dismas the good thief was hanged on. But all men know not that; and that is evil y-done[9]. For for profit of the offering they say that it is the cross of our Lord Jesu Christ.

And ye shall understand that the cross of our Lord was made of four manner of trees, as it is contained in this verse,—*In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.* For that piece that went upright from the earth to the head was of cypress; and the piece that went overthwart, to the which his hands were nailed, was of palm; and the stock, that stood within the earth, in the which was made the mortise, was of cedar; and the table above his head, that was a foot and an half long, on the which the title was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that was of olive. . . .

And the Christian men, that dwell beyond the sea, in Greece, say that the tree of the cross, that we call cypress, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple off; and that find they written. And they say also that their scripture saith that Adam was sick, and said to his son Seth, that he should go to the angel that kept Paradise, that he would send him oil of mercy, for to anoint with his members, that he might have health. And Seth went. But the angel would not let him come in; but said

1 Land of Promise
2 go about
3 know
* This book, which was extremely popular in its day, was accepted then and long after in good faith. We now know it to be mainly a compilation from other books of travel, ingeniously passed off as a record of original experience. "Mandeville" is probably a fictitious name. The oldest MS. is in French, dated 1371. The English translation from which our selections are taken was made after 1400, and therefore represents the language of the generation succeeding Chaucer. The spelling is modernized. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 44.
† Mandeville here couples the fabulous land of the Amazons with the actual Lesser and Greater India.

4 relating
5 because
6 called "the tunic unsewn"
7 vinegar
8 on
9 Old past participle; *y* equals German *ge*.
‡ Possibly "Sir John" means to give the reader a sly hint here that it is also one of the frailties of mankind to tell big stories.

to him, that he might not have the oil of mercy. But he took him three grains of the same tree that his father ate the apple off; and bade him, as soon as his father was dead, that he should put these three grains under his tongue, and grave[1] him so: and so he did. And of these three grains sprang a tree, as the angel said that it should, and bare a fruit, through the which fruit Adam should be saved. And when Seth came again, he found his father near dead. And when he was dead, he did with the grains as the angel bade him; of the which sprung three trees, of the which the cross was made, that bare good fruit and blessed, our Lord Jesu Christ; through whom Adam and all that come of him should be saved and delivered from dread of death without end, but[2] it be their own default.

How Roses came first into the World

And a little from Hebron is the mount of Mamre, of the which the valley taketh his name. And there is a tree of oak, that the Saracens clepe[3] *Dirpe*, that is of Abraham's time: the which men clepe the Dry Tree. And they say that it hath been there since the beginning of the world, and was some-time green and bare leaves, unto the time that our Lord died on the cross, and then it dried: and so did all the trees that were then in the world. And some say, by their prophecies, that a lord, a prince of the west side of the world, shall win the Land of Promission, that is the Holy Land, with help of Christian men, and he shall do sing[4] a mass under that dry tree; and then the tree shall wax green and bear both fruit and leaves, and through that miracle many Jews and Saracens shall be turned to Christian faith: and therefore they do great worship thereto, and keep it full busily[5]. And, albeit so, that it be dry, natheless[6] yet he[7] beareth great virtue, for certainly he that hath a little thereof upon him, it healeth him of the falling evil, and his horse shall not be afoundered. And many other virtues it hath; wherefore men hold it full precious.

From Hebron men go to Bethlehem in half a day, for it is but five mile; and it is full fair way, by plains and woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little city, long and narrow and well walled, and in each side enclosed with good ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as holy writ saith, *Ecce, audivimus eum in Ephrata*, that is to say, 'Lo, we heard him in Ephrata.' And toward the east end of the city is a full fair church and a gracious, and it hath many towers, pinnacles and corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that church be forty-four pillars of marble, great and fair.

And between the city and the church is the field *Floridus*, that is to say, the 'field flourished[8].' Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and slandered; for which cause she was demned to death, and to be burnt in that place, to the which she was led. And as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord, that as wisely[9] as she was not guilty of that sin, that he would help her and make it to be known to all men, of his merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw; and thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field clept the field of God flourished, for it was full of roses.

How the Earth and Sea be of round Form and Shape, by proof of the Star that is clept Antarctic, that is fixed in the South*

In that land, ne in many other beyond that, no man may see the Star Transmontane, that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star. But men see another star, the contrary to him, that is toward the south, that is clept Antarctic. And right as the ship-men take their advice here and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do the men beyond those parts by the star of the south, the which star appeareth not to us. And this star that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star, ne appeareth not to them. For which cause men may well perceive that the land and the sea be of round shape and form; for the part of the firmament showeth in one country that showeth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit, that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and above and beneath.

[1] bury
[2] unless
[3] call
[4] cause to be sung
[5] very attentively
[6] nevertheless
[7] it
[8] in flower
[9] certainly

* An example of the speculations that were rife long before Columbus undertook his voyage.

The which thing I prove thus after that I have seen. For I have been toward the parts of Brabant[1], and beholden the Astrolabe that the star that is clept the Transmontane is fifty-three degrees high; and more further in Almayne[2] and Bohemia it hath fifty-eight degrees; and more further toward the parts septentrional[3] it is sixty-two degrees of height and certain minutes; for I myself have measured it by the Astrolabe. Now shall ye know, that against the Transmontane is the tother star that is clept Antartic, as I have said before. And those two stars ne move never, and by them turneth all the firmament right as doth a wheel that turneth by his axle-tree. So that those stars bear the firmament in two equal parts, so that it hath as much above as it hath beneath. After this I have gone toward the parts meridional, that is, toward the south, and I have found that in Libya men see first the star Antarctic. And so far I have gone more further in those countries, that I have found that star more high; so that toward the High Libya it is eighteen degrees of height and certain minutes (of the which sixty minutes make a degree). After going by sea and by land toward this country of that I have spoken, and to other isles and lands beyond that country, I have found the Star Antarctic of thirty-three degrees of height and more minutes. And if I had had company and shipping for to go more beyond, I trow well, in certain, that we should have seen all the roundness of the firmament all about. . . .

And wit well, that, after that[4] I may perceive and comprehend, the lands of Prester John,* Emperor of Ind, be under us. For in going from Scotland or from England toward Jerusalem men go upwards always. For our land is in the low part of the earth toward the west, and the land of Prester John is in the low part of the earth toward the east. And they have there the day when we have the night; and also, high to the contrary, they have the night when we have the day. For the earth and the sea be of round form and shape, as I have said before; and that that men go upward to one coast[5], men go downward to another coast.

Also ye have heard me say that Jerusalem is in the midst of the world. And that may men prove, and show there by a spear, that is pight[6] into the earth, upon the hour of midday, when it is equinox, that showeth no shadow on no side. And that it should be in the midst of the world, David witnesseth it in the Psalter, where he saith, *Deus operatus est salutem in medio terrae.*[7] Then, they that part from those parts of the west for to go toward Jerusalem, as many journeys[8] as they go upward for to go thither, in as many journeys may they go from Jerusalem unto other confines of the superficialty of the earth beyond. And when men go beyond those journeys toward Ind and to the foreign isles, all is environing[9] the roundness of the earth and of the sea under our countries on this half.

And therefore hath it befallen many times of one thing that I have heard counted[10] when I was young, how a worthy man departed sometime from our countries for to go search the world. And so he passed Ind and the isles beyond Ind, where be more than 5000 isles. And so long he went by sea and land, and so environed the world by many seasons, that he found an isle where he heard speak his own language, calling an oxen in the plough such words as men speak to beasts in his own country; whereof he had great marvel, for he knew not how it might be. But I say that he had gone so long by land and by sea, that he had environed all the earth; that he was come again environing, that is to say, going about, unto his own marches[11], and if he would have passed further, he would have found his country and his own knowledge. But he turned again from thence, from whence he was come from. And so he lost much painful labor, as himself said a great while after that he was come home. For it befell after, that he went into Norway. And there tempest of the sea took him, and he arrived in an isle. And when he was in that isle, he knew well that it was the isle where he had heard speak his own language before, and the calling of oxen at the plow; and that was possible thing.

But now it seemeth to simple men unlearned, that men ne may not go under the earth, and also that men should fall toward the heaven from under. But that may not be, upon less than[12] we may fall toward heaven from the earth where we be. For from what part of the earth that men dwell, either above or beneath, it seemeth always to them that dwell that they

1 Holland
2 Germany
3 north
4 And know well that, according to what
5 and that as men go upward to one region

* Prester is "presbyter," an elder or priest. This fabulous Christian monarch was supposed to have conquered the Saracens in the East.

6 set
7 The Lord wrought salvation in the midst of the earth. (See *Psalms*, 74 :12.)
8 days' travel
9 they are all the while encircling
10 recounted
11 borders
12 unless

go more right than any other folk. And right as it seemeth to us that they be under us, right so it seemeth to them that we be under them. For if a man might fall from the earth unto the firmament, by greater reason the earth and the sea that be so great and so heavy should fall to the firmament: but that may not be, and therefore saith our Lord God, *Non timeas me, qui suspendi terram ex nihilo*![13]

And albeit that it be possible thing that men may so environ all the world, natheless, of a thousand persons, one ne might not happen to return into his country. For the greatness of the earth and of the sea, men may go by a thousand and a thousand other ways, that no man could ready him[14] perfectly toward the parts that he came from, but if it were by adventure and hap, or by the grace of God. For the earth is full large and full great, and holds in roundness and about environ[15], by above and by beneath, 20425 miles, after the opinion of old wise astronomers; and their sayings I reprove nought. But, after my little wit, it seemeth me, saving their reverence, that it is more.

And for to have better understanding I say thus. Be there imagined a figure that hath a great compass. And, about the point of the great compass that is clept the centre, be made another little compass. Then after, be the great compass devised by lines in many parts, and that all the lines meet at the centre. So, that in as many parts as the great compass shall be departed[16], in as many shall be departed the little, that is about the centre, albeit that the space be less. Now then, be the great compass represented for the firmament, and the little compass represented for the earth. Now then, the firmament is devised by astronomers in twelve signs, and every sign is devised in thirty degrees; that is, 360 degrees that the firmament hath above. Also, be the earth devised in as many parts as the firmament, and let every part answer to a degree of the firmament. And wit it well, that, after the authors of astronomy, 700 furlongs of earth answer to a degree of the firmament, and those be eighty-seven miles and four furlongs. Now be that here multiplied by 360 sithes[17], and then they be 31,500 miles every[18] of eight furlongs, after[19] miles of our country. So much hath the earth in roundness and of height environ, after mine opinion and mine understanding.

13 Have no fear of me, who hanged the earth upon nothing. (See *Job*, 26:7.)
14 direct himself
15 approximately
16 divided
17 times
18 each
19 according to

Of the Trees that Bear Meal, Honey, Wine, and Venom; and of Other Marvels

After that isle, in going by sea, men find another isle, good and great, that men clepe Pathen[1], that is a great kingdom full of fair cities and full of towns. In that land grow trees that grow meal, whereof men make good bread and white and of good savor; and it seemeth as it were of wheat, but it is not allinges[2] of such savor. And there be other trees that bear honey good and sweet, and other trees that bear venom, against the which there is no medicine but one; and that is to take their proper[3] leaves and stamp them and temper them with water and then drink it, and else he shall die; for triacle[4] will not avail, ne none other medicine. Of this venom the Jews had let seek of[5] one of their friends for to empoison all Christianity, as I have heard them say in their confession before their dying: but thanked be Almighty God! they failed of their purpose; but always they[6] make great mortality of people. And other trees there be also that bear wine of noble sentiment[7]. And if you like to hear how the meal cometh out of the trees I shall say you. Men hew the trees with an hatchet, all about the foot of the tree, till that the bark be parted in many parts, and then cometh out thereof a thick liquor, the which they receive in vessels, and dry it at the heat of the sun; and then they have it to a mill to grind and it becometh fair meal and white[8]. And the honey and the wine and the venom be drawn out of other trees in the same manner, and put in vessels for to keep.

In that isle is a dead sea, that is a lake that hath no ground[9]: and if anything fall into that lake it shall never come up again. In that lake grow reeds, that be canes, that they clepe Thaby[10], that be thirty fathoms long; and of these canes men make fair houses. And there be other canes that be not so long, that grow near the land and have so long roots that endure well a four quarters[11] of a furlong or

1 Some region of the East Indies; the island described just before this is Java. But India and China are themselves spoken of as islands.
2 altogether
3 own
4 Or treacle; a compound in ancient medicine supposed to be a universal antidote.
5 had caused to be sought by
6 i.e., the venomous trees
7 taste
8 Tapioca is prepared thus from cassava roots.
9 bottom
10 bamboos
11 extend quite one-fourth (?)

more; and at the knots of those roots men find precious stones that have great virtues. And he that beareth any of them upon him, iron ne steel may not hurt him, ne draw no blood upon him; and therefore, they that have those stones upon them fight full hardily both upon sea and land, for men may not harm them on no part. And therefore, they that know the manner, and shall fight with them, they shoot to them arrows and quarrels without iron or steel, and so they hurt them and slay them. And also of those canes they make houses and ships and other things, as we have here, making houses and ships of oak or of any other trees. And deem no man that I say it but for a trifle, for I have seen of the canes with mine own eyes, full many times, lying upon the river of that lake, of the which twenty of our fellows ne might not lift up ne bear one to the earth.

Of the Paradise Terrestrial

And beyond the land and the isles and the deserts of Prester John's lordship, in going straight toward the east, men find nothing but mountains and rocks, full great. And there is the dark region, where no man may see, neither by day ne by night, as they of the country say. And that desert and that place of darkness dure from this coast unto Paradise terrestrial, where that[1] Adam, our foremost[2] father, and Eve were put, that dwelled there but little while; and that is towards the east at the beginning of the earth. But that is not that east that we clepe our east on this half, where the sun riseth to us. For when the sun is east in those parts towards Paradise terrestrial, it is then midnight in our part on this half, for the roundness of the earth, of the which I have touched[3] to you of before. For our Lord God made the earth all round in the mid place of the firmament. And there as[1] mountains and hills be and valleys, that is not but only of[4] Noah's flood, that wasted the soft ground and the tender, and fell down into valleys, and the hard earth and the rocks abide[5] mountains, when the soft earth and tender waxed nesh[6] through the water, and fell and became valleys.

Of Paradise ne can I not speak properly. For I was not there. It is far beyond. And that forthinketh me[7]. And also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of[8] wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will.

Paradise terrestrial, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth, that is in all the world. And it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon, there as the moon maketh her turn; for she is so high that the flood of Noah ne might not come to her, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and above and beneath, save Paradise only alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wit not whereof it is; for the walls be covered all over with moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the wall is stone of nature, ne of none other thing that the wall is. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and it hath not but one entry that[9] is closed with fire, burning; so that no man that is mortal ne dare not enter.

And in the most high place of Paradise, even in the middle place, is a well that casteth out the four floods that run by divers lands. Of the which the first is clept Pison, or Ganges, that is all one; and it runneth throughout Ind or Emlak, in the which river be many precious stones, and much of lignum aloes[10] and much gravel of gold. And that other river is clept Nilus or Gison, that goeth by Ethiopia and after by Egypt. And that other is clept Tigris, that runneth by Assyria and by Armenia the great. And that other is clept Euphrates, that runneth also by Media and Armenia and by Persia. And men there beyond say, that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning of the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go.

The first river is clept Pison, that is to say in their language, Assembly; for many other rivers meet them there, and go into that river. And some men clepe it Ganges, for a king that was in Ind, that hight[11] Gangeres, and that it ran throughout his land. And that water is in some place clear, and in some place troubled, in some place hot, and in some place cold.

The second river is clept Nilus or Gison; for it is always trouble[12]; and Gison, in the language of Ethiopia, is to say, trouble, and in the language of Egypt also.

The third river, that is clept Tigris, is as much for to say as, fast-running; for he runneth more fast than any of the tother; and also there is a beast, that is clept Tigris, that is fast-running.

The fourth river is clept Euphrates, that is to say, well-bearing; for here grow many goods

1 where
2 first
3 related
4 from nothing else than
5 remained
6 soft
7 causes me regret
8 by
9 which
10 A fragrant oriental wood.
11 was called
12 troubled, murky

upon that river, as corn, fruits, and other goods enough plenty.

And ye shall understand that no man that is mortal ne may not approach to that Paradise. For by land no man may go for wild beasts that be in the desert, and for the high mountains and great huge rocks that no man may pass by, for the dark places that be there, and that many. And by the rivers may no man go. For the water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places above, that it runneth in so great waves, that no ship may not row ne sail against it. And the water roareth so, and maketh so huge a noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cried with all the craft that he could in the highest voice that he might. Many great lords have assayed with great will, many times, for to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies. But they might not speed on their voyage. And many died for weariness of rowing against those strong waves. And many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water. And some were perished and lost within the waves. So that no mortal man may approach to that place, without special grace of God, so that of that place I can say you no more; and therefore I shall hold me still, and return to that that I have seen.

Conclusion

And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine home-coming I came to Rome, and showed my life to our holy father the pope, and was assoiled[1] of all that lay in my conscience, of many a diverse grievous point; as men must needs that be in company, dwelling amongst so many a diverse folk of diverse sect and of belief, as I have been. And amongst all I showed him this treatise, that I had made after information of men that knew of things that I had not seen myself, and also of marvels and customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me grace; and besought his holy fatherhood that my book might be examined and proved by the advice of his said council. And our holy father, of his special grace, remitted my book to be examined and proved by the advice of his said counsel. By the which my book was proved for true, insomuch that they showed me a book, that my book was examined by, that comprehended full more, by an hundred part, by the which the *Mappa Mundi*[2] was made after. And so my book (albeit that many men ne list not to give credence to nothing but to that that they see with their eye, ne be the author ne the person never so true) is affirmed and proved by our holy father, in manner and form as I have said.

And I, John Mandeville, knight, abovesaid (although I be unworthy), that departed from our countries and passed the sea, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty-two, that have passed many lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good honorable country, and at many a fair deed of arms (albeit that I did none myself, for mine unable insufficience), now I am come home, maugre myself, to rest, for gouts arthritic that me distrain[3] that define[4] the end of my labor; against my will (God knoweth).

And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and fifty-six, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our countries. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them.

[1] absolved

[2] Map of the World.

[3] afflict

[4] mark

THE FIFTEENTH AND EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURIES

BALLADS

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.*

1 In somer, when the shawes[1] be sheyne[2],
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys[3] song:

2 To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the levës grene,
Under the grene-wode tre.

3 Hit befel on Whitsontide,
Erly in a May mornyng,
The son up feyre can[4] shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

4 'This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litull John,
'Be[5] hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man then[6] I am one
Lyves not in Christiantë.

5 'Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,'
Litull John can[4] sey,
And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornyng of May.'

6 'Ye, on[7] thyng greves me,' seid Robyn,
'And does my hert mych woo;
That I may not no solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

7 'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seid he,
'Syn I my savyour see[8];
Today wil I to Notyngham,
With the myght of mylde Marye.'

8 Than spake Moche, the mylner sun[9],
Ever more wel hym betyde!

'Take twelve of thi wyght yemen[10],
Well weppynd, be thi side.
Such on wolde thi selfe slon[11],
That twelve dar not abyde[12].'

9 'Of all my mery men,' seid Robyn,
'Be my feith I wil non have,
But Litull John shall beyre my bow,
Til that me list[13] to drawe.'

10 'Thou shall beyre thin own,' seid Litull Jon,
'Maister, and I wyl beyre myne,
And we well shete a peny[14],' seid Litull Jon,
'Under the grene-wode lyne[15].'

11 'I wil not shete a peny,' seyd Robyn Hode,
'In feith, Litull John, with the,
But ever for on as[16] thou shetis,' seide Robyn,
'In feith I holde[17] the thre.'

12 Thus shet thei forth, these yemen too[18],
Bothe at buske[19] and brome[20],
Til Litull John wan of his maister
Five shillings to[21] hose and shone[22].

13 A ferly[23] strife fel them betwene,
As they went bi the wey;
Litull John seid he had won five shillings,
And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

14 With that Robyn Hode lyed[24] Litul Jon,
And smote hym with his hande;
Litul Jon waxed wroth therwith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.

15 'Were thou not my maister,' seid Litull John,

1 woods
2 beautiful
3 birds'
4 did
5 by
6 than
7 one
8 partook of the sacrament
9 miller's son
10 brave yeomen
11 slay
12 who would not dare withstand twelve
13 it pleases me
14 shoot for a penny
15 linden
16 unless for each one that
17 wager
18 two
19 bush
20 broom (heather)
21 for
22 shoes
23 strange
24 gave the lie to

* From a MS. of about 1450, though the ballad is probably much earlier. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 63.

'Thou shuldis by[25] hit ful sore;
Get the a man wher thou wilt,
For thou getis me no more.'

16 Then Robyn goes to Notyngham,
Hym selfe mornyng allone,
And Litull John to mery Scherwode,
The pathes he knew ilkone[26].

17 Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
Sertenly withouten layn[27],
He prayed to God and myld Mary
To bryng hym out save[28] agayn.

18 He gos in to Scynt Mary chirch,
And kneled down before the rode[29];
Alle that ever were the church within
Beheld wel Robyn Hode.

19 Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,
I pray to God woo[30] he be!
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn,
As sone as he hym se.

20 Out at the durre he ran,
Fful sone and anon;
Alle the gatis of Notyngham
He made to be sparred[31] everychon.

21 'Rise up,' he seid, 'thou prowde schereff,
Buske[32] the and make the bowne[33];
I have spyed the kynggis felon,
Ffor sothe he is in this town.

22 'I have spyed the false felon,
As he stondis at his masse;
Hit is long[34] of the,' seide the munke,
'And[35] ever he fro us passe.

23 'This traytur name is Robyn Hode,
Under the grene-wode lynde;
He robbyt me onys[36] of a hundred pound,
Hit shalle never out of my mynde.'

24 Up then rose this prowde shereff,
And radly[37] made hym yare[33];
Many was the moder son
To the kyrk with hym can fare.

25 In at the durres thei throly[38] thrast,
With staves ful gode wone[39];

'Alas, alas,' seid Robyn Hode,
'Now mysse I Litull John.'

26 But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde,
That hangit down be his kne;
Ther as[1] the schereff and his men stode
thyckust,
Thedurwarde wolde he.

27 Thryes thorowout them he ran then
For sothe as I yow sey,
And woundyt mony a moder son,
And twelve he slew that day.

28 His sworde upon the schireff hed
Sertanly he brake in too;
'The smyth that the made,' seid Robyn,
'I pray God wyrke hym woo.

29 'Ffor now am I weppynlesse,' seid Robyn,
'Alasse! agayn my wylle;
But if[2] I may fle these traytors fro,
I wot thei wil me kyll.'

30 Robyn in to the churchë ran,
Throout hem everilkon,*
. . . . . .

31 Sum[3] fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
And lay stil as any stone;
Non of theym were in her mynde
But only Litull Jon.

32 'Let be your rule[4],' seid Litull Jon,
'Ffor his luf that dyed on tre,
Ye that shulde be dughty men;
Het is gret shame to se.

33 'Oure maister has bene hard bystode[5]
And yet scapyd away;
Pluk up your hertis, and leve this mone,
And harkyn what I shal say.

34 'He has servyd Oure Lady many a day,
And yet wil, securly[6];
Therfor I trust in hir specialy
No wyckud deth shal he dye.

35 'Therfor be glad,' seid Litul John,
'And let this mournyng be;
And I shal be the munkis gyde,
With the myght of mylde Mary.

25 aby, atone for
26 each one
27 lying
28 safe
29 rood, cross
30 unhappy
31 barred
32 prepare thee
33 ready
34 because
35 if
36 once
37 quickly
38 stoutly
39 number

1 where
2 unless
3 Robin Hood's men, who have heard of the capture of Robin.
4 folly ? Some would read *dule* = *grief*)
5 pressed
6 surely

* A leaf is missing, some twelve stanzas. Similar gaps occur later.

. . . . . .
'We will go but we too;
And I mete hym,' seid Litul John,
. . . . . .

37 'Loke that ye kepe wel owre tristil-tre[7],
Under the levys smale,
And spare non of this venyson,
That gose in thys vale.'

38 Fforthe then went these yemen too,
Litul John and Moche on fere[8],
And lokid on Moch emys hows[9],
The hye way lay full nere.

39 Litul John stode at a wyndow in the mornyng,
And lokid forth at a stage[10];
He was war wher the munke came ridyng,
And with hym a litul page.

40 'Be my feith,' seid Litul John to Moch,
'I can the tel tithyngus[11] gode;
I se wher the munke cumys rydyng,
I know hym be his wyde hode.'

41 They went in to the way, these yemen bothe,
As curtes men and hende[12];
Thei spyrred[13] tithyngus at [14] the munke,
As they hade bene his frende[15].

42 'Ffro whens come ye?' seid Litull Jon,
'Tel us tithyngus, I yow pray,
Off a false owtlay, callid Robyn Hode,
Was takyn yisterday.

43 'He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
Of twenti marke[16] in serten;
If that false owtlay be takyn,
Ffor sothe we wolde be fayn[17].'

44 'So did he me,' seid the munke,
Of a hundred pound and more;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
Ye may thonke me therfore.'

45 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,
'And we will when we may;
We will go with you, with your leve,
And bryng yow on your way.

46 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
I tell you in certen;
If thei wist ye rode this way,
In feith ye shulde be slayn.'

47 As thei went talking be the way,
The munke and Litull John,
John toke the munkis horse be the hede,
Ful sone and anon.

48 Johne toke the munkis horse be the hed,
Ffor sothe as I yow say;
So did Much the litull page,
Ffor he shulde not scape away.

49 Be the golett[18] of the hode
John pulled the munke down;
John was nothyng of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crown.

50 Litull John was sore agrevyd,
And drew owt his swerde in hye;
This munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.

51 'He was my maister,' seid Litull John,
'That thou hase browght in bale[19];
Shalle thou never cum at our kyng,
Ffor to telle hym tale.'

52 John smote of the munkis hed,
No longer wolde he dwell;
So did Moch the litull page,
Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.

53 Ther thei beryed hem bothe,
In nouther mosse nor lyng[20],
And Litull John and Much infere
Bare the letturs to oure kyng.

. . . . . .
He knelid down upon his kne:
'God yow save, my lege lorde,
Jhesus yow save and se!

55 'God yow save, my lege kyng!'
To speke John was full bolde;
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond,
The kyng did hit unfold.

56 The kyng red the letturs anon,
And seid, 'So mot I the[21],
Ther was never yoman in mery Inglond
I longut so sore to se.

trysting-tree
in company
in on Much's uncle's house
from an (upper) story
tidings
civil
asked
of
friends
A mark was 13s. 4d
glad
throat-band
harm
neither moss nor heather
may I thrive

57 'Wher is the munke that these shuld have brought?'
Oure kyng can say:
'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'He dyed after[22] the way.'

58 The kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon
Twenti pound in sertan,
And made theim yemen of the crown,
And bade theim go agayn.

59 He gaf John the seel in hand,
The sheref for to bere,
To bryng Robyn hym to,
And no man do hym dere[23].

60 John toke his leve at[24] oure kyng,
The sothe as I yow say;
The next way to Notyngham
To take, he yede[25] the way.

61 Whan John came to Notyngham
The gatis were sparred ychon;
John callid up the porter,
He answerid sone anon.

62 'What is the cause,' seid Litul Jon,
'Thou sparris the gates so fast?'
'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid the porter,
'In depe prison is cast.

63 'John and Moch and Wyll Scathlok,
Ffor sothe as I yow say,
Thei slew oure men upon our wallis,
And sawten[26] us every day.'

64 Litull John spyrred after the schereff,
And sone he hym fonde;
He oppyned the kyngus prive seell,
And gaf hym in his honde.

65 Whan the scheref saw the kyngus seell,
He did of[27] his hode anon:
'Wher is the munke that bare the letturs?'
He seid to Litull John.

66 'He[28] is so fayn of[29] hym,' seid Litul John,
'Ffor sothe as I yow say,
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of that abbay.'

67 The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wyne of the best;
At nyght thei went to her bedde,
And every man to his rest.

68 When the scheref was on slepe,
Dronken of wyne and ale,
Litul John and Moch for sothe
Toke the way unto the jale.

69 Litul John callid up the jayler,
And bade hym rise anon;
He seyd Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,
And out of hit was gon.

70 The porter rose anon sertan,
As sone as he herd John calle;
Litul John was redy with a swerd,
And bare hym to the walle.

71 'Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,
'And take the keyes in honde':
He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
And sone he hym unbonde.

72 He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
His hed therwith for to kepe[1],
And ther as[2] the walle was lowyst
Anon down can thei lepe.

73 Be that the cok began to crow,
The day began to spryng;
The scheref fond the jaylier ded,
The comyn[3] bell made he ryng.

74 He made a crye thoroout al the town,
Wheder he be yoman or knave,
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn Hode,
His warison[4] he shuld have.

75 'Ffor I dar never,' said the scheref,
'Cum before oure kyng;
Ffor if I do, I wot serten
Ffor sothe he wil me heng.'

76 The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
Bothe be strete and stye[5],
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,
As light as lef on lynde[6].

77 Then bespake gode Litull John,
To Robyn Hode can he say,
'I have done the a gode turn for an evyll,
Quyte[7] the whan thou may.

78 'I have done the a gode turne,' seid Litull John,

22 upon
23 harm
24 of
25 went
26 assault
27 put off
28 i. e., the king
29 pleased with

1 guard
2 where
3 public
4 reward
5 alley
6 linden tree
7 quit (i. e., clear the debt)

'Ffor sothe as I yow say;
I have brought the under grene-wode lyne[6];
Ffare wel, and have gode day.'

9 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,
'So shall hit never be;
I make the maister,' seid Robyn Hode,
'Off alle my men and me.'

10 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'So shalle hit never be;
But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,
'No noder kepe I be[8].'

11 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of prison;
Sertan withoutyn layn[9],
Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,
Ffor sothe they were full fayne.

12 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,
Under the levys smale,
And gete[10] pastes of venyson,
That gode was with ale.

13 Than worde came to oure kyng
How Robyn Hode was gon,
And how the scheref of Notyngham
Durst never loke hym upon.

14 Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
In an angur hye:
'Litull John hase begyled the schereff,
In faith so hase he me.

15 'Litul John has begyled us bothe,
And that full wel I se;
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut[11] shulde he be.

16 'I made hem yemen of the crowne,
And gaf hem fee[12] with my hond;
I gaf hem grith[13],' seid oure kyng,
'Thorowout all mery Inglond.

17 'I gaf theym grith,' then seid oure kyng;
'I say, so mot I the,
Ffor sothe soch a yeman as he is on[14]
In all Inglond ar not thre.

18 'He is trew to his maister,' seid our kyng;
'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
He lovys better Robyn Hode
Then he dose us ychon.

89 'Robyn Hode is ever bond to hym,
Bothe in strete and stalle[15];
Speke no more of this mater,' seid our kyng,
'But John has begyled us alle.'

90 Thus endys the talkyng of the munke
And Robyn Hode i-wysse[16];
God, that is ever a crowned kyng,
Bryng us all to his blisse.'

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT*

1 The Persë[1] owt[2] off Northombarlonde,
and avowe to God mayd he
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns
off Chyviat within days thre,
In the magger of[3] doughtë Dogles,
and all that ever with him be.

2 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let[4] that hontyng yf that I may."

3 Then the Persë owt off Banborowe cam,
with him a myghtee meany[5],
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone;
the[6] wear chosen owt of shyars[7] thre.

4 This began on a Monday at morn,
in Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chylde may rue that ys unborn,
it wos the more pittë.

5 The dryvars[8] thorowe the woodës went,
for to reas the dear;
Bomen byckarte[9] uppone the bent[10]
with ther browd aros cleare[11].

6 Then the wyld[12] thorowe the woodës went,
on every sydë shear[13];
Greahondës thorowe the grevis[14] glent[15],
for to kyll thear dear.

---

no other care I to be
lying (i. e., truly)
got
hanged
money
security
one
i. e., abroad and at home
indeed

1 The family of Percy was an old one of northern England.
2 came out
3 maugre, in spite of
4 prevent
5 band
6 they
7 shires
8 stalkers
9 skirmished
10 field
11 bright
12 game
13 several, separate
14 groves
15 darted

*Probably old in 1550. Sidney mentions "the olde song of Percy and Duglas." There is a later version which is commonly known as Chevy Chace.

7 This begane in Chyviat the hyls abone[16],
yerly[17] on a Monnyn-day;
Be that[18] it drewe to the oware off none,
a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay.

8 The blewe a mort[19] uppone the bent,
the semblyde on sydis shear;
To the quyrry[20] then the Persë went,
to se the bryttlynge[21] off the deare.

9 He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys,
this day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament[22];"
a great oth the Persë swear.

10 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlonde
lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a the doughetie Doglas
commynge,
with him a myghttë meany.

11 Both with spear, bylle[23], and brande,
yt was a myghtti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,
wear not in Cristiantë.

12 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,
withoute any feale[24],
The wear borne along be the watter a
Twyde,
yth[25] bowndës of Tividale.

13 "Leave of the brytlyng of the dear," he
sayd,
"and to your boys[26] lock ye tayk good
hede;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars
borne
had ye never[27] so mickle nede."

14 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,
he rode alle his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede[28];
a boldar barne[29] was never born.

15 "Tell me whos men ye ar," he says,
"or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays,
in the spyt of myn and of me."

16 The first mane[1] that ever him an answear
mayd,
yt was the good lord Persë:
"We wyll not tell the[2] whoys[3] men we ar,"
he says,
"nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyt of thyne and of the.

17 "The fattiste hartës in all Chyviat
we have kyld, and cast[4] to carry them
away.
"Be my troth," sayd the doughetë Dogglas
agayn,
"therfor the ton[5] of us shall de[6] this
day."

18 Then sayd the doughtë Doglas
unto the lord Persë:
"To kyll alle thes giltles men,
alas, it wear great pittë!

19 "But, Persë, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrë;
Let all our men uppone a parti[7] stande,
and do[8] the battell off the and of me."

20 "Nowe Cristes cors[9] on his crowne[10],"
sayd the lord Persë,
"who-so-ever ther-to says nay;
Be[11] my troth, doughttë Doglas," he says,
"thow shalt never se that day[12].

21 "Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar
France,
nor for no man of a woman born[13],
But, and[14] fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on[15] man for on[15]."

22 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombar-
londe,
Richard Wytharyngton was his nam:
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,"
he says,
"to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

23 "I wat[16] youe byn[17] great lordës twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande:
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on a
fylde,
and stande my selffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not fayle both hart and hande."

16 above
17 early
18 by the time
19 death-note
20 slaughtered game
21 cutting up
22 truly
23 sword
24 fail
25 in the
26 bows
27 ever
28 glowing coal
29 man

1 man
2 thee
3 whose
4 intend
5 one
6 die
7 to one side
8 let us do
9 curse
10 head
11 by
12 *sc.*, when I say nay
13 *sc.*, will I shrink
14 if
15 one
16 know
17 be

That day, that day, that dredfull day!
the first fit[18] here I fynde;
And[19] youe wyll here any mor a[20] the hountyng a the Chyviat,
yet ys ther mor behynde.

The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the[21] shote off,
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys[22] the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
a captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
for he wrought hom[23] both woo and wouche[24].

The Dogglas partyd his ost[25] in thre,
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;
With suar spears off myghttë tre[26],
the[21] cum in on every syde:

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery[27]
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;
Many a doughetë[28] the[21] garde[29] to dy,
which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let ther boys be,
and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;
It was a hevy syght to se
bryght swordes on basnites[30] lyght.

Thorowe ryche male[31] and myneyeple[32],
many sterne[33] the[21] strocke done[34] streght;
Many a freyke[35] that was fulle fre[36],
ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persë met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
The[21] swapte[37] togethar tylle the both swat[38],
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan[39].

Thes worthë freckys for to fyght,
ther-to[40] the wear fulle fayne[41],
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente[42]
as ever dyd heal[43] or rayn.

"Yelde the, Persë," sayde the Doglas,
"and i feth[44] I shalle the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis[45]
of Jamy our Skottish kynge.

"Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight[46] the hear[47] this thinge;
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
that ever I conqueryd in filde fightynge."

"Nay," sayd the lord Persë,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
to no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,
forthe off a myghttë wane[48];
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
in at the brest-bane.

Thorowe lyvar and longës[1] bathe[2]
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordës but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persë leanyde on his brande,
and sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,
and sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

"To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have partyde with
my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
was nat in all the north contrë."

Off all that se[3] a Skottishe knyght,
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry[4];
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght[5],
he spendyd[6] a spear, a trusti tre.

He rod uppone a corsiare[7]
throughe a hondrith archery:

division of the song
if
of
they
abides
them
harm
host
wood
archers
doughty man
caused

30 helmets
31 armor
32 gauntlet
33 stubborn ones
34 down
35 man
36 noble
37 smote
38 sweat
39 Milan steel
40 i. e., to fight
41 glad

42 sprang
43 hail
44 in faith
45 earl's wages
46 promise
47 here
48 multitude (? Skeat)

1 lungs
2 both
3 saw
4 Montgomery
5 doomed
6 spanned, seized
7 courser

He never stynttyde[8], nar never blane[9],
tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.

42 He set uppone the lorde Persë
a dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre
clean thorow the body he the Persë ber[10],

43 A[11] the tothar syde that a man myght se
a large cloth-yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantë
then that day slan wear ther.

44 An archar off Northomberlonde
say[12] slean was the lord Persë;
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
was made off trusti tre.

45 An arow, that a cloth-yarde was lang,
to the harde stele halyde[13] he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar
he sat[14] on Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry.

46 The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
that he of Monggomberry sete;
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

47 Ther was never a freake[15] wone foot wolde fle,
but still in stour[16] dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte dre[17],
with many a balfull brande.

48 This battell began in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang,
the battell was nat half done.

49 The tocke[18] . . . on ethar hande
be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
in Chyviat the hillys abon.

50 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
went away but seventi and thre;
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
but even five and fifti.

51 But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
the hade no strengthe to stand on hy;
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
it was the mor pittë.

52 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,
Sir Johan of Agerstone,
Ser Rogar, the hinde[19] Hartly,
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

53 Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,
a knyghte of great renowen,
Ser Raff[20], the ryche Rugbe,
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.

54 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
that ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

55 Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Duglas,
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,
his sistars son was he.

56 Ser Charls a Murrë[21] in that place,
that never a foot wolde fle;
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

57 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears[22]
off birch and hasell so gray;
Many wedous, with wepyng tears,
cam to fache ther makys[23] away.

58 Tivydale may carpe off[24] care,
Northombarlond may mayk great mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear,
on the March-parti[25] shall never be non.

59 Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,
to Jamy the Skottische kynge,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Marches,
he lay slean Chyviot within.

60 His handdës dyd he weal[26] and wryng,
he sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!
Such an othar captayn Skotland within,"
he sayd, "ye-feth shuld never be."*

8 stopped
9 ceased
10 pierced
11 on
12 saw that
13 drew
14 set
15 man
16 stress of battle
17 endure
18 they took (count?)
19 gentle
20 Ralph
21 Murray
22 biers
23 mates
24 sing of
25 border side
26 clench

* This lament, contrasted with King Harry's boast that follows, may be taken as an amusing indication of English authorship of the ballad.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
till[27] the fourth Harry our kynge,
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the Marchis,
he lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his solle," sayde Kyng Harry,
"good Lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
"as good as ever was he:
But, Persë, and I brook[28] my lyffe,
thy deth well quyte[29] shall be."

As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,
lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persë
he dyde the battell of Hombyll-down;

Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes
on a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on[30] ther armor bryght,
over castille, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
that tear[31] begane this spurn[32],
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe
call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn begane this spurne
uppone a Monnynday;
Ther was the doughtë Doglas slean,
the Persë never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the Marchepartës
sen[33] the Doglas and the Persë met,
But yt ys mervele and[34] the rede blude ronne not,
as the reane doys[35] in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys[36] bete[37],
and to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:
God send us alle good endyng!

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dumferling toune[1],
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

2 Up and spak an eldern[2] knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

3 The king has written a braid[3] letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

4 The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch[4] lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

5 "O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

6 "Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

7 "Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

8 O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot[5] lang owre[6] a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone[7].

9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems[8] in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

11 Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

JOHNIE COCK.*

1 Up Johnie raise in a May morning,
Calld for water to wash his hands

---

[27] I enjoy
[28] aid for
[29] , with (Humbleton is in Glendale district)
[30] at ere, erewhile
[31] trouble
[32] since
[33] if
[34] rain does
[35] evil
[36] remedy, better
[37] old
[2] broad, open
[3] laugh
[4] but
[5] before
[6] swam in over their hats (so to speak)
[7] combs

[1] nfermline, northwest of Edinburgh, once a royal residence.

* Our text of this vigorous ballad follows the admirable combination made by Professor F. B. Gummere from various versions.

And he has calld for his gude gray hunds
That lay bund in iron bands, bands,
That lay bund in iron bands.

2 'Ye'll busk[1], ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak them boun[2],
For I'm going to the Braidscaur hill
To ding[3] the dun[4] deer doun.'

3 Johnie's mother has gotten word o that,
And care-bed she has taen[5]:
'O Johnie, for my benison[6],
I beg you'l stay at hame;
For the wine so red, and the well-baken bread,
My Johnie shall want nane.

4 'There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,
At Pickeram where they dwell,
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
They wad ride the fords of hell.'

5 But Johnie has cast off the black velvet,
And put on the Lincoln twine[7],
And he is on to gude greenwud
As fast as he could gang.

6 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And he lookit aneath the sun,
And there he spied the dun deer sleeping
Aneath a buss o whun[8].

7 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap[9],
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemd[10] her of her pride.

8 He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,
'Twas full three quarters[11] long,
And he has taen out of that dun deer
The liver bot[12] and the tongue.

9 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johnie and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.

10 By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he's away to Pickram Side
As fast as he can drie[13].

1 make ready
2 ready
3 strike
4 dark brown
5 i. e., is sick with anxiety
6 blessing
7 cloth
8 bush of furze
9 leaped
10 stript
11 of a yard
12 as well as
13 hold out

11 'What news, what news?' says the Seven Forsters,
'What news have ye brought to me?'
'I have noe news,' the palmer said,
'But what I saw with my eye.

12 'As I cam in by Braidisbanks,
And down among the whuns,
The bonniest youngster eer I saw
Lay sleepin amang his hunds.

13 'The shirt that was upon his back
Was o the holland[14] fine;
The doublet[15] which was over that
Was o the Lincoln twine.'

14 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
'O that is Johnie o Cockleys Well,
And near him we will draw.'

15 O the first stroke that they gae him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Then up bespake his sister's son:
'O the next'll gar[16] him die!'

16 'O some they count ye well-wight[17] men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha wakend me,
And askd gin I wad be taen.

17 'The wildest wolf in aw this wood
Wad not ha done so by me;
She'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,
And sprinkled it oer my brae[18],
And if that wad not ha wakend me,
She wad ha gone and let me be.

18 'O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up belive[19],
Manhuid shall fail me nought.'

19 He has killd the Seven Forsters,
He has killd them all but ane,
And that wan[20] scarce to Pickeram Side
To carry the bode-words[21] hame.

20 'Is there never a [bird] in a' this wood
That will tell what I can say;
That will go to Cockleys Well,
Tell my mither to fetch me away?'

21 There was a [bird] into that wood,
That carried the tidings away,
And many ae[22] was the well-wight man
At the fetching o Johnie away.

14 linen
15 waistcoat
16 make
17 very brave
18 brow
19 quick
20 won, made his way
21 message
22 a one

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

1 High upon Highlands,
and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rade out on a day.

2 Saddled and bridled
and gallant rade he;
Hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

3 Out cam his auld mither
greeting fu' sair[1],
And out cam his bonnie bride
riving[2] her hair.

4 Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
Toom[3] hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he.

5 'My meadow lies green,
and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build,
and my babe is unborn.'

6 Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline[4] wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes[5] in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.'

It fell about the Martinmass[6],
When nights are lang and mirk[7],
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk[8].

6 It neither grew in syke[9] nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh[10],
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

. . . . . .

7 'Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.'

8 And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

. . . . . .

9 Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.'

10 The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa.

11 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin[11] worm doth chide;
Gin[12] we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

12 'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn[13] and byre[14]!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'*

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.†

1 There livd a lass in yonder dale,
And doun in yonder glen, O,
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,
Well known by many men, O.

2 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,
Out frae the South Countrie,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be.

eeping full sore
aring
pty

5 troubles (storms)
6 November 11
7 dark

8 birch
9 marsh
10 furrow
11 fretting
12 if
13 granary
14 stable

* "The beauty of reticence in this last farewell is as delicate as anything in literature."—F. B. Gummere.

† Scott's "Lochinvar" is based upon this ballad.

3 He has teld[1] her father and mither baith,
And a' the rest o her kin,
And has teld the lass hersell,
And her consent has win.

4 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
Well mounted in good order.

5 He's teld her father and mither baith,
As I hear sindry say,
But he has nae teld the lass her sell,
Till on her wedding day.

6 When day was set, and friends were met,
And married to be,
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,
The bridal for to see.

7 'O are you come for sport, young man?
Or are you come for play?
Or are you come for a sight o our bride,
Just on her wedding day?'

8 'I'm nouther come for sport,' he says,
'Nor am I come for play;
But if I had one sight o your bride,
I'll mount and ride away.'

9 There was a glass of the red wine
Filld up them atween,
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true-love had been.

10 Then he took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And he mounted her high behind him there,
At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.

11 Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,
And down by Cowden Braes,
And ay she[2] gard[3] the trumpet sound,
'O this is foul, foul play!'

12 Now a' ye that in England are,
Or are in England born,
Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,
Or else ye'l get the scorn.

13 They haik ye up[4] and settle ye by[5],
Till on your wedding day,
And gie ye frogs instead o fish,*
And play ye foul, foul play.

1 told
2 Perhaps this should be *he*, referring to the Laird of Lochinton
3 caused
4 haul you up
5 set you aside (lead you on and deceive you)
* In the ballad of *Lord Randal*, the lord is poisoned with eels.

THE NUTBROWN MAYDE.*

Be it right or wronge, thes men amonge[1]
On wymen do complayn,
Affermyng this, how that it is
A laboure spent in vayn
To love them welle; for never a dele
They love a man agayn.
For late a man do what he can
Ther favoure to attayn,
Yet yf a newe do them pursue,
Ther ferste trew lover than[2]
Laboureth for nought; for from her[3] thought
He is a banysshed man.

I say not nay, but that alle day
It is both wreten and said
That woman's feyth is, as who seyth,
Alle utturly decayde;
But neverthelesse right good witnes
In this case myght be layde,
That they love trew, and contenewe,—
Recorde the Nutbrown Mayde,
Which, whan her love cam her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwen us let us discusse
What was alle the manere
Between them two: we wille also
Telle alle the payn in fere[4]
That she was in. Now I begyn,
So that ye me answere;
Wherfor alle ye that present be,
I pray you, geve an ere.
I am the knyght; I com by nyght,
As secrete as I can,
Saying, 'Alas! thus stondith the caas,
I am a banysshed man.'

1 all the while
2 then
3 their
4 I-fere, together
* This poem is essentially a little drama, of which the first three stanzas constitute a kind of prologue and the last stanza an epilogue. In the first stanza one speaker propounds the general theme of the fickleness of womankind. In the second stanza, another speaker cites in refutation the story of the Nutbrown Mayde. Then the first speaker proposes that they two enact that story, and he begins by assuming the part of the man who pretended to be outlawed in order to "prove" the maid's love. The second speaker takes the part of the maid, and the dialogue continues regularly in alternate stanzas. It is readily seen that the poem, though for convenience grouped here with the ballads, is of a very different character from the folk-ballads proper, and a product of much more conscious art. Our text is that of the Balliol MS., with some very slight changes of spelling and the regular substitution of MAYDE for the more frequent marginal PUELLA of the manuscript.

MAYDE

And I your wille for to fulfille
In this wille not refuse,
Trustyng to shew in wordis fewe
That men have an ylle use[5]
(To ther own shame) wymen to blame,
And causelesse them accuse.
Therfor to you I answere now,
Alle wymen to excuse,—
Myn own hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, telle me anon;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

It stondith so; a dede is doo
Wherof gret harme shalle grow:
My destynye ys for to dye
A shamfulle deth, I trow,
Or ellis to flee; the on[6] muste be;
Non other way I know
But to withdraw as an outlawe,
And take me to my bow.
Wherfor adewe, myn own hart trew!
Non other rede I can[7],
For I muste to the grenwode go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

O Lorde, what is this worldis blis
That changith as the mone?
The[8] somers day in lusty may
Is darke beffore the none.
I here you say, Farewelle. Nay, nay,
We departe[9] not so sone.
Why say ye so? Whether[10] wille ye go?
Alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
Shuld chaunge yf ye were gon;
For in my mynde, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

I can beleve it shalle you greve,
And sumwhat you dystreyne,
But afterward your paynes harde,
Within a day or twayn,
Shalle sone aslake, and ye shalle take
Conforte to you agayn.
Why should you ought for to take thought[11]?
Your labour were in vayn.
And thus I doo, and pray you to,
As hartely as I can;
For I muste to the grenwode go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Now sith[12] that ye have shewed to me
The secrete of your mynde,
I shalle be playn to you agayn[13],
Lyke as ye shalle me fynde.
Sith it is so that ye wille go,
I wille not bide behynde;
Shalle it never be said the Nut Brown Mayde
Was to here love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
Alle though it were anon[14];
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wille thynke and say:
Of[15] yong, of olde, hit shalle be told
That ye be gon away,
Your wanten wille for to fulfille,
In grenwode you to play,
And that ye myght for your delite
Ne lengar make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
Be called a mysse[16] woman,
Yet wold I to the grenwode go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Though it be songe of olde and yonge
That I shuld be to blame,
Thers be the charge that speke so large
In hurtyng of my name;
For I wille prove that feythfulle love
Hit is devoyed of shame,
In your distresse and heynesse,
To parte[17] with you the same,—
To shewe all tho that do not so
Trew lovers are they non;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

I counsaille you, remembre how
Hit is no maydyns lawe
Nothyng to doute, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe.
For ye muste ther in your hond bere
A bowe redy to drawe,
And, as a theff, thus must ye leve
Ever in drede and awe.
Wherby to you gret harm myght grow;
Yet hade I lever than
That I had to the grenwod go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

5 evil custom
6 one
7 no other counsel I know
8 Variant reading: *my*.
9 part
10 whither
11 at all take anxiety
12 since
13 in return
14 at once
15 by
16 Variant: *ylle*.
17 share

MAYDE

I say not nay, but as ye say,
Yt is no maydyns lore;
But love may make me to forsake,
As I have sayd beffore,
To cum on fote, to hunte and shote,
To get us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more.
From which to parte it makyth my harte
As colde as any ston;
For in my mynde, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde,
Without pité, hangid to be,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What soccours could ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trow, ye and your bowe
For fere wold draw behynde.
And no mervayle, for littille avayle
Were in your counselle than;
Wherfor I wille to the grenwod go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Right welle know ye that wymen be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght.
Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
With ennemyes day or nyght,
I wold withstond, with bow in honde,
To helpe you with my myght,
And you to save, as wymen have
From deth many [an] one;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
That ye could not susteyn
The thorny wayes, the depe valeyes,
The snowe, the froste, the rayn,
The colde, the hete; for drye and wete
We muste logge on the playn,
And, us above, non other roffe
But a brake, bushe, or twayn;
Which sone shuld greve you, I beleve,
And ye wold gladly than
That I had to the grenwode goo,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Sith I have here ben partynere
With you [in] yoye and blisse,
I muste also parte of your woo
Endure, as reason is.
Yet am I sure of on pleasure,
And shortly it is this:
That wher ye be, me semeth, pardé,
I could not fare amysse.
Without more speche I you beseche
That we were shortly gon;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Iff ye go thyder, ye must consider,
Whan ye have luste to dyne,
Ther shalle no mete be for to gete,
Nether bere, ale, ne wyne;
Ne shetes clen, to lay betwen,
Made of threde and twyne;
Non other hous, but levis and boues,
To cover your hede and myne.
Loo, myn hart swete, this ille dyett
Shuld make you pale and wan;
Wherfor I wille to the grenwod go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Amonge the wilde dere, suche an archere
As men say that ye be
May not faylle of good vytaylle,
Wher is so gret plenté.
And water clere of the rivere
Shalle be fulle swete to me,
With which in hele[18] I shalle right welle
Endure, as ye shalle see.
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provide anon;
For in my mynde, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Loo! yet beffore, ye must do more,
Yf ye wille goo with me:
As, cute your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtyll by your knee,
With bow in honde, for to withstonde
Your enymyes, yf nede be;
And this same nyght, beffore daylight,
To wodewarde wille I flee.
Yff that ye wille alle this fulfille,
Do it as shortly as ye can;
Els wille I to the grenwode go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

I shalle as now[19] do more for you
Than longith to womanhede,
To shorte myn here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.

[18] health [19] now (redundant *as*)

O my swete moder, beffore alle oder
For you I have moste drede;
But now, adewe! I must ensue
Wher fortune doth me lede.
Alle this make ye; now lat us flee,
The day commeth fast upon;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Nay, nay, not so; ye shalle not go,
And I shalle telle you whye:
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I welle espye;
For like as ye have said to me,
In likewyse hardely[20]
Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
In way of companye.
It is said of olde, Son whot, sone colde,
And so is a woman;
For I muste to the grenwode goo,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordis to say to me,
For ofte ye prayd, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardé.
And though that I of auncetrye
A barons doughter be,
Yet have ye proved how I ye loved,
A squyre of lowe degre,
And ever shalle, what so befalle,
To dye therefor anon;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

A baron's child to be begiled,
It were a curséd dede.
To be felowe with an outlawe,
Almyghty God forbede!
Yet better were, the pore squyer
Alon to foreste yede[21],
Than ye shuld say, another day,
That by my curséd rede
Ye were betrayde. Wherefor, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Yis that I to the grenwod go,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Whatever befalle, I never shalle
Of this thyng you outbrayde;
But yf ye go and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayde.
Remembre you welle how that ye dele,
For yf ye be as ye said,
Ye were unkynd to leve me behynd,
Your love, the Nutbrown Mayde.
Truste [me] truly, that I shalle dye
Sone after ye be gon;
For in my mynd, of all mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

If that you went, ye shuld repent,
For in the foreste nowe
I have purveyde[22] me of a mayde
Whom I love more than you,—
Another more fayre than ever ye were,
I dare it welle avowe;
And of you both, eche wille be wroth
With other, as I trowe.
It were myn eas to leve[23] in peas,
So wille I, yf I can;
Wherefor I wille to the grenwod goo,
Alon, a banysshed man.

MAYDE

Though in the wode I understode
Ye had a paramoure,
Alle this may nought remeve my thought,
But that I wille be your;
And she shalle fynd me softe and kynd,
And curteys every oure,
Glad to fulfille alle that she wille
Comaund me to my powere.
For had ye, loo! an hundredth mo,
Yet wolde I be that on;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Myn own der love, I se thee prove
That ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in alle my lyff,
The best that ever I knew.
Be mery and glade, be no more sade,
The case is chaunged newe,
For it were rewth that for your trewth
Ye shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dysmayde, whatsoever I said
To you whan I began;
I wille not to the grenwode go;
I am no banysshed man.

MAYDE

Thes tydingis be more gladder to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure;
But it is often seen,
When men wille[24] breke promyse, they speke
The wordis on the splene[25].

20 assuredly
21 went
22 provided
23 live
24 mean to
25 capriciously

Ye shape som wyle me to begile,
And stele from me, I wene;
Than were the caas wors than it was,
And I more woo-begon;
For in my mynd, of alle mankynd
I love but you alon.

SQUYRE

Ye shalle not nede further to drede;
I wille not disparage
You, God defende, sith ye descende
Of so gret a lynage.
Now understond; to Westmorelond,
Which is myn herytage,
I wille you bryng, and with a rynge
By way of maryage
I wille you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can;
Than have ye wonne an erles sonne,
And not a banysshed man.

Here may ye see that women be,
In love, meke, kynd, and stable;
Latt never man repreve them than
Or calle them variable,
But rather pray God that we may
To them be confortable.
God sumtyme provith such as he lovith,
Yf they be charytable;
For sith men wold that women shuld
Be meke to them echone,
Moche more aught they to God obey,
And serve but hym alon.

EVERYMAN

*Here begynneth a treatyse how the hye Fader of Heven sendeth Dethe to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a moral playe.**

MESSENGER.

I pray you all gyve your audyence,
And here[1] this mater[2] with reverence,
By fygure[3] a morall[4] playe;
The somonynge of Everyman called it is,
That of our lyves and endynge shewes
How transytory we be all daye[5].
This mater is wonders[6] precyous,
But the entent[7] of it is more gracyous,
And swete to bere awaye.
The story sayth:—Man, in the begynnynge
Loke well, and take good heed to the endynge,
Be you never so gay;
Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete,
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe,
Whan the body lyeth in claye.
Here shall you se how Felawshyp and Jolyte,
Bothe Strengthe, Pleasure and Beaute,
Wyll fade from the[8] as floure in Maye.
For ye shall here, how our heven kynge
Calleth Everyman to a generall rekenynge.
Gyve audyence, and here what he doth saye.

GOD *speketh.*

I perceyve here in my majeste
How that all creatures be to me unkynde,
Lyvynge without drede in worldely prosperyte;
Of ghostly[9] syght the people be so blynde,
Drowned in synne they know me not for theyr God;
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde.
They fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe rood;
My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene, and shedynge of my blode rede;
I hanged bytwene two, it can not be denyed;
To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed.
I heled theyr fete; with thornes hurt was my heed;
I coude do no more than I dyde truely.
And nowe I se the people do clene for sake me:
They use[10] the seven deedly synnes dampnable.
As pryde, coveytyse, wrathe and lechery,
Now in the worlde be made commendable,
And thus they leve of aungelles the hevenly company,
Every man lyveth so after his owne pleasure;
And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothinge sure.
I se, the more that I them forbere,
The worse they be fro yere to yere;
All that lyveth appayreth[11] faste.
Therefore I wyll in all the haste
Have a rekenynge of every mannes persone.
For, and[12] I leve the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes,
Veryly they wyll become moche worse than beestes:
For now one wolde by envy another up ete;
Charyte they do all clene forgete.

1 hear
2 matter
3 in form
4 A Morality
5 always
6 wondrously
7 purpose
8 thee
9 spiritual
10 practise
11 degenerates
12 if

* This play exists also in Dutch, entitled "Elckerlijk," printed about 1495, and attributed to Petrus Dorlandus. The earliest known English editions date about 1525. From the dates and the almost entire lack of humor in the play, it is most probable that the English form is a free translation from the Dutch. We follow the text of the Skot copy in the Britwell Library, as reprinted by W. W. Greg, with capitals and punctuation added. On Moralities and Miracle Plays, see *Eng. Lit.*, 64-67.

hoped well that every man
my glory shulde make his mansyon,
nd thereto I had them all electe;
ut now I se, like traytours dejecte,
hey thanke me not for the pleasure that I to them ment,
or yet for theyr beynge that I them have lent.
profered the people grete multytude of mercy,
nd fewe there be that asketh it hertly[13];
ney be so combred with worldly ryches
nat nedes on them I must do justyce,
n every man lyvynge without fere.—
here arte thou, Deth, thou myghty messengere?

DETHE. Almyghty God, I am here at your wyll,
our commaundement to fulfyll.

GOD. Go thou to Everyman,
nd shewe hym in my name
pylgrymage he must on hym take,
hich he in no wyse may escape,
nd that he brynge with hym a sure rekenynge,
ithout delay or ony taryenge.

DETHE. Lorde, I wyll in the worlde go renne[14] over all,
nd cruelly out serche bothe grete and small.
ery man wyll I beset that lyveth beestly
t of Goddes lawes and dredeth not foly.
e that loveth rychesse I wyll stryke with my darte,
s syght to blynde, and fro heven to departe[15],
ccepte that almes be his good frende,
hell for to dwell, worlde without ende.
o, yonder I se Everyman walkynge,
ll lytell he thynketh on my comynge!
s mynde is on flesshely lustes, and his treasure;
d grete payne it shall cause hym to endure
fore the Lorde, heven kynge.—

[EVERYMAN *enters.*]

eryman, stande styll. Whyder arte thou goynge,
us gayly? hast thou thy Maker forgete?

EVERYMAN. Why askest thou?
ldest thou wete?[16]

DETHE. Ye, syr, I wyll shewe you:
grete hast I am sende to the
o God, out of his mageste.

EVERYMAN. What, sente to me?

DETHE. Ye, certaynly.
ough thou have forgete hym here,
thynketh on the in the hevenly spere,
or[17] we departe, thou shalte knowe.

EVERYMAN. What desyreth God of me?

DETHE. That shall I shewe thee:
A rekenynge he wyll nedes have,
Without ony lenger respyte.

EVERYMAN. To gyve a rekenynge longer layser[18] I crave;
This blynde mater troubleth my wytte.

DETHE. On the thou must take a longe journey,
Therfore thy boke of counte with the thou brynge,
For turne agayne thou can not by no waye;
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge,
For before God thou shalte answere and shewe
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe,
How thou hast spente thy lyfe, and in what wyse,
Before the chefe lorde of paradyse.
Have I do[19] we were in that waye,
For, wete thou well, thou shalte make none attournay[20].

EVERYMAN. Full unredy I am suche rekenynge to gyve.
I knowe the not. What messenger arte thou?

DETHE. I am Dethe, that no man dredeth.
For every man I rest[21], and no man spareth,
For it is Goddes commaundement
That all to me sholde be obedyent.

EVERYMAN. O Dethe, thou comest whan I had thee leest in mynde!
In thy power it lyeth me to save;
Yet of my good wyl I gyve the, if thou wyl be kynde.
Ye, a thousande pounde shalte thou have,
And dyfferre[22] this mater tyll an other daye.

DETHE. Everyman, it may not be by no waye.
I set not by[23] golde, sylver, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke ne prynces;
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
All the worlde I myght gete;
But my custome is clene contrary.
I gyve the no respyte, come hens and not tary.

EVERYMAN. Alas! shall I have no lenger respyte?
I may saye Deth geveth no warnynge!
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke;
For all unredy is my boke of rekenynge.
But, xii yere and I myght have abydynge,
My countynge boke I wolde make so clere,
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere.
Wherfore, Deth, I praye the, for Goddes mercy,
Spare me tyll I be provyded of remedy.

DETHE. The avayleth not to crye, wepe and praye.

heartily
run
separate

16 know
17 before

18 leisure
19 For "have ado"; have done with, that we may be on our way
20 find no intercessor
21 arrest
22 defer
23 care not for

But hast[1] the lyghtly that thou were[2] gone that
journaye.
And preve[3] thy frendes, yf thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tyde abydeth no man,
And in the worlde eche lyvynge creature
For Adams synne must dye of nature.
EVERYMAN. Dethe, yf I sholde this pylgrym-
age take,
And my rekenynge suerly make,
Shewe me, for savnt Charyte,
Sholde I not come agayne shortly?
DETHE. No, Everyman, and thou be ones
there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me veryly.
EVERYMAN. O gracyous God, in the hye sete
celestyall,
Have mercy on me in this moost nede.—
Shall I have no company fro this vale teres-
tryall
Of myne acqueynce[4] that way me to lede?
DETHE. Ye, yf ony be so hardy
That wolde go with the and bere the company.
Hye the, that thou were gone to Goddes mag-
nyfycence,
Thy rekenynge to gyve before His presence.
What, wenest thou thy lyve is gyven the
And thy worldely gooddes also?
EVERYMAN. I had wende so veryle.
DETHE. Nay, nay, it was but lende the,
For as soone as thou arte go,
Another a whyle shall have it and than go ther
fro,
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou arte made[5]! Thou hast thy
wyttes fyve,
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyve!
For sodeynly I do come.
EVERYMAN. O wretched caytyfe[6], wheder
shall I flee,
That I myght scape this endles sorowe?
Now, gentyll Deth, spare me tyll to morowe,
That I may amende me
With good advysement.
DETHE. Naye, thereto I wyll not consent,
Nor no man wyll I respyte;
But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte
Without ony advysement.
And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy.
Se thou make the redy shortely,
For thou mayst saye this is the daye
That no man lyvynge may scape awaye.
EVERYMAN. Alas! I may well wepe with
syghes depe;
Now have I no maner of company

1 haste
2 may be
3 prove
4 acquaintance
5 mad
6 captive, wretch

To helpe me in my journey, and me to kepe;
And also my wrytynge[7] is full unredy.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I wolde to God I had never begete[8]!
To my soule a full grete profyte it had be,
For now I fere paynes huge and grete.
The tyme passeth, Lorde, helpe, that all
wrought!
For though I mourne it avayleth nought.
The day passeth, and is almoost ago[9],
I wote not well what for to do.
To whome were I best my complaynt to make?
What and I to Felawshyp therof spake,
And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce?
For in hym is all myne affyaunce[10].
We have in the worlde so many a daye
Be good frendes in sporte and playe.
I se hym yonder certaynely;
I trust that he wyll bere me company,
Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe.
Well mette, good Felawshyp, and good morowe.
FELAWSHYP *speketh:* Everyman, good morowe!
By this day,
Syr, why lokest thou so pyteously?
If ony thynge be a mysse I praye the me saye,
That I may helpe to remedy.
EVERYMAN. Ye, good Felawshyp, ye,
I am in greate jeoparde.
FELAWSHYP. My true frende, shewe to me
your mynde;
I wyll not forsake the to my lyves ende,
In the waye of good company.
EVERYMAN. That was well spoken, and
lovyngly.
FELAWSHYP. Syr, I must nedes knowe your
hevynesse,
I have pyte[11] to se you in ony dystresse.
If ony have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Thoughe I on the grounde be slayne for the,
Though that I knowe before that I sholde
dye.
EVERYMAN. Veryly, Felawshyp, gramercy[12].
FELAWSHYP. Tusshe! by thy thankes I set
not a strawe,
Shewe me your grefe and saye no more.
EVERYMAN. If I my herte sholde to you
breke,
And than you to tourne your mynde fro me,
And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me
speke,
Than sholde I ten tymes soryer be.
FELAWSHYP. Syr, I saye as I wyll do in dede.
EVERYMAN. Than be you a good frende at
nede.
I have founde you true here before.

7 (his account)
8 been born
9 gone
10 trust
11 pity
12 great thanks

FELAWSHYP. And so ye shall evermore,
or, in fayth, and thou go to hell
wyll not forsake the by the waye.
EVERYMAN. Ye speke lyke a good frende, I
byleve you well,
shall deserve it, and I may.
FELAWSHYP. I speke of no deservynge, by
this daye,
or he that wyll saye and nothynge do
s not worthy with good company to go.
herfore shewe me the grefe of your mynde
s to your frende mooste lovynge and
kynde.
EVERYMAN. I shall shewe you how it is:
ommaunded I am to go a journaye,
long waye, harde and daungerous,
nd gyve a strayte counte, without delaye,
efore the hye Juge Adonay[3].
herfore, I pray you, bere me company,
s ye have promysed, in this journaye.
FELAWSHYP. That is mater in dede! Promyse
is duty.
it and I sholde take suche a vyage on me,
knowe it well, it shulde be to my payne;
so it make me aferde, certayne.
it let us take counsell here as well as we can,
or your wordes wolde fere[4] a stronge man.
EVERYMAN. Why, ye sayd, yf I had nede,
wolde me never forsake, quycke[5] ne deed,
noughe it were to hell, truely.
FELAWSHYP. So I sayd certaynely.
it such pleasures be[6] set a syde the sothe[7]
to saye,
nd also, yf we toke suche a journaye,
han sholde we come agayne?
EVERYMAN. Naye, never agayne, tyll the
daye of dome[8].
FELAWSHYP. In fayth, than wyll not I come
there,
ho hath you these tydynges brought?
EVERYMAN. In dede, Deth was with me here.
FELAWSHYP. Now, by God that all hathe
bought,
Deth were the messenger,
or no man that is lyvynge to daye
wyll not go that lothe[9] journaye,
ot for the fader that bygate me.
EVERYMAN. Ye promysed other wyse, parde[10].
FELAWSHYP. I wote well I say[11] so, truely,
nd yet yf thou wylte ete, drynke and make
good chere
haunt to women the lusty company,
wolde not forsake you, whyle the daye is
clere,
Truste me veryly.
EVERYMAN. Ye, therto ye wolde be redy:
To go to myrthe, solas, and playe,
Your mynde wyll soner apply,
Than to bere me company in my longe journaye.
FELAWSHYP. Now, in good fayth, I wyll not that waye;
But, and thou wyll murder, or ony man kyll,
In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.
EVERYMAN. O that is a symple[12] advyse in dede!
Gentyll felawe, help me in my necessyte;
We have loved longe, and now I nede!
And now, gentyll Felawshyp, remembre me.
FELAWSHYP. Wheder ye have loved me or no,
By saynt John, I wyll not with the go.
EVERYMAN. Yet I pray the, take the labour and do so moche for me,
To brynge me forwarde, for saynt Charyte,
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.
FELAWSHYP. Nay, and thou wolde gyve me a newe gowne,
I wyll not a fote with the go;
But and thou had taryed, I wolde not have lefte the so:
And as now, God spede the in thy journaye!
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.
EVERYMAN. Wheder a waye, Felawshyp? wyll thou forsake me?
FELAWSHYP. Ye, by my faye[13]! To God I betake[14] the.
EVERYMAN. Farewell, good Fellawshyp! For the my herte is sore!
A dewe for ever, I shall se the no more.
FELAWSHYP. In fayth, Everyman, fare well now at the ende,
For you I wyll remembre that partynge is mournynge.
EVERYMAN. A lacke! shall we thus departe[15] in dede?
A! Lady, helpe! without ony more comforte,
Lo, Felawshyp forsaketh me in my moost nede.
For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I resorte?
Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make,
And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.
It is sayd, in prosperyte men frendes may fynde
Whiche in adversyte be full unkynde.
Now wheder for socoure shall I flee,
Syth that Felawshyp hath forsaken me?
To my kynnesmen I wyll truely,
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte.

od
righten
live
re (now)
ruth
8 judgment
9 loathsome
10 One of the many forms of the oath *pardieu*
11 said
12 foolish
13 faith
14 commend
15 separate

I byleve that they wyll do so,
For kynde[2] wyll crepe where it may not go[3].
I wyll go saye; for yonder I se them go:—
Where be ye now, my frendes and kynnesmen?
KYNREDE. Here be we now at your commaundement.
Cosyn, I praye you, shewe us your entent
In ony wyse, and not spare.
COSYN. Ye, Everyman, and to us declare
If ye be dysposed to go ony whyder;
For, wete you well, wyll lyve and dye to gyder.
KYNREDE. In welth and wo we wyll with you holde;
For over his kynne a man may be bolde.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, my frendes and kynnesmen kynde!
Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde.
I was commaunded by a messenger,
That is a hye kynges chefe offycer;
He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne,
And, I knowe well, I shall never come agayne.
Also I must gyve a rekenynge strayte;
For I have a grete enemy that hath me in wayte[4],
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.
KYNREDE. What a counte is that whiche ye must render?
That wolde I knowe.
EVERYMAN. Of all my workes I must shewe,
How I have lyved, and my dayes spent;
Also of yll dedes that I have used
In my tyme, syth lyfe was me lent,
And of all vertues that I have refused.
Therefore, I praye you, go thyder with me
To helpe to make myn accounte, for saynt Charyte.
COSYN. What, to go thyder! Is that the mater?
Nay, Everyman, I had lever[5] fast[6] brede and water,
All this fyve yere and more.
EVERYMAN. Alas, that ever I was bore[7],
For now shall I never be mery,
If that you forsake me.
KYNREDE. A! syr, what, ye be a mery man!
Take good herte to you, and make no mone.
But one thynge I warne you, by saynt Anne,
As for me ye shall go alone.
EVERYMAN. My Cosyn, wyll you not with me go?
COSYN. No, by our Lady! I have the crampe in my to:
Trust not to me; for, so God me spede,

2 nature, kinship
3 walk (i. e., will do all in its power)
4 is lying in wait for me
5 rather
6 fast on
7 born

I wyll deceyve you in your moost nede.
KYNREDE. It avayleth not us to tyse[8]:
Ye shall have my mayde, with all my herte;
She loveth to go to feestes there to be nyse[9],
And to daunce, and a brode to sterte[10],
I wyll gyve her leve to helpe you in that journey,
If that you and she may a gree.
EVERYMAN. Now shewe me the very effecte of your mynde;
Wyll you go with me, or abyde be hynde?
KYNREDE. Abyde behynde! ye[11], that wyll I and I maye;
Therfore farewell tyll another daye.
EVERYMAN. Howe sholde I be mery or gladde?
For fayre promyses men to me make,
But, whan I have moost nede, they me forsake;
I am deceyved, that maketh me sadde.
COSYN. Cosyn Everyman, farewell now,
For, veryly, I wyll not go with you.
Also of myne owne an unredy rekenynge
I have to accounte, therfore I make taryenge;
Now God kepe the, for now I go.
EVERYMAN. A! Jesus, is all come here to?
Lo, fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne;
They promyse, and nothynge wyll do certayne.
My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
For to a byde with me stedfastly;
And now fast a waye do they flee;
Even so Felawshyp promysed me.
What frende were best me of to provyde?
I lose my tyme here longer to abyde;
Yet in my mynde a thynge there is,—
All my lyfe I have loved ryches;
Yf that my Good now helpe me myght,
He wolde make my herte full lyght;
I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse,—
Where arte thou, my Gooddes and Ryches?
GOODES. Who calleth me? Everyman? What hast thou haste?
I lye here in corners, trussed and pyled so hye,
And in chestes I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bagges, thou mayst se with thyn eye,
I can not styre; in packes lowe I lye.
What wolde ye have? Lyghtly me saye.
EVERYMAN. Come hyder, Good, in al the hast thou may,
For of counseyll I must desyre the.
GOODES. Syr, and ye in the worlde have sorowe or adversyte,
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.
EVERYMAN. It is another dysease that greveth me;

8 entice
9 wanton
10 abroad to run
11 yea

In this worlde it is not, I tell the so,
I am sent for an other way to go,
To gyve a strayte counte generall
Before the hyest Jupyter of all.
And all my lyfe I have had joye and pleasure in the,
Therfore I pray the go with me;
For, paraventure, thou mayst before God almyghty
My rekenynge helpe to clene, and puryfye,
For it is sayd ever amonge[1]
That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.

GOODES. Nay, Everyman, I synge an other songe;
I folowe no man in suche vyages,
For, and I wente with the,
Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me:
For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde,
Thy rekenynge I have made blotted and blynde,
That thyne accounte thou can not make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.

EVERYMAN. That wolde greve me full sore,
Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answere.
Up! let us go thyther to gyder.

GOODES. Nay, not so: I am to brytell[2], I may not endure:
I wyll folowe [no] man one fote be ye sure.

EVERYMAN. Alas, I have the loved, and had grete pleasure
All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.

GOODES. That is to thy dampnacyon without lesynge[3],
For my love is contrary to the love everlastynge;
But yf thou had me loved moderately durynge[4]
As to the poore gyve parte of me,
Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be,
Nor in this grete sorowe and care.

EVERYMAN. Lo, now was I deceyved or I was ware,
And all I may wyte[5] my spendynge of tyme.

GOODES. What, wenest thou that I am thyne?

EVERYMAN. I had went[6] so.

GOODES. Naye, Everyman, I saye no:
As for a whyle I was lente the;
A season thou hast had me in prosperyte;
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll,
If I save one a thousande I do spyll[7].
Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the?
Nay, fro this worlde not veryle.

EVERYMAN. I had wende otherwyse.

GOODES. Therfore to thy soule Good is a thefe,
For whan thou arte deed, this is my gyse[8]:
Another to deceyve in this same wyse
As I have done the, and all to his soules repreffe[9].

EVERYMAN. O false Good, cursed thou be,
Thou traytour to God, that hast deceyved me
And caught me in thy snare.

GOODES. Mary[10], thou brought thy self in care,
Wherof I am gladde;
I must nedes laugh, I can not be sadde.

EVERYMAN. A! Good, thou hast had longe my hertely love;
I gave the that whiche sholde be the Lordes above:
But wylte thou not go with me in dede?
I praye the trouth to saye.

GOODES. No, so God me spede;
Therfore fare well, and have good daye.

EVERYMAN. O to whome shall I make my mone
For to go with me in that hevy journaye?
Fyrst Felawshyp sayd he wolde with me gone;
His wordes were very pleasaunte and gaye,
But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in despayre,
And also they gave me wordes fayre,—
They lacked no fayre spekynge;
But all forsake me in the endynge.
Than wente I to my Goodes, that I loved best,
In hope to have comforte, but there had I leest;
For my Goodes sharpely dyd me tell
That he bryngeth many in to hell.
Than of my selfe I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed.
Thus may I well my selfe hate.
Of whome shall I now counseyll take?
I thynke that I shall never spede
Tyll that I go to my Good-dede.
But, alas, she is so weke
That she can nother go[11] nor speke.
Yet wyll I venter on her now.—
My Good-dedes, where be you?

GOOD-DEDES. Here I lye, colde in the grounde;
Thy synnes hath me sore bounde
That I can not stere[12].

EVERYMAN. O Good-dedes, I stande in fere;
I must you pray of counseyll,
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

GOOD-DEDES. Everyman, I have understandynge
That ye be somoned a counte to make
Before Myssyas[13] of Jherusalem kynge,
And you do by me[14] that journay with you wyll I take.

1 everywhere
2 brittle
3 without lying, i. e., truly
4 the while
5 blame to
6 thought
7 destroy
8 custom
9 reproof
10 An oath by the Virgin Mary.
11 neither walk
12 stir
13 Messiah
14 If you will act by my advice (Pollard. Or possibly *by* = buy, ransom: if you deliver me.)

EVERYMAN. Therefore I come to you my moone to make.
I pray you that ye wyll go with me.
GOOD-DEDES. I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande veryly.
EVERYMAN. Why, is there ony thynge on you fall?
GOOD-DEDES. Ye, syr, I may thanke you of all.
If ye had parfytely chered[1] me,
Your boke of counte full redy had be.
Loke, the bokes of your workes and dedes eke
A! se how they lye under the fete,
To your soules hevynes.
EVERYMAN. Our Lord Jesus, helpe me,
For one letter here I can not se.
GOOD-DEDES. There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystress.
EVERYMAN. Good-dedes, I praye you helpe me in this nede,
Or elles I am for ever dampned in dede;
Therfore helpe me to make rekenynge
Before the Redemer of all thynge,
That kynge is, and was, and ever shall.
GOOD-DEDES. Everyman, I am sory of your fall,
And fayne wolde I helpe you, and I were able.
EVERYMAN. Good-dedes, your counseyll I pray you gyve me.
GOOD-DEDES. That shall I do veryly,
Thoughe that on my fete I may not go.
I have a syster that shall with you also,
Called Knowledge, whiche shall with you abyde,
To help you to make that dredefull rekenynge.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, I wyll go with the, and be thy gyde,
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.
EVERYMAN. In good condycyon I am now in every thynge,
And am hole content with this good thynge,
Thanked by[2] God my creature[3].
GOOD-DEDES. And whan he hath brought you there,
Where thou shalte hele the of thy smarte,
Than go you with your rekenynge and your good dedes togyder,
For to make you joyfull at herte
Before the blessyd Trynyte.
EVERYMAN. My Good-dedes, gramercy;
I am well content certaynly
With your wordes swete.
KNOWLEDGE. Now go we togyder lovyngly
To Confessyon, that clensynge ryvere.
EVERYMAN. For joy I wepe: I wolde we were there;
But, I pray you, gyve me cognycyon[4]
Where dwelleth that holy man Confessyon?
KNOWLEDGE. In the hous of salvacyon;
We shall fynde hym in that place,
That shall us comforte by Goddes grace.—
Lo, this is Confessyon; knele downe, & aske mercy,
For he is in good conceyte[5] with God almyghty.
EVERYMAN. O gloryous fountayne that all unclennes doth claryfy,
Wasshe fro me the spottes of vyce unclene,
That on me no synne may be sene;
I come with Knowlege for my redempcyon,
Redempte with herte and full contrycyon,
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take,
And grete accountes before God to make.
Now I praye you, Shryfte[6], moder of salvacyon,
Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.
CONFESSYON. I knowe your sorowe well, Everyman:
Bycause with Knowlege ye come to me,
I wyll you comforte as well as I can;
And a precyous jewell I wyll gyve the,
Called penaunce, [voyce] voyder[7] of adversyte;
Therwith shall your body chastysed be
With abstynence and perseveraunce in Goddes servyce:
Here shall you receyve that scourge of me
Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure,
To remembre thy Savyour was scourged for the
With sharpe scourges, and suffred it pacyently;
So must thou, or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage.—
Knowledge, kepe hym in this vyage,
And by that tyme Good-dedes wyll be with the;
But in ony wyse be seker of mercy,
For your tyme draweth fast; and ye wyll saved be,
Aske God mercy, and he wyll graunte truely:
Whan with the scourge of penaunce man doth hym bynde,
The oyle of forgyvenes than shall he fynde.
EVERYMAN. Thanked be God for his gracyous werke,
For now I wyll my penaunce begyn;
This hath rejoysed and lyghted my herte,
Though the knottes be paynfull and harde within.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, loke your penaunce that ye fulfyll,
What payne that ever it to you be;

1 entertained
2 be
3 creator
4 information
5 favor
6 absolution
7 expeller (*voyce* is probably an error)

And Knowledge shall gyve you counseyll at wyll,
How your accounte ye shall make clerely.
EVERYMAN. O eternall God, O hevenly fygure,
O way of ryghtwysnes, O goodly vysyon,
Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure
Because he wolde Everyman redeme,
Whiche Adam forfayted by his dysobedyence,
O blessyd Godheed, electe and hye devyne,
Forgyve my grevous offence;
Here I crye the mercy in this presence;
O ghostly treasure, O raunsomer and redemer!
Of all the worlde, hope and conduyter[1],
Myrrour of joye, foundatour[2] of mercy,
Whiche enlumyneth heven and erth therby,
Here my clamorous complaynt, though it late be!
Receyve my prayers; unworthy in this hevy lyfe
Though I be, a synner moost abhomynable,
Yet let my name be wryten in Moyses table.[3]
O Mary, praye to the maker of all thynge
Me for to helpe at my endynge,
And save me fro the power of my enemy;
For Deth assayleth me strongly:
And, Lady, that I may by meane of thy prayer
Of your sones glory to be partynere,
By the meanes of his passyon[4], I it crave;
I beseche you, helpe my soule to save!—
Knowledge, gyve me the scourge of penaunce,
My flesshe therwith shall gyve acqueyntaunce;
I wyll now begyn, yf God gyve me grace.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, God gyve you tyme and space;
Thus I bequeth you in the handes of our Savyour;
Now may you make your rekenynge sure.
EVERYMAN. In the name of the holy Trynyte
My body sore punysshyd shall be,
Take this, body, for the synne of the flesshe;
Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe;
And in the way of dampnacyon thou dyd me brynge;
Therfore suffre now strokes of punysshynge;
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere,
To save me from purgatory, that sharpe fyre.
GOOD-DEDES. I thanke God, now I can walke and go,
And am delyvered of my sykenesse and wo;
Therfore with Everyman I wyll go, and not spare.
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to declare.
KNOWLEDGE. Now, Everyman, be mery and glad;
Your Good-dedes cometh now, ye may not be sad;
Now is your Good-dedes hole and sounde,
Goynge upryght upon the grounde.
EVERYMAN. My herte is lyght, and shalbe evermore;
Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyde before.
GOOD-DEDES. Everyman, pylgryme, my specyall frende,
Blessyd be thou without ende;
For the is preparate the eternall glory.
Ye have me made hole and sounde,
Therfore I will byde by the in every stounde[5].
EVERYMAN. Welcome, my Good-dedes! Now I here thy voyce
I wepe for very sweteness of love.
KNOWLEDGE. Be no more sad, but ever rejoyce.
God seeth thy lyvynge in his trone above;
Put on this garment to thy behove[6],
Whiche is wette with your teres,
Or elles before God you may it mysse,
Whan ye to your journeys ende come shall.
EVERYMAN. Gentyll Knowledge, what do ye it call?
KNOWLEDGE. It is a garmente of sorowe,
Fro payne it wyll you borowe[7];
Contrycyon it is,
That getteth forgyvenes,
He pleasyth God passynge well.
GOOD-DEDES. Everyman, wyll you were it for your hele[8]?
EVERYMAN. Now blessyd be Jesu, Maryes sone,
For now have I on true contrycyon,
And lette us go now without taryenge.—
Good-dedes, have we clere our rekenynge?
GOOD-DEDES. Ye, in dede, I have here.
EVERYMAN. Than I trust we nede not fere.
Now, frendes, let us not parte in twayne.
KYNREDE.[9] Nay, Everyman, that wyll we not certayne.
GOOD-DEDES. Yet must thou led[10] with t
Thre persones of grete myght.
EVERYMAN. Who sholde they be?
GOOD-DEDES. Dyscrecyon and Strength they hyght[11],
And thy Beaute may not abyde behynde.
KNOWLEDGE. Also ye must call to mynde
Your Fyve-wyttes[12], as for your counseylours.
GOOD-DEDES. You must have them redy at all houres.
EVERYMAN. Howe shall I gette them hyder?

1 leader
2 founder
3 Apparently meaning the Book of Life
4 death on the cross
5 hour
6 profit
7 redeem
8 wear it for your healing
9 Probably error for KNOWLEDGE
10 lead
11 are called
12 The five senses

KYNREDE. You must call them all togyder,
And they wyll here you in contynent[1].
EVERYMAN. My frendes, come hyder, and be present,
Dyscrecyon, Strengthe, my Fyve-wyttes and Beaute.
BEAUTE. Here at your wyll we be all redy.
What wyll ye that we sholde do?
GOOD-DEDES. That ye wolde with Everyman go,
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage.
Advyse you, wyll ye with him or not in that vyage?
STRENGTHE. We wyll brynge hym all thyder
To his helpe and comforte, ye may beleve me.
DYSCRECYON. So wyll we go with hym all togyder.
EVERYMAN. Almyghty God, loved myght thou be;
I gyve the laude[2] that I have hyder brought
Strength, Dyscrecyon, Beaute, & Fyve-wyttes, lacke I nought:
And my Good-dedes, with Knowledge clere,
All be in my company at my wyll here;
I desyre no more to my besynes.
STRENGTHE. And I, Strength, wyll by you stande in dystres,
Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the ground.
FYVE-WYTTES. And though it were thrugh the worlde rounde,
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure,
BEAUTE. No more wyll I unto dethes houre,
What so ever therof befall.
DYSCRECYON. Everyman, advyse you fyrst of all,
Go with a good advysement and delyberacyon.
We all gyve you vertuous monycyon[3]
That all shall be well.
EVERYMAN. My frendes, harken what I wyll tell;
I praye God rewarde you in his heven spere.
Now herken all that be here,
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all present;
In almes, halfe my good I wyll gyve with my handes twayne
In the way of charyte with good entent,
And the other halfe styll shall remayne
In queth[4] to be retourned there[5] it ought to be.
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell,
To go quyte out of his perell[6]
Ever after and this daye.
KNOWLEDGE. Everyman, herken what I saye;
Go to presthode I you advyse,
And receyve of him in ony wyse
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder,
Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hyder,
We wyll all abyde you here.
FYVE-WYTTES. Ye, Everyman, hye you that ye redy were[7].
There is no Emperour, King, Duke, ne Baron
That of God hath commycyon
As hath the leest preest in the worlde beynge[8];
For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and benynge
He bereth the keyes, and thereof hath the cure[9].
For mannes redempcyon it is ever sure
Whiche God for our soules medycyne
Gave us out of his herte with grete payne.
Here in this transytory lyfe, for the and me
The blessyd sacramentes vii. there be:
Baptym, confyrmacyon, with preesthode good,
And the sacrament of Goddes precyous flesshe and blod,
Maryage, the holy extreme unccyon[10] and penaunce:
These seven be good to have in remembraunce,
Gracyous sacramentes of hye devynyte.
EVERYMAN. Fayne wolde I receyve that holy body
And mekely to my ghostly fader I wyll go.
FYVE-WYTTES. Everyman, that is the best that ye can do;
God wyll you to salvacyon brynge,
For preesthode excedeth all other thyng
To us holy scrypture they do teche,
And converteth man fro synne, heven to reche;
God hath to them more power gyven
Than to ony aungell that is in heven.
With v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesshe and blode to make,
And handeleth his Maker bytwene his handes.
The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
Both in erthe and in heven.
Thou mynystres[11] all the sacramentes seven.
Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy.
Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly.
No remedy we fynde under God
But all onely preesthode.
Every man, God gave preest that dygnyte
And setteth them in his stede amonge us to be.
Thus be they above aungelles in degree.
KNOWLEDGE. If preestes be good, it is so suerly,
But whan Jesu hanged on the crosse with grete smarte,
There he gave out of his blessyd herte
The same sacrament in grete tourment;

1 without delay
2 praise
3 admonition
4 under promise
5 where
6 out of his power
7 haste that ye may be ready
8 living
9 care
10 last anointing
11 administerest

He solde them not to us, that Lorde omnypotent;
Therfore saynt Peter the apostell dothe saye
That Jesus curse hath all they
Whiche God theyr Savyour do by[1] or sell,
Or they for[2] ony money do take or tell[3].
Synfull preestes gyveth the synners example bad; . . .
These be with synne made blynde.
FYVE-WYTTES. I trust to God, no suche may we fynde;
Therfore let us preesthode honour,
And folowe theyr doctryne for our soules socoure.
We be theyr shepe, and they shepeherdes be,
By whome we all be kepte in suerte.—
Peas! for yonder I se Everyman come,
Which hath made true satysfaccyon.
GOOD-DEDES. Me thynke, it is he in dede.
EVERYMAN. Now Jesu be your alder spede[4]!
I have receyved the sacrament for my redempcyon,
And than myne extreme unccyon.
Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it!
And now frendes, let us go without longer respyte.
I thanke God, that ye have taryed so longe.
Now set eche of you on this rodde[5] your honde,
And shortely folowe me.
I go before there I wolde be. God be your gyde.
STRENGTH. Everyman, we wyll not fro you go
Tyll we have done this vyage longe.
DYSCRECYON. I, Dyscrecyon, wyll byde by you also.
KNOWLEDGE. And though this pylgrymage be never so stronge[6]
I wyll never parte you fro.
Everyman, I wyll be as sure by the
As ever I dyde by Judas Machabee[7].
EVERYMAN. Alas! I am so faynt I may not stande,
My lymmes under me doth folde.
Frendes, let us not tourne agayne to this lande,
Not for all the worldes golde,
For in to this cave must I crepe,
And tourne to erth and there to slepe.
BEAUTE. What, in to this grave, alas!
EVERYMAN. Ye, there shall ye consume, more and lesse.[8]

BEAUTE. And what, sholde I smoder here?
EVERYMAN. Ye, by my fayth, and never more appere!
In this worlde lyve no more we shall,
But in heven before the hyest Lorde of all.
BEAUTE. I crosse out all this! adewe, by saynt Johan!
I take my tappe[9] in my lappe, and am gone.
EVERYMAN. What, Beaute, whyder wyll ye?
BEAUTE. Peas! I am defe, I loke not behynde me,
Not and thou woldest gyve me all the golde in thy chest.
EVERYMAN. Alas! whereto may I truste?
Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me.
She promysed with me to lyve and dye.
STRENGTHE. Everyman, I wyll the also forsake and denye,
Thy game lyketh[10] me not at all.
EVERYMAN. Why than ye wyll forsake me all!
Swete Strength, tary a lytell space.
STRENGTHE. Nay, syr, by the rode of grace,
I wyll hye me from the fast,
Though thou wepe to[11] thy herte to brast[12].
EVERYMAN. Ye wolde ever byde by me, ye sayd.
STRENGTHE. Ye, I have you ferre[13] ynoughe conveyde.
Ye be olde ynoughe, I understande,
Your pylgrymage to take on hande.
I repent me, that I hyder came.
EVERYMAN. Strength, you to dysplease I am to blame;
Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette[14]?
STRENGTHE. In fayth, I care not!
Thou arte but a foole to complayne;
You spende your speche, and wast your brayne;
Go, thryst[15] the into the grounde!
EVERYMAN. I had wende[16] surer I shulde you have founde:
He that trusteth in his Strength,
She hym deceyveth at the length;
Bothe Strength and Beaute forsaketh me,
Yet they promysed me fayre and lovyngly.
DYSCRECION. Everyman, I wyll after Strength be gone;
As for me I wyll leve you alone.
EVERYMAN. Why, Dyscrecyon, wyll ye forsake me?
DYSCRECION. Ye, in fayth, I wyll go fro the;
For whan Strength goth before,
I folowe after ever more.

1 buy
2 Possibly *they for* should be *therfor*.
3 count
4 the help of you all
5 rood, cross
6 difficult
7 Leader of the Jews against the Syrians in the recovery of Jerusalem, 164 B. C. See I. *Maccabees*, iii.
8 high and low alike
9 bunch of tow (for spinning: an old wives' saying)
10 pleases
11 until
12 break to pieces
13 far
14 See l. 248.
15 thrust
16 weened, thought

EVERYMAN. Yet, I pray the, for the love of the Trynyte,
Loke in my grave ones pyteously.
DYSCRECION. Nay, so nye wyll I not come!
Fare well, everychone.[1]
EVERYMAN. O all thynge fayleth, save God alone,
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon;
For, whan Deth bloweth his blast,
They all renne fro me full fast.
FYVE-WYTTES. Everyman, my leve now of the I take;
I wyll folowe the other, for here I the forsake.
EVERYMAN. Alas, than may I wayle and wepe,
For I toke you for my best frende.
FYVE-WYTTES. I wyll no lenger the kepe;
Now farewell, and there an ende.
EVERYMAN. O Jesu, helpe! all hath forsaken me.
GOOD-DEDES. Nay, Everyman, I wyll byde with the,
I wyll not forsake the in dede;
Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Good-dedes, now may I true frendes se;
They have forsaken me everychone,
I loved them better than my Good-dedes alone.
Knowlege, wyll ye forsake me also?
KNOWLEDGE. Ye, Everyman, whan ye to deth shall go;
But not yet for no maner of daunger.
EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my herte.
KNOWLEDGE. Nay, yet I wyll not from hens[2] departe,
Tyll I se where ye shall be come.
EVERYMAN. Me thynke, alas, that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge and my dettes paye;
For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye.—
Take example, all ye that this do here or se,
How they that I love best do forsake me,
Excepte my Good-dedes, that bydeth truely.
GOOD-DEDES. All erthly thynges is but vanyte,
Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon, do man forsake,
Folysshe frendes, and kynnesmen that fayre spake,
All fleeth save Good-dedes and that am I.
EVERYMAN. Have mercy on me, God moost myghty,—
And stande by me, thou moder & mayde, holy Mary.

GOOD-DEDES. Fere not, I wyll speke for the.
EVERYMAN. Here I crye, God mercy.
GOOD-DEDES. Shorte[3] our ende and mynysshe[4] our payne;
Let us go and never come agayne.
EVERYMAN. Into thy handes, Lorde, my soule I commende,
Receyve it, Lorde, that it be not lost!
As thou me boughtest, so me defende,
And save me from the fendes boost[5],
That I may appere with that blessyd hoost
That shall be saved at the day of dome.
In manus tuas[6], of myghtes moost,
For ever commendo spiritum meum[7].
KNOWLEDGE. Now hath he suffred that[8] we all shall endure,
The Good-dedes shall make all sure.
Now hath he made endynge,
Me thynketh that I here aungelles synge,
And make grete joy and melody,
Where every mannes soule receyved shall be.
THE AUNGELL. Come excellente electe spouse to Jesu!
Here above thou shalt go,
Bycause of thy synguler vertue.
Now the soule is taken the body fro
Thy rekenynge is crystall clere;
Now shalte thou in to the hevenly spere,
Unto the whiche all ye shall come
That lyveth well before the daye of dome.
DOCTOUR.* This morall, men may have in mynde;
Ye herers, take it of worth, olde and yonge,
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyveth you in the ende,
And remembre Beaute, Fyve-wyttes, Strength, and Dyscrecyon,
They all at the last do Everyman forsake,
Save[9] his Good-dedes there doth he take.
But be ware, and[10] they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all.
None excuse may be there for Everyman!
Alas! how shall he do than?
For after dethe amendes may no man make,
For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake;
If his rekenynge be not clere whan he doth come,
God wyll saye—Ite maledicti, in ignem aeternum[11].
And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde
Hye in heven he shall be crounde;

1 every one
2 hence
3 shorten
4 diminish
5 fiend's boast
6 into Thy hands
7 I commend my spirit
8 what
9 only
10 for if
11 go, ye accursed, into everlasting fire
* To the Doctour (i. e., learned man, or teacher) is assigned the epilogue, which emphasizes the moral of the play.

Unto whiche place God brynge us all thyder,
That we may lyve body and soule togyder!
Therto helpe the Trynyte!
Amen, saye ye, for saynt Charyte!

FINIS

Thus endeth this morall playe of Everyman.

WILLIAM CAXTON (1422?-1491)

THE RECUYELL OF THE HISTORIES OF TROY.*

PROLOGUE

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel took a French book, and read therein many strange and marvellous histories[1], wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same, as for the fair language of the French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence[2] and substance of every matter. And for so much of this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the royaume[3] of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink, and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard† in this present work, which is named "The Recuyell of the Trojan Histories." And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfecthess that I had in both languages, that is to wit in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned my English in Kent, in the Weald, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England; and have continued by the space of thirty years for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zealand; and thus when all these things came before me, after that[4] I had made and written five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work, and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work, and was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuned that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted Lady, my Lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of France, my sovereign lord, Duchess of Burgundy, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Limburg, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders, of Artois, and of Burgundy, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zealand, and of Namur, Marquesse of the Holy Empire, Lady of Frisia, of Salins, and of Mechlin, sent for me to speak with her good Grace of divers matters, among the which I let her Highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which[5] anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said Grace; and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in my English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly[6] to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful[7] commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said Grace and receive of her yearly fee and other many good and great benefits, (and also hope many more to receive of her Highness), but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning, also[8] nigh as I can follow my author, meekly beseeching the bounteous Highness of my said Lady that of her benevolence list[9] to accept and take in gree[10] this simple and rude work here following; and if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labor well employed, and whereas[11] there is default, that she arette[12] it to the simpleness of my cunning, which is full small in this behalf; and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation.

And thus I end my prologue.

EPILOGUE TO BOOK III.

Thus end I this book, which I have translated after mine Author as nigh as God hath

1 stories
2 sense
3 realm
* "The collection of the stories of Troy." This book, printed at Bruges in Flanders about 1474, was the first book printed in English. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 68. The spelling is here modernized.
† A legendary horse in the Charlemagne romances. "As bold as blind Bayard" was an old proverb for recklessness.

4 after
5 who
6 strictly
7 revered
8 just as
9 she please
10 graciously
11 where
12 may she attribute

given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praising. And for as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, my hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyne dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address[13] to them as hastily as I might this said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain[14] this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be; to the end that every man may have them at once. For all the books of this story, named "The Recule of the Histories of Troy" thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day, which book I have presented to my said redoubted Lady, as afore is said. And she hath well accepted it, and largely rewarded me, wherefore I beseech Almighty God to reward her everlasting bliss after this life, praying her said Grace and all them that shall read this book not to disdain the simple and rude work, neither to reply against the saying of the matters touched in this book, though it accord not unto the translation of others which have written it. For divers men have made divers books which in all points accord not, as Dictes, Dares,[15] and Homer. For Dictes and Homer, as Greeks, say and write favorably for the Greeks, and give them more worship than to the Trojans; and Dares writeth otherwise than they do. And also as for the proper names, it is no wonder that they accord not, for some one name in these days have divers equivocations after the countries that they dwell in; but all accord in conclusion the general destruction of that noble city of Troy, and the death of so many noble princes, as kings, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and common people, and the ruin irreparable of that city that never since was re-edified; which may be example to all men during the world how dreadful and jeopardous it is to begin a war, and what harms, losses, and death followeth. Therefore the Apostle saith: "All that is written is written to our doctrine[16]," which doctrine for the common weal I beseech God may be taken in such place and time as shall be most needful in increasing of peace, love, and charity; which grant us He that suffered for the same to be crucified on the rood tree. And say we all Amen for charity!

13 send
14 prepare
15 Reputed authors of Trojan tales which are found only in late Latin, and which, though popular in the Middle Ages, have sunk into obscurity.
16 for our instruction

SIR THOMAS MALORY (d. 1471)

From LE MORTE DARTHUR.*

How Arthur Was Chosen King. Book I, Chapters IV-VII

And then King Uther fell passing[1] sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless: wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin[2] what counsel were best. There is none other remedy, said Merlin, but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak. So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came before the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance? Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown, upon forfeiture of my blessing; and therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be

1 exceeding (surpassing)
2 A magician, Arthur's adviser.

* Of the hundred books printed by Caxton, this was in every way one of the most important —in size, in intrinsic literary value, and in the influence it was destined to have upon succeeding literature. Its author compiled it out of the enormous amount of material which had grown up in Western Europe about the legends of King Arthur and of the Holy Grail, drawing mainly from French sources, but bringing to it original constructive and imaginative elements and in particular an admirable narrative style. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 68. The spelling of our text, as in all the succeeding prose of this volume, is modernized.

ing of mankind, for to show some miracle who hould be rightwise king of this realm. So ie Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent or all the lords and gentlemen of arms that ney should come by Christmas even unto Lon-on. And many of them made them clean of eir life[3], that their prayer might be the more ceptable unto God.

So in the greatest church of London, whether were Paul's* or not the French book maketh o mention, all the estates[4] were long or[5] day n the church for to pray. And when matins nd the first mass was done, there was seen in ie churchyard, against the high altar, a great one four square, like unto a marble stone, and n midst thereof was like an[6] anvil of steel a ot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword, aked, by the point, and letters there were ritten in gold about the sword that said thus: -Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone nd anvil, is rightwise king born of all Eng-nd. Then the people marvelled, and told it to ie Archbishop. I command, said the Arch-shop, that ye keep you within your church, nd pray unto God still; that no man touch the word till the high mass be all done. So when l masses were done all the lords went to be-old the stone and the sword. And when they w the scripture, some assayed[7]; such as would ave been king. But none might stir the sword or move it. He is not here, said the Arch-shop, that shall achieve[8] the sword, but doubt ot God will make him known. But this is my ounsel, said the Archbishop, that we let pur-ey[9] ten knights, men of good fame, and they keep this sword. So it was ordained, and en there was made a cry, that every man ould assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let ake a jousts[10] and a tournament, that all nights that would joust or tourney there might ay, and all this was ordained for to keep e lords together and the commons, for the rchbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished[11] brother; and Sir Kay was[12] made knight at All Hallowmass afore.

So as they rode to the jousts-ward, Sir Kay lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alit and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist[13] well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alit all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so, for there should[14] never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again.

were shriven of their sins
The three estates, clergy, lords, and commons.
before
a kind of
The present site of St. Paul's has been occupied by various churches; there is even a tradition that before the introduction of Christianity a temple of Diana stood on the spot. King Ethelbert erected a cathedral there in 607 and dedicated it to St. Paul. It was burned in 1086. Then was built the old St. Paul's which Malory knew, and which lasted until the great fire of 1666, to be followed by the present structure designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

7 tried
8 attain
9 cause to be provided
10 tilting-match (usually single combat, as distinct from a tourney or tournament).
11 foster
12 had been
13 knew
14 could (was fated)

That is no mastery[15], said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone, wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed. Now assay, said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be.

Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me? Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well ye are of an higher blood than I weened ye were. And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken[16] him for to nourish him, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are king? Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother your wife, that as well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you, God forbid I should fail you. Sir, said Sir Ector, I will ask no more of you, but that ye will make my son, your foster brother, Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and more, by the faith of my body, that never man shall have that office but he, while he and I live.

Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth-day[17] all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was a great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born, and so they fell out[18] at that time that it was put off till Candlemas[19], and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched.

So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped[20] before, so did he at Easter, yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury by Merlin's providence[21] let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfius, Sir Brastias. All these with many other were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay, but none might prevail but Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that[22] holdeth against it, we will slay him. And therewith all they kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar, where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of[23] the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life.

How Arthur by the Mean of Merlin Gat Excalibur His Sword of the Lady of the Lake. Book I, Chapter XXV.

Right so the king and he departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech[24]. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go[25], and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force[26], said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours, an I may[27]. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad,

15 feat
16 entrusted to
17 The festival of the Epiphany, twelfth day after Christmas.
18 were so dissatisfied
19 Feb. 2.
20 succeeded
21 prudence
22 whoever
23 by (viz., the Archbishop)
24 physician
25 walk
26 no matter
27 if I have power

id in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware
an arm clothed in white samite[28], that held
fair sword in that hand. Lo! said Merlin,
nder is that sword that I spake of. With
at they saw a damosel going[29] upon the lake.
hat damosel is that? said Arthur. That is
e Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within
at lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a
ace as any on earth, and richly beseen[30]; and
is damosel will come to you anon, and
en speak ye fair to her that she will give you
at sword. Anon withal came the damosel
nto Arthur, and saluted him, and he her again.
amosel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that
nder the arm holdeth above the water? I
ould it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir
rthur, king, said the damosel, that sword is
ine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask
you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Ar-
nur, I will give you what gift ye will ask.
Vell! said the damosel, go ye into yonder
arge, and row yourself to the sword, and take
and the scabbard with you, and I will ask
y gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur
nd Merlin alit and tied their horses to two
rees, and so they went into the ship, and when
ney came to the sword that the hand held, Sir
rthur took it up by the handles, and took it
rith him, and the arm and the hand went
nder the water.

And so they came unto the land and rode
orth, and then Sir Arthur saw a rich pavilion.
What signifieth yonder pavilion? It is the
night's pavilion, said Merlin, that ye fought
rith last, Sir Pellinore; but he is out, he is
ot there. He hath ado with a knight of yours
hat hight[31] Egglame, and they have foughten
ogether, but at the last Egglame fled, and else
e had been dead, and he hath chased him
ven to Carlion[32], and we shall meet with him
non in the highway. That is well said, said
rthur, now have I a sword, now will I wage
attle with him, and be avenged on him. Sir,
ou shall not so, said Merlin, for the knight is
eary of fighting and chasing, so that ye shall
ave no worship[33] to have ado with him; also
e will not be lightly matched of one[34] knight
iving, and therefore it is my counsel, let him
ass, for he shall do you good service in short
ime, and his sons after his days. Also ye
hall see that day in short space, you shall be
light glad to give him your sister to wed.
When I see him, I will do as ye advise, said
Arthur.

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well. Whether liketh[35] you better, said Merlin, the sword or the scabbard? Me liketh better the sword, said Arthur. Ye are more unwise, said Merlin, for the scabbard is worth ten of the swords, for whiles ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall never lose no blood be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you. So they rode unto Carlion, and by the way they met with Sir Pellinore; but Merlin had done such a craft[36], that Pellinore saw not Arthur, and he passed by without any words. I marvel, said Arthur, that the knight would not speak. Sir, said Merlin, he saw you not, for an[37] he had seen you, ye had not lightly departed. So they came unto Carlion, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures, they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so, alone. But all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

How King Arthur Took a Wife, and Wedded Guenever, Daughter to Leodegrance, King of the Land of Cameliard, with Whom He Had the Round Table. Book III, Chapter I

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace, for the most part of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, but as Merlin made it openly known, but yet many kings and lords held great war against him for that cause. But well Arthur overcame them all, for[1] the most part the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin. So it fell on a time King Arthur said unto Merlin, My barons will let me have no rest, but needs I must take a wife, and I will none take but by thy counsel and by thine advice. It is well done, said Merlin, that ye take a wife, for a man of your bounty[2] and noblesse should not be without a wife. Now is there any that ye love more than another? Yea, said King Arthur, I love Guenever the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard, the which holdeth in his house the Table Round that ye told he had of my father Uther. And this damosel is the most valiant and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that ever I could find. Sir, said Merlin, as of[3] her beauty and fairness she is one of the fairest on live[4], but, an ye loved her not so

28 A rich silk fabric.
29 walking
30 appointed
31 is called
32 Carleon-upon-Usk in Wales, one of Arthur's courts.
33 honor
34 by any
35 which pleaseth
36 worked such magic
37 if

1 because
2 prowess
3 as for
4 alive

well as ye do, I should find you a damosel of beauty and of goodness that should like[5] you and please you, an your heart were not set; but there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return. That is truth, said King Arthur. But Merlin warned the king covertly that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again[6]; and so he turned his tale to the adventures of the Sangreal.

Then Merlin desired of the king for to have men with him that should enquire of Guenever, and so the king granted him, and Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have unto his wife Guenever his daughter. That is to me, said King Leodegrance, the best tidings that ever I heard, that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as for my lands, I will give him, wist I it might please him, but he hath lands enow, him needeth none, but I shall send him a gift shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me, and when it is full complete, there is an hundred knights and fifty. And as for an hundred good knights I have myself, but I fawte[7] fifty, for so many have been slain in my days. And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Table Round with the hundred knights, and so they rode freshly[8], with great royalty, what by water and what by land, till that they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Table Round, then King Arthur made great joy for her coming, and that rich present, and said openly, This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so lief[9] to me. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than right great riches. And in all haste the king let ordain[10] for the marriage and the coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised.

How an Old Man Brought Galahad to the Siege Perilous and Set Him Therein. Book XIII, Chapters I-IV

At the vigil of Pentecost[1], when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot[2] and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to[3] the meat, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweated. Then she there alit, and came before the king and saluted him; and he said: Damosel, God thee bless. Sir, said she, for God's sake say me where Sir Launcelot is. Yonder ye may see him, said the king. Then she went unto Launcelot and said: Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles' behalf, and I require you to come on with me hereby into a forest. Then Sir Launcelot asked her with whom she dwelled. I dwell, said she, with King Pelles[4]. What will ye with me? said Launcelot. Ye shall know, said she, when ye come thither. Well, said he, I will gladly go with you. So Sir Launcelot bad his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms; and in all haste he did his commandment. Then came the queen unto Launcelot, and said: Will ye leave us at this high feast? Madam, said the gentlewoman, wit[5] ye well he shall be with you tomorn[6] by dinner time. If I wist, said the queen, that he should not be with us here tomorn he should not go with you by my good will.

Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode until that he came into a forest and into a great valley, where they saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready and opened the gates, and so they entered and descended off their horses; and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming. And then they led him unto the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him; and right so he was ware upon a bed lying two of his cousins, Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and then he waked them; and when they saw him they made great joy. Sir, said Sir Bors unto Sir Launcelot, what adventure hath brought you hither, for we weened tomorn to have found you at Camelot? As God me help, said Sir Launcelot, a gentlewoman brought me hither, but I know not the cause.

In the meanwhile that they thus stood talking together, therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad,[7] the which was passing fair and well made, that unnethe[8] in the world men might not find his match: and all those ladies wept. Sir, said they all, we bring you here this child the which we have

5 suit
6 in return
7 lack (fault)
8 gaily
9 dear
10 ordered preparation

1 Whitsunday (the seventh Sunday after Easter), commemorating the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles.

2 The legendary seat of Arthur's court.
3 for
4 "King of the foreign country and cousin nigh unto Joseph of Arimathæa." (Malory.)
5 know
6 to-morrow morning
7 The son of Launcelot.
8 scarcely

nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight, for of a more worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood. Sir Launcelot beheld the young squire and saw him seemly and demure as a dove, with all manner of good features, that he weened of his age never to have seen so fair a man of form. Then said Sir Launcelot: Cometh this desire of himself? He and all they said yea. Then shall he, said Sir Launcelot, receive the high order of knighthood as[11] tomorn at the reverence[9] of the high feast. That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer; and on the morn at the hour of prime,[10] at Galahad's desire, he made him knight and said: God make him a good man, for of beauty faileth you not as any that liveth.

Now fair sir, said Sir Launcelot, will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur? Nay, said he, I will not go with you as[11] at this time. Then he departed from them and took his two cousins with him, and so they came unto Camelot by the hour of underne[12] on Whitsunday. By that time the king and the queen were gone to the minster to hear their service. Then the king and the queen were passing glad of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and so was all the fellowship.

So when the king and all the knights were come from service, the barons espied in the sieges[13] of the Round Table all about, written with golden letters: Here ought to sit he,[14] and he[14] ought to sit here. And thus they went so long till that they came to the Siege Perilous,[15] where they found letters newly written of gold which said: Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion[16] of our Lord Jesu Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled.[17] Then all they said: This is a marvellous thing and an adventurous. In the name of God, said Sir Launcelot; and then accounted the term of the writing[18] from the birth of our Lord unto that day. It seemeth me, said Sir Launcelot, this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and four and fifty year; and if it would please all parties, I would none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to achieve this adventure. Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk, for to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous.

Then the king bad haste unto dinner. Sir, said Sir Kay the Steward, if ye go now unto your meat ye shall break your old custom of your court, for ye have not used on this day to sit at your meat or that[19] ye have seen some adventure. Ye say sooth, said the king, but I had so great joy of Sir Launcelot and of his cousins, which be come to the court whole[20] and sound, so that I bethought me not of mine old custom. So, as they stood speaking, in came a squire and said unto the king: Sir, I bring unto you marvellous tidings. What be they? said the king. Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw fleet[21] above the water, and therein I saw sticking a sword. The king said: I will see that marvel.

So all the knights went with him, and when they came to the river they found there a stone fleeting, as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones wrought with subtil[22] letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters which said in this wise: Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world. When the king had seen the letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot: Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knight of the world. Then Sir Launcelot answered full soberly: Certes, sir, it is not my sword; also, Sir, wit ye well I have no hardiness to set my hand to it, for it longed[23] not to hang by my side. Also, who that assayeth to take the sword and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole[20] long after. And I will that ye wit that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal, that is called the Holy Vessel, begin.*

9 observance
10 at the first hour
11 The word is redundant.
12 late forenoon
13 seats
14 So-and-so
15 Seat of Peril
16 suffering, crucifixion
17 occupied
18 calculated the time set down in the writing
19 before
20 hale, well
21 float
22 cunning
23 Probably for *longeth*, belongs.

* "Though the earliest French accounts of the Holy Grail differ in many details, from them all we can make up a story somewhat as follows: Joseph of Arimathæa, after taking Christ's body from the cross, collected his blood in the Grail, a dish or cup which our Lord had used at the Last Supper. Then, because Joseph had buried Christ reverently, he was thrown into prison by the angry Jews, who tried to starve him; but Joseph was solaced and fed by the Grail, miraculously presented to him by Christ in person. Released after forty years, Joseph set out from Jerusalem with his wife and kindred, who, having accepted his faith, were ready to follow him and his sacred vessel to far-off lands. He went through various adventures, principally conversions of heathen, the most important being of the King of Sarras and his people." (Howard Maynadier: *The Arthur of the English Poets.*) After the disappearance of the holy relic (which was reported to be of emerald), the quest of it was a visionary search often undertaken, according to the legends, as a test of purity. It was a wave of fanaticism prompting this search that broke up Arthur's goodly fellowship of knights.

Now, fair nephew, said the king unto Sir Gawaine, assay ye, for my love. Sir, he said, save your good grace[24] I shall not do that. Sir, said the king, assay to take the sword and at my commandment. Sir, said Gawaine, your commandment I will obey. And therewith he took up the sword by the handles, but he might not stir it. I thank you, said the king to Sir Gawaine. My lord Sir Gawaine, said Sir Launcelot, now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm. Sir, he said, I might not withsay mine uncle's will and commandment. But when the king heard this he repented it much, and said unto Sir Percivale that he should assay, for his love. And he said: Gladly, for to bear Sir Gawaine fellowship. And therewith he set his hand on the sword and drew it strongly, but he might not move it. Then were there [no[25]] more that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto. Now may ye go to your dinner, said Sir Kay unto the king, for a marvellous adventure have ye seen.

So the king and all went unto the court, and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein, and young men that were knights served them. So when they were served, and all sieges fulfilled save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that[26] all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themself. Not for then [27] the hall was not greatly darked; and therewith they [were all[25]] abashed both one and other. Then King Arthur spake first and said: By God, fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but or[28] night I suppose we shall see greater marvels.

In the meanwhile came in a good old man, and an ancient, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, both on foot, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words he said: Peace be with you, fair lords. Then the old man said unto Arthur: Sir, I bring here a young knight, the which is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Aramathie, whereby the marvels of this court, and of strange realms, shall be fully accomplished. The king was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man: Sir, ye be right welcome, and the young knight with you.

24 A deprecatory phrase.
25 Inserted in the second edition by Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde.
26 in that
27 nevertheless
28 ere

Then the old man made the young man to unarm him, and he was in a coat of red sendal,[29] and bare a mantle upon his shoulder that was furred with ermine, and put that upon him. And the old knight said unto the young knight: Sir, follow me. And anon he led him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot; and the good man lift up the cloth, and found there letters that said thus: This is the siege of Galahad, the haut[30] prince. Sir, said the old knight, wit ye well that place is yours. And then he set him down surely in that siege. And then he said to the old man: Sir, ye may now go your way, for well have ye done that ye were commanded to do; and recommend me unto my grandsire, King Pelles, and unto my lord Petchere, and say them on my behalf, I shall come and see them as soon as ever I may. So the good man departed; and there met him twenty noble squires, and so took their horses and went their way. Then all the knights of the Table Round marvelled greatly of Sir Galahad, that he durst sit there in that Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age; and wist not from whence he came but all only[31] by God; and said: This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved, for there sat never none but he, but he were mischieved.[32]

Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son and had great joy of him. Then Bors told his fellows: Upon pain of my life this young knight shall come unto great worship.[33] This noise was great in all the court, so that it came to the queen. Then she had marvel what knight it might be that durst adventure him to sit in the Siege Perilous. Many said unto the queen he resembled much unto Sir Launcelot. I may well suppose, said the queen, that Sir Launcelot, being won by enchantment, had him of King Pelles' daughter, and his name is Galahad. I would fain see him, said the queen, for he must needs be a noble man, for so is his father, I report me unto[34] all the Table Round. So when the meat was done that the king and all were risen, the king yede[35] unto the Siege Perilous and lift up the cloth, and found there the name of Galahad; and then he shewed it unto Sir Gawaine, and said: Fair nephew, now have we among us Sir Galahad, the good knight that shall worship[33] us all; and upon pain of my life he shall achieve the Sangreal, right as Sir Launcelot had done[36] us to understand. Then came King Arthur unto Galahad and said: Sir, ye be welcome, for ye shall move

29 thin silk
30 high
31 unless it were
32 harmed
33 honor
34 call to witness
35 went
36 caused

many good knights to the quest of the Sangreal, and ye shall achieve that never knights might bring to an end. Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to shew Galahad the adventures of the stone.

How Sir Launcelot Was Tofore the Door of the Chamber Wherein the Holy Sangreal Was. Book XVII. Chapters XIII-XV.

Now saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep there came a vision unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up and take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he heard these words he start up and saw great clearness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him,[1] and so took his arms and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt, and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then he said: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day.

And when he awoke he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percivale's sister.* And as Launcelot devised[2] her, he espied in her right hand a writ, the which he read, the which told him all the adventures that ye have heard tofore, and of what lineage she was come. So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more. If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed; for every day when he had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost.

So on a night he went to play him by the water side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship. And then he listened and heard an horse come, and one riding upon him. And when he came nigh he seemed a knight. And so he let him pass, and went thereas[3] the ship was; and there he alit, and took the saddle and the bridle and put the horse from him, and went into the ship. And then Launcelot dressed[4] unto him, and said: Ye be welcome. And he answered and saluted him again,[5] and asked him: What is your name? for much my heart giveth[6] unto you. Truly, said he, my name is Launcelot du Lake. Sir, said he, then be ye welcome, for ye were the beginner of me in this world. Ah, said he, are ye Galahad? Yea, forsooth, said he; and so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him.

And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between, as kin would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there every each[7] told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith[8] that they departed from the court. Anon, as Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, that she was the best maid living, and it was great pity of her death. But when Launcelot heard how the marvellous sword was gotten, and who made it, and all the marvels rehearsed afore, then he prayed Galahad, his son, that he would show him the sword†, and so he did; and anon he kissed the pommel, and the hilt, and the scabbard. Truly, said Launcelot, never erst knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange.

So dwelt Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power; and often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts, and there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end; but for[9] those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sangreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest tofore a cross;

1 crossed himself
2 gazed upon
3 where
* She had given her blood to heal a lady and had made this dying request of her brother: "As soon as I am dead, put me in a boat at the next haven, and let me go as adventure will lead me; and as soon as ye three come to the city of Sarras, there to achieve the Holy Grail, ye shall find me under a tower arrived, and there bury me in the spiritual place."

4 addressed himself (or simply "went")
5 in return
6 goeth out
7 each one
8 since
9 because
† The sword of King David, which had been put by Solomon into this miraculous ship, and which maimed or slew all who attempted to draw it, until Galahad came.

and then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse; and so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the High Lord's behalf, and said: Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sangreal. Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said: Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ. I pray you, said Launcelot, pray ye to the High Father that He hold me in His service. And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said: Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom. Now, son Galahad, said Launcelot, syne[10] we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the High Father to conserve me and you both. Sir, said Galahad, no prayer availeth so much as yours. And therewith Galahad entered into the forest.

And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sangreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire.

Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest[11] thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service that thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed; now see I well that ye hold me for your servant. Then took he again his sword and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant[12] to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest.

Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not. Then he enforced him mickle[13] to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven. Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased Thee, Lord for Thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that thou show me something of that I seek. And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as[14] all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it; and if thou enter thou shalt forthink[15] it. Then he withdrew him aback right heavy.[16]

Then looked he up in the middes of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel, covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest. And it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass.[17] And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands; and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought the priest was so greatly charged of[18] the figure that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace,[19] and said: Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man which hath great need of help. Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled[20]

10 since
11 trustest
12 semblance (made as if)
13 tried hard
14 as if
15 repent
16 sad
17 the communion service
18 burdened with
19 quickly
20 intermingled

with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent[21] his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged,[22] that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people.

So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir no member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said, Nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

How Galahad and His Fellows Were Fed of the Holy Sangreal, and how Galahad Was Made King. Book XVII. Chapters XIX-XXII

So departed Galahad from thence, and rode five days till that he came to the maimed king.[23] And ever followed Percivale the five days, asking where he had been; and so one told him how the adventures of Logris were achieved. So on a day it befell that they came out of a great forest, and there they met at traverse[24] with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is none need to tell if they were glad; and them he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure,[25] and every each told other. Then said Bors: It is more than a year and a half that I ne lay ten times where men dwelled, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort. Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle King Pelles knew them; then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sangreal.

21 burnt
22 like one so angry
23 Pelles, who had attempted to draw the miraculous sword.
24 crossed paths
25 A salutation, *buona ventura*, "good luck."

Then Eliazar, King Pelles' son, brought tofore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if that he might have soldered it again; but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for an it be ever achieved by any bodily man ye must do it. And then he took the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword to Bors, for it might not be better set[26]; for he was a good knight and a worthy man.

And a little afore even, the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat that many men fell for dread. And anon alit a voice among them, and said: They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very[27] knights be fed. So they went thence, all save King Pelles and Eliazar, his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece; and so these three fellows and they three were there, no more.

Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad: Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table where the holy meat shall be departed.[28] Then said he: Ye be welcome, but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus there came out a bed of tree,[29] of[30] a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought; and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the middes of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head, and said: Galahad, Knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and in such anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God the term is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world so as it was promised me long ago.

Therewith a voice said: There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sangreal, and therefore depart ye. Then King Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man, and four angels from heaven, clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand; and these four

26 placed
27 true
28 divided, distributed
29 wood
30 from

angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sangreal was; and it seemed that he had in middes of his forehead letters the which said: See ye here Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which Our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year tofore. O knights, said he, marvel not, for I was sometime[31] an earthly man.

With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvellously, and three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblant as though he would have gone to the sacring of the mass. And then he took an ubbly[32] which was made in likeness of bread. And at the lifting up there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it that the bread was formed of a fleshly man; and then he put it into the holy vessel again, and then he did that longed[33] to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bad him go and kiss his fellows: and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweetmeats that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away. And they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers.

Then looked they and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion[34] of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said: My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the holy vessel and came to Galahad; and he kneeled down, and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows; and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell.

Then said he to Galahad: Son, wotest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if[35] ye will tell me. This is, said he, the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-Thursday[36]. And now hast thou seen that thou most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence and bear with thee this holy vessel; for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here. And wotest thou wherefore? For he is not served nor worshipped to his right by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living; therefore I shall disherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take the sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear for to anoint the maimed king, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health.

Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us? For this cause: for right as I departed[37] my apostles one here and another there, so I will that ye depart; and two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away. And Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came after to the maimed king and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him[38] anon, and start upon his feet out of his bed as an whole man, and thanked Our Lord that He had healed him. . . .

Right so departed Galahad, Percivale and Bors with him; and so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage,[39] and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of tofore. And when they came to the board[40] they found in the middes the table of silver which they had left with the maimed king, and the Sangreal which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship; and so they entered and made great reverence thereto; and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to Our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world. So much he prayed till a voice said to him: Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul.

31 once
32 wafer
33 what belonged
34 crucifixion
35 unless
36 the day before Good Friday
37 parted
38 himself
39 shore
40 aboard

Percivale heard this, and prayed him, of[41] fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad; the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sangreal I was in such a joy of heart, that I trow never man was that was earthly. And therefore I wot well, when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the Majesty of Our Lord, Jesu Christ. So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad: Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while; and when he awaked he looked afore him and saw the city of Sarras.

And as they would have landed they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in. Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors, to go tofore, and Galahad came behind. And right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him and bad him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran he to the table, and took one part against[42] Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city. Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be.

And when the king of the city, which was cleped[43] Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sangreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them and put them in prison in a deep hole. But as soon as they were there Our Lord sent them the Sangreal, through whose grace they were alway fulfilled while that they were in prison.

So at the year's end it befel that this King Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him; and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly; and he died anon. When the king was dead all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel there came a voice among them, and bad them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king: For he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the holy city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make above the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones, that hylled[44] the holy vessel. And every day early the three fellows would come afore it, and make their prayers. Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels as it had been Jesu Christ himself; and then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to him: Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that[45] thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard when the deadly[46] flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven and said: Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee, Lord.

And therewith the good man took Our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now wotest thou what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad. I am Joseph of Aramathie, the which Our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship; and wotest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things; in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal, and in that thou hast been a clean maiden,[47] as I have been and am. And when he had said these words Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said: Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him, bid him remember of this unstable world.[48] And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and

41 by the
42 the part opposite
43 who was called
44 covered
45 that which
46 mortal
47 pure youth
48 remember the instability of life

made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body. And then it came right to the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sangreal.

How Mordred Was Slain and Arthur Hurt to the Death. Book XXI. Chapters IV-VII

Then were they condescended[1] that King Arthur and Sir Mordred* should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: I am glad that this is done, and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn: Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In likewise Sir Mordred warned his host that: An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me. And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank.

Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamous,[2] trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them[3] together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: Alas this unhappy day! and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in likewise.

And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining[4] and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle[5] of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir,[6] and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.[7]

Then was Arthur wood[8] wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief.

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword amongst a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy;[9] and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live; and if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide[10] me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying: Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he

1 agreed
2 beaumes (a kind of trumpet)
3 rushed
4 thrusting
* During Arthur's absence his nephew Mordred (or son, as he is sometimes called) usurped his throne and gave battle to Arthur upon his return.

5 ranks
6 did his best (his utmost endeavor)
7 high plain
8 madly
9 of evil omen
10 befall

thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth.

And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned ofttimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere ofttimes heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit[11] what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede,[12] he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers[13] and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out,[14] there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by my rede,[15] said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king, but I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream.

Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast.[16] And when he king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul!

Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in.

Then Sir Bevidere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft[17] he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne.[18] Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if[19] thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him

11 let me know
12 went
13 pillagers
14 outright
15 advice
16 burst
17 again
18 lap and ebb (ebb and flow)
19 unless

what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion[20] to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear.

And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware, betwixt two holts hoar,[21] of a chapel and an hermitage. Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.[22] Sir, said Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming.[23] But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants.[24] Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel.

Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know you better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had[25] by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.*[26] Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence.

[20] Or Avalon, the Celtic Land of the Blessed, or Earthly Paradise.
[21] two gray wooded hills
[22] put to flight
[23] I can only conjecture
[24] a gold coin (named from Byzantium)

SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535)

From UTOPIA.*

The Epistle

Thomas More to Peter Giles,† sendeth greeting:

I am almost ashamed, right well-beloved Peter Giles, to send unto you this book of the Utopian commonwealth, well nigh after a year's space, which I am sure you looked for within a month and a half. And no marvel. For you knew well enough that I was already disburdened of all the labor and study belonging to the invention in this work, and that I had no need at all to trouble my brains about the disposition or conveyance of the mat-

[25] taken
[26] *Here lies Arthur, king that was and shall be.*

* This book was written and published in Latin in 1516. It was translated by Ralph Robinson in 1551. The extracts here given are from the second edition of Robinson's translation, 1556. "Utopia" is a word made from the Greek, meaning "nowhere." As the imaginary commonwealth is pictured in such attractive colors, it is easy to regard the first syllable of the name as representing the Greek *eu*, "well," instead of *ou*, "not," and "Utopian" has come to mean "perfect," as well as "visionary."

† A friend of More who lived at Antwerp.

ter, and therefore had herein nothing else to do but only to rehearse those things which you and I together heard master Raphael‡ tell and declare. Wherefore there was no cause why I should study to set forth the matter with eloquence: forasmuch as his talk could not be fine and eloquent, being first not studied for, but sudden and unpremeditate, and then, as you know, of a man better seen[1] in the Greek language than in the Latin tongue. And my writing, the nigher it should approach to his homely, plain, and simple§ speech, so much the higher should it go to the truth, which is the only mark whereunto I do and ought to direct all my travail and study herein.

I grant and confess, friend Peter, myself discharged of so much labor, having all these things ready done to my hand, that almost there was nothing left for me to do. Else either the invention or the disposition of this matter might have required of a wit neither base, neither at all unlearned, both some time and leisure, and also some study. But if it were requisite and necessary that the matter should also have been written eloquently, and not alone truly, of a surety that thing could I have performed by no time nor study. But now seeing all these cares, stays, and lets[2] were taken away, wherein else so much labor and study should have been employed, and that there remained no other thing for me to do but only to write plainly the matter as I heard it spoken, that indeed was a thing light and easy to be done.

Howbeit, to the dispatching of this so little business my other cares and troubles did leave almost less than no leisure. Whiles I do daily bestow my time about law matters, some to plead, some to hear, some as an arbitrator with mine award to determine, some as an umpire or a judge, with my sentence finally to discuss; whiles I go one way to see and visit my friend, another way about mine own private affairs; whiles I spend almost all the day abroad amongst other, and the residue at home among mine own: I leave to myself, I mean to my book, no time. For when I am come home, I must commen[3] with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants. All the which things I reckon and account among business, forasmuch as they must of necessity be done: and done must they needs be, unless a man will be a stranger in his own house. And in any wise a man must so fashion and order his conditions, and so appoint and dispose himself, that he be merry, jocund, and pleasant among them whom either nature hath provided, or chance hath made, or he himself hath chosen, to be the fellows and companions of his life, so that with too much gentle behavior and familiarity he do not mar them, and by too much sufferance of his servants make them his masters.

Among these things now rehearsed stealeth away the day, the month, the year. When do I write then? And all this while have I spoken no word of sleep, neither yet of meat, which among a great number doth waste no less time than doth sleep, wherein almost half the lifetime of man creepeth away. I therefore do win and get only that time which I steal from sleep and meat. Which time because it is very little, and yet somewhat it is, therefore have I once at the last, though it be long first, finished Utopia, and have sent it to you, friend Peter, to read and peruse, to the intent that if anything have escaped me, you might put me in remembrance of it. For though in this behalf I do not greatly mistrust myself (which would God I were somewhat in wit and learning as I am not all of the worst and dullest memory) yet have I not so great trust and confidence in it that I think nothing could fall out of my mind.

For John Clement, my boy,* who as you know was there present with us, whom I suffer to be away from no talk wherein may be any profit or goodness (for out of this young bladed and new shot up corn, which hath already begun to spring up both in Latin and Greek learning, I look for plentiful increase at length of goodly ripe grain),—he, I say, hath brought me into a great doubt. For whereas Hythloday (unless my memory fail me) said that the bridge of Amaurote, which goeth over the river of Anyder, is five hundred paces, that is to say, half a mile in length, my John sayeth that two hundred of those paces must be plucked away, for that the river containeth there not above three hundred paces in breadth. I pray you heartily, call the matter to your remembrance. For if you agree with him, I also will say as you say, and confess myself deceived. But if you cannot remember the thing,

[1] versed
[2] hindrances
[3] commune

‡ Raphael Hythloday, the imaginary narrator, whom More professes to have met in Antwerp. His name means "teller of idle tales."

§ To use two or three words thus for the same idea was a common practice of writers of the time, and especially of translators, who often took this means of giving both the Latin derivative and its Saxon equivalent. More's Latin is much terser than his translator's English.

* He was a tutor in More's household.

then surely I will write as I have done and as mine own remembrance serveth me. For as I will take good heed that there be in my book nothing false, so if there be anything doubtful, I will rather tell a lie than make a lie; because I had rather be good, than wily.

Howbeit, this matter may easily be remedied if you will take the pains to ask the question of Raphael himself by word of mouth, if he be now with you, or else by your letters. Which you must needs do for another doubt also that hath chanced,—through whose fault I cannot tell, whether through mine, or yours, or Raphael's. For neither we remembered to inquire of him, nor he to tell us, in what part of the new world Utopia is situate. The which thing, I had rather have spent no small sum of money than that it should thus have escaped us: as well for that I am ashamed to be ignorant in what sea that island standeth, whereof I write so long a treatise, as also because there be with us certain men, and especially one virtuous and godly man, and a professor of divinity, who is exceeding desirous to go unto Utopia; not for a vain and curious desire to see news,[4] but to the intent he may further and increase our religion, which is there already luckily begun. And that he may the better accomplish and perform this his good intent, he is minded to procure that he may be sent thither by the high Bishop; yea, and that he himself may be made Bishop of Utopia: being nothing scrupulous herein, that he must obtain this Bishopric with suit.[5] For he counteth that a godly suit which proceedeth not of the desire of honor or lucre, but only of a godly zeal.

Wherefore I most earnestly desire you, friend Peter, to talk with Hythloday, if you can, face to face, or else to write your letters to him, and so to work in this matter that in this my book there may neither anything be found which is untrue, neither anything be lacking which is true.

And I think verily it shall be well done that you show unto him the book itself. For if I have missed or failed in any point, or if any fault have escaped me, no man can so well correct and amend it as he can: and yet that can he not do unless he peruse and read over my book written. Moreover, by this means shall you perceive whether he be well willing and content that I should undertake to put this work in writing. For if he be minded to publish and put forth his own labors and travails himself, perchance he would be loth, and so would I also, that in publishing the Utopian weal public,[6] I should prevent[7] him, and take from him the flower and grace of the novelty of this his history.

Howbeit, to say the very truth, I am not yet fully determined with myself whether I will put forth my book or no. For the natures of men be so diverse, the fantasies of some so wayward, their minds so unkind, their judgments so corrupt, that they which lead a merry and a jocund life, following their own sensual pleasures and carnal lusts, may seem to be in a much better state or case than they that vex and unquiet themselves with cares and study for the putting forth and publishing of some thing that may be either profit or pleasure to others: which others nevertheless will disdainfully, scornfully, and unkindly accept the same. The most part of all be unlearned. And a great number hath learning in contempt. The rude and barbarous alloweth nothing but that which is very barbarous indeed. If it be one that hath a little smack of learning, he rejecteth as homely gear and common ware whatsoever is not stuffed full of old moth-eaten terms, and that be worn out of use. Some there be that have pleasure only in old rustic antiquities; and some only in their own doings. One is so sour, so crabbed, and so unpleasant, that he can away with[8] no mirth nor sport. Another is so narrow between the shoulders that he can bear no jests nor taunts. Some silly poor souls be so afeard that at every snappish word their nose shall be bitten off, that they stand in no less dread of every quick and sharp word than he that is bitten of a mad dog feareth water. Some be so mutable and wavering that every hour they be in a new mind, saying one thing sitting and another thing standing. Another sort sitteth upon their ale-benches, and there among their cups they give judgment of the wits of writers, and with great authority they condemn, even as pleaseth them, every writer according to his writing, in most spiteful manner mocking, louting, and flouting them; being themselves in the mean season safe, and, as sayeth the proverb, out of all danger of gun-shot. For why,[9] they be so smug and smooth that they have not so much as one hair of an honest man whereby one may take hold of them. There be, moreover, some so unkind and ungentle that though they take great pleasure and delectation in the work, yet, for all that, they cannot find in their hearts to love the author thereof, nor to afford him a

4 new things
5 not scrupling at all to ask for it
6 commonwealth
7 anticipate
8 endure
9 because

good word: being much like uncourteous, unthankful, and churlish guests, which, when they have with good and dainty meats well filled their bellies, depart home, giving no thanks to the feast-maker. Go your ways now, and make a costly feast at your own charges for guests so dainty-mouthed, so divers in taste, and besides that of so unkind and unthankful natures.

But nevertheless, friend Peter, do, I pray you, with Hythloday as I willed you before. And as for this matter, I shall be at my liberty afterwards to take new advisement. Howbeit, seeing I have taken great pains and labor in writing the matter, if it may stand with his mind and pleasure, I will, as touching the edition or publishing of the book, follow the counsel and advice of my friends, and specially yours. Thus fare you well, right heartily beloved friend Peter, with your gentle wife: and love me as you have ever done, for I love you better than ever I did.

Of the Cities, and Namely of Amaurote.[10] Book II. Chapter II

As for their cities, whoso knoweth one of them, knoweth them all: they be all so like one to another, as farforth as the nature of the place permitteth. I will describe therefore to you one or other of them, for it skilleth[11] not greatly which; but which rather than Amaurote? Of them all this is the worthiest and of most dignity. For the residue 'knowledge it for the head city, because there is the Council-house. Nor to me any of them all is better beloved, as wherein I lived five whole years together.

The city of Amaurote standeth upon the side of a low hill, in fashion almost four square. For the breadth of it beginneth a little beneath the top of the hill, and still continueth by the space of two miles, until it come to the river of Anyder.[12] The length of it, which lieth by the river's side, is somewhat more.

The river of Anyder riseth four and twenty miles above Amaurote out of a little spring. But being increased by other small rivers and brooks that run into it, and, among other, two somewhat big ones, before the city it is half a mile broad, and farther, broader. And forty miles beyond the city it falleth into the ocean sea. By all that space that lieth between the sea and the city, and certain miles also above the city, the water ebbeth and floweth six hours together with a swift tide. When the sea floweth in, for the length of thirty miles it filleth all the Anyder with salt water, and driveth back the fresh water of the river. And somewhat further it changeth the sweetness of the fresh water with saltness. But a little beyond that the river waxeth sweet, and runneth forby[13] the city fresh and pleasant. And when the sea ebbeth and goeth back again, the fresh water followeth it almost even to the very fall into the sea. There goeth a bridge over the river made not of piles or of timber, but of stonework, with gorgeous and substantial arches at that part of the city that is farthest from the sea; to the intent that ships may pass along forby all the side of the city without let.

They have also another river, which indeed is not very great. But it runneth gently and pleasantly. For it riseth even out of the same hill that the city standeth upon, and runneth down a slope through the midst of the city into Anyder. And because it riseth a little without the city, the Amaurotians have enclosed the head spring of it with strong fences and bulwarks, and so have joined it to the city. This is done to the intent that the water should not be stopped, nor turned away, or poisoned, if their enemies should chance to come upon them. From thence the water is derived and conveyed down in canals of brick divers ways into the lower parts of the city. Where that cannot be done, by reason that the place will not suffer it, there they gather the rain-water in great cisterns, which doth them as good service.

The city is compassed about with a high and thick stone wall full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, but deep, and broad, and overgrown with bushes, briers, and thorns, goeth about three sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river itself serveth for a ditch.

The streets be appointed[14] and set forth very commodious and handsome, both for carriage,[15] and also against the winds. The houses be of fair and gorgeous building, and on the street side they stand joined together in a long row through the whole street without any partition or separation. The streets be twenty foot broad.* On the back side of the houses, through the whole length of the street, lie large gardens, inclosed round about with the back part of the streets. Every house hath

10 The name means "dark, unknown."
11 matters
12 i. e., waterless
13 past (German *vorbei*)
15 transportation
14 arranged
* To More this width seemed generous. Some of the busiest streets of London were, until a recent date, scarcely wider.

two doors, one into the street, and a postern door on the back side into the garden. These doors be made with two leaves, never locked nor bolted, so easy to be opened that they will follow the least drawing of a finger, and shut again alone. Whoso will, may go in, for there is nothing within the houses that is private, or any man's own. And every tenth year they change their houses by lot.

They set great store by their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruit, herbs, and flowers, so pleasant, so well furnished, and so finely kept, that I never saw thing more fruitful, nor better trimmed in any place. Their study and diligence herein cometh not only of pleasure, but also of a certain strife and contention that is between street and street, concerning the trimming, husbanding, and furnishing of their gardens—every man for his own part. And verily you shall not lightly find in all the city anything that is more commodious, either for the profit of the citizens, or for pleasure. And therefore it may seem that the first founder of the city minded nothing so much as these gardens.

For they say that king Utopus himself, even at the first beginning, appointed and drew forth the platform[16] of the city into this fashion and figure that it hath now, but the gallant garnishing, and the beautiful setting forth of it, whereunto he saw that one man's age would not suffice, that he left to his posterity. For their chronicles, which they keep written with all diligent circumspection, containing the history of one thousand seven hundred and sixty years, even from the first conquest of the island, record and witness that the houses in the beginning were very low, and, like homely cottages or poor shepherd houses, made at all adventures[17] of every rude piece of timber that came first to hand, with mud walls, and ridged roofs, thatched over with straw. But now the houses be curiously builded after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with three stories one over another. The outsides of the walls be made either of hard flint, or of plaster, or else of brick, and the inner sides be well strengthened with timber-work. The roofs be plain and flat, covered with a certain kind of plaster that is of no cost, and yet so tempered that no fire can hurt or perish it, and withstandeth the violence of the weather better than any lead. They keep the wind out of their windows with glass, for it is there much used, and somewhere also with fine linen cloth dipped in oil or amber, and that for two commodities. For by this means more light cometh in, and the wind is better kept out.†

[16] ground-plan [17] haphazard

Of Sciences, Crafts and Occupations. Book II. Chapter IV

Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth, partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up[18] as it were in playing, not only beholding the use of it, but, by occasion of exercising their bodies, practicing it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, every one of them learneth one or other several[19] and particular science as his own proper craft. That is most commonly either cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science. For there is none other occupation that any number to speak of doth use there.

For[20] their garments, which throughout all the island be of one fashion (saving that there is a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried), and this one continueth for ever more unchanged, seemly and comely to the eye, no let to the moving and wielding of the body, also fit both for winter and summer,—as for these garments (I say), every family maketh their own. But of the other aforesaid crafts every man learneth one. And not only the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier crafts, as to work wool and flax. The more laborsome sciences be committed to the men. For the most part every man is brought up in his father's craft. For most commonly they be naturally thereto bent and inclined. But if a man's mind stand to any other, he is by adoption put into a family of that occupation which he doth most fantasy. Whom not only his father, but also the magistrates do diligently look to, that he be put to a discreet and an honest householder. Yea, and if any person, when he hath learned one craft, be desirous to learn also another, he is likewise suffered and permitted. When he hath learned both, he occupieth whether he will,[21] unless the city have more need of the one than of the other.

[18] The Latin reads *educti* and should have been translated "led out."
[19] separate
[20] as for [21] practises whichever he wishes
† Glass windows were introduced into the wealthier houses in England probably in More's time. Other houses continued to use slat and wicker lattices and panels of horn.

The chief and almost the only office of the Syphogrants‡ is to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that every one apply his own craft with earnest diligence; and yet for all that, not to be wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work, like laboring and toiling beasts. For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen. Which nevertheless is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they, dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just hours, appoint and assign only six of those hours to work, three before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner; and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours, and upon that they go to supper.§ About eight of the clock in the evening (counting one of the clock at the first hour after noon), they go to bed: eight hours they give to sleep. All the void time that is between the hours of work, sleep, and meat, that they be suffered to bestow, every man as he liketh best himself. Not to th' intent that they should misspend this time in riot or slothfulness, but, being then licensed[22] from the labor of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily early in the morning, where to be present they only be constrained that be namely chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one, and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation (as it chanceth in many whose minds rise not in the contemplation of any science liberal), he is not letted nor prohibited, but is also[23] praised and commended, as profitable to the commonwealth.

After supper they bestow one hour in play, in summer in their gardens, in winter in their common halls, where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music, or else in honest and wholesome communication. Dice-play, and such other foolish and pernicious games, they know not. But they use two games not much unlike the chess. The one is the Battle of Numbers, wherein one number stealeth away another. The other is wherein Vices fight with Virtues, as it were in battle array, or a set field. In the which game is very properly showed, both the strife and discord that vices have among themselves, and again their unity and concord against virtues; and also what vices be repugnant to what virtues—with what power and strength they assail them openly, by what wiles and subtlety they assault them secretly; with what help and aid the virtues resist and overcome the puissance of the vices; by what craft they frustrate their purposes; and finally by what sleight or means the one getteth the victory.

But here, lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly[24] upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work, perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things hereof may ensue. But this is nothing so. For that small time is not only enough, but also too much, for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite either for the necessity or commodity of life. The which thing you also shall perceive if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries liveth idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number: or else if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this, how great and how idle a company is there of priests, and religious men[25], as they call them. Put thereto all rich men, specially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen. Take into this number also their servants; I mean all that flock of stout, bragging rush-bucklers.[26] Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the color of some disease or sickness. And truly you shall find them[27] much fewer than you thought, by whose labor all these things are wrought that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented.

Now consider with yourself, of these few that do work, how few be occupied in necessary works. For where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used to serve only for riotous superfluity and unhonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in work, if they were divided into so few occupations as the necessary use of nature requireth, in so great plenty of things as then of necessity would ensue, doubtless the prices would be

22 freed
23 even
‡ Officers, two hundred in number, each elected by and ruling over thirty families. The word, like Tranibore and other supposed words of the old Utopian tongue, is meaningless.
§ In England, in More's time summer working hours were from 5 a. m. to 7 p. m.
24 closely
25 men attached to some religious order; monks, etc.
26 swashbucklers
27 those

too little for the artificers to maintain their livings. But if all these that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labor than two of the workmen themselves do; if all these (I say) were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea and too much, to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or for commodity, yea or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural.

And this in Utopia the thing itself maketh manifest and plain. For there, in all the city, with the whole country or shire adjoining to it, scarcely five hundred persons of all the whole number of men and women, that be neither too old nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labor. Among them be the Syphogrants, who, though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labor, yet they exempt not themselves; to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke others to work. The same vacation from labor do they[27] also enjoy to whom the people, persuaded by the commendation of the priests and secret election of the Syphogrants, have given a perpetual licence from labor to learning. But if any one of them prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers. And, contrariwise, often it chanceth that a handicraftsman doth so earnestly bestow his vacant and spare hours in learning, and through diligence so profiteth therein, that he is taken from his handy[28] occupation and promoted to the company of the learned. Out of this order of the learned be chosen ambassadors, priests, Tranibores,* and finally the prince himself, whom they in their old tongue call Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus.[29] The residue of the people being neither idle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easily judged in how few hours how much good work by them may be done and dispatched towards those things that I have spoken of.

This commodity they have also above others, that in the most part of necessary occupations they need not so much work as other nations do. For first of all the building or repairing of houses asketh everywhere so many men's continual labor, because that the unthrifty heir suffereth the houses that his father builded in continuance of time to fall in decay. So, that which he might have upholden with little cost, his successor is constrained to build it again anew, to his great charge. Yea, many times also the house that stood one man in[30] much money, another is of so nice and so delicate a mind that he setteth nothing by it. And it being neglected, and therefore shortly falling into ruin, he buildeth up another in another place with no less cost and charge. But among the Utopians, where all things be set in a good order, and the commonwealth in a good stay,[31] it very seldom chanceth that they choose a new plot to build an house upon. And they do not only find speedy and quick remedies for present faults, but also prevent them that be like to fall. And by this means their houses continue and last very long with little labor and small reparations, in so much that this kind of workmen sometimes have almost nothing to do, but that they be commanded to hew timber at home, and to square and trim up stones, to the intent that if any work chance, it may the speedlier rise.

Now, sir, in their apparel, mark (I pray you) how few workmen they need. First of all, whiles they be at work, they be covered homely with leather or skins that will last seven years. When they go forth abroad, they cast upon them a cloak, which hideth the other homely apparel. These cloaks throughout the whole island be all of one color, and that is the natural color of the wool. They therefore do not only spend much less woolen cloth than is spent in other countries, but also the same standeth them in much less cost. But linen cloth is made with less labor, and is therefore had more in use. But in linen cloth only whiteness, in woolen only cleanliness, is regarded. As for the smallness or fineness of the thread, that is nothing passed for.[32] And this is the cause wherefore in other places four or five cloth gowns of divers colors, and as many silk coats, be not enough for one man. Yea, and if he be of the delicate and nice sort, ten be too few; whereas there one garment will serve a man most commonly two years. For why should he desire more? Seeing if he had them, he should not be the better hapt[33] or covered from cold, neither in his apparel any whit the comelier.

Wherefore, seeing they be all exercised in profitable occupations, and that few artificers

28 manual
29 Or Ademus, "folkless"
* Magistrates, twenty in number, superior to the Syphogrants.

30 cost
31 state
32 not at all heeded
33 wrapt

n the same crafts be sufficient, this is the ause that, plenty of all things being among hem, they do sometimes bring forth an innuerable company of people to amend the high-ays, if any be broken. Many times also, hen they have no such work to be occupied bout, an open proclamation is made that they hall bestow fewer hours in work. For the nagistrates do not exercise their citizens gainst their wills in unneedful labors. For hy, in the institution of that weal public this nd is only and chiefly pretended[34] and minded, nat what time may possibly be spared from ne necessary occupations and affairs of the ommonwealth, all that the citizens should ithdraw from the bodily service to the free berty of the mind and garnishing of the ame. For herein they suppose the felicity of is life to consist.

F Their Journeyings or Travelling Abroad, with Divers Other Matters. Book II. Chapter VI

But if any be desirous to visit either their riends dwelling in another city, or to see the lace itself, they easily obtain licence of their yphogrants and Tranibores, unless there be me profitable let.[35] No man goeth out alone; ut a company is sent forth together with their rince's letters, which do testify that they have ence to go that journey, and prescribeth also e day of their return. They have a wagon ven them, with a common bondman,* which riveth the oxen, and taketh charge of them. ut unless they have women in their company, ey send home the wagon again, as an imediment and a let. And though they carry othing forth with them, yet in all their jour-y they lack nothing. For wheresoever they me, they be at home. If they tarry in a ace longer than one day, then there every one them falleth to his own occupation, and be ry genteelly entertained of[36] the workmen d companies of the same crafts. If any man his own head and without leave walk out his precinct and bounds, taken without the ince's letters, he is brought again for a gitive or a runaway with great shame and buke, and is sharply punished. If he be ken in that fault again, he is punished with ndage.

If any be desirous to walk abroad into the lds, or into the country that belongeth to the same city that he dwelleth in, obtaining the good will of his father, and the consent of his wife, he is not prohibited. But into what part of the country soever he cometh he hath no meat given him until he have wrought out his forenoon's task, or dispatched so much work as there is wont to be wrought before supper. Observing this law and condition, he may go whither he will within the bound of his own city. For he shall be no less profitable to the city than if he were within it.

Now you see how little liberty they have to loiter; how they can have no cloak or pretence to idleness. There be neither wine-taverns, nor ale-houses, nor stews,[37] nor any occasion of vice or wickedness, no lurking corners, no places of wicked counsels or unlawful assemblies. But they be in the present sight and under the eyes of every man. So that of necessity they must either apply[38] their accustomed labors, or else recreate themselves with honest and laudable pastimes. This fashion and trade of life being used among the people, it cannot be chosen but that they must of necessity have store and plenty of all things. . . .

They keep at home all the treasure which they have, to be holpen and succored by it either in extreme jeopardies, or in sudden dangers; but especially and chiefly to hire therewith, and that for unreasonable great wages, strange soldiers. For they had rather put strangers in jeopardy than their own countrymen; knowing that for money enough their enemies themselves many times may be bought or sold, or else through treason be set together by the ears among themselves. For this cause they keep an inestimable treasure; but yet not as a treasure; but so they have it, and use it, as in good faith I am ashamed to show, fearing that my words shall not be believed. And this I have more cause to fear, for that I know how difficultly and hardly I myself would have believed another man telling the same if I had not presently seen it with mine own eyes. For it must needs be that how far a thing is dissonant and disagreeing from the guise and trade[39] of the hearers, so far shall it be out of their belief. Howbeit, a wise and indifferent esteemer[40] of things will not greatly marvel, perchance, seeing all their other laws and customs do so much differ from ours, if the use also of gold and silver among them be applied rather to their own fashions than to ours. I mean in that they occupy[41] not money them-

aimed at 36 by business hindrance

*Transgressors of the law in Utopia were made slaves and attached to the soil. Each farm had at least two bondmen.

37 low resorts
38 ply
39 manners and practice
40 impartial judge
41 use

selves, but keep it for that chance; which as it may happen, so it may be that it shall never come to pass.

In the meantime gold and silver, whereof money is made, they do so use, as none of them doth more esteem it than the very nature of the thing deserveth. And then who doth not plainly see how far it is under iron? as without the which men can no better live than without fire and water. Whereas to gold and silver nature hath given no use that we may not well lack if that[42] the folly of men had not set it in higher estimation for the rareness' sake. But of[43] the contrary part, nature, as a most tender and loving mother, hath placed the best and most necessary things open abroad: as the air, the water, and the earth itself; and hath removed and hid farthest from us vain and unprofitable things. Therefore if these metals among them should be fast locked up in some tower, it might be suspected that the prince and the Council (as the people is ever foolishly imagining) intended by some subtlety to deceive the commons, and to take some profit of it to themselves. Furthermore, if they should make thereof plate and such other finely and cunningly wrought stuff; if at any time they should have occasion to break it, and melt it again, therewith to pay their soldiers wages, they see and perceive very well that men would be loth to part from those things that they once began to have pleasure and delight in.

To remedy all this they have found out a means, which, as it is agreeable to all their other laws and customs, so it is from ours (where gold is so much set by, and so diligently kept) very far discrepant and repugnant; and therefore uncredible, but only to them that be wise. For whereas they eat and drink in earthen and glass vessels, which indeed be curiously and properly made, and yet be of very small value; of gold and silver they make commonly other vessels that serve for vile uses, not only in their common halls, but in every man's private house. Furthermore, of the same metals they make great chains, fetters, and gyves, wherein they tie their bondmen. Finally, whosoever for any offense be infamed,[44] by their ears hang rings of gold; upon their fingers they wear rings of gold, and about their necks chains of gold; and, in conclusion, their heads be tied about with gold. Thus by all means possible they procure to have gold and silver among them in reproach and infamy. And these metals which other nations do so grievously and sorrowfully forego as in a manner their own lives, if they should altogether at once be taken from the Utopians, no man there would think that he had lost the worth of one farthing.

They gather also pearls by the seaside, and diamonds and carbuncles upon certain rocks, and yet they seek not for them; but by chance finding them, they cut and polish them. And therewith they deck their young infants. Which, like as in the first years of their childhood they make much and be fond and proud of such ornaments, so when they be a little more grown in years and discretion, perceiving that none but children do wear such toys and trifles, they lay them away even of their own shamefastness, without any bidding of their parents; even as our children, when they wax big, do cast away nuts, brooches, and puppets. Therefore these laws and customs, which be so far different from all other nations, how divers fantasies also and minds they do cause did I never so plainly perceive, as in the ambassadors of the Anemolians.

These ambassadors came to Amaurote whils I was there. And because they came to entreat of great and weighty matters, those three citizens apiece out of every city* were comen thither before them. But all the ambassadors of the next countries which had been there before and knew the fashions and manners of the Utopians, among whom they perceived no honor given to sumptuous apparel, silks to be contemned, gold also to be infamed and reproachful, were wont to come thither in very homely and simple array. But the Anemolians because they dwell far thence and had very little acquaintance with them, hearing that they were all apparelled alike, and that very rudely and homely, thinking them not to have the things which they did not wear, being therefore more proud than wise, determined in the gorgeousness of their apparel to represent very gods, and with the bright shining and glistering of their gay clothing to dazzle the eyes of the silly[45] poor Utopians.

So there came in three ambassadors with one hundred servants all apparelled in changeable colors, the most of them in silks, the ambassadors themselves (for at home in their own country they were noblemen) in cloth of gold, with great chains of gold, with gold hanging at their ears, with gold rings upon their fingers, with brooches and aiglets of gold upon

42 ft
43 of
44 disgraced
45 simple
* Utopian delegates mentioned in a previous chapter.

eir caps, which glistered full of pearls and
recious stones; to be short, trimmed and
lorned with all those things which among the
topians were either the punishment of bond-
en, or the reproach of infamed persons, or
se trifles for young children to play withal.[46]
herefore it would have done a man good at
s heart to have seen how proudly they dis-
ayed their peacocks' feathers, how much they
ade of their painted sheaths,[47] and how loft-
y they set forth and advanced themselves when
ey compared their gallant apparel with the
or raiment of the Utopians. For all the peo-
e were swarmed forth into the streets.

And on the other side it was no less pleasure
consider how much they were deceived, and
w far they missed of their purpose, being
ntrariwise taken than they thought they
ould have been. For to the eyes of
l the Utopians, except very few which had
en in other countries for some reasonable
use, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed
ameful and reproachful. In so much that
ey most reverently saluted the vilest and
ost abject of them for lords; passing over
e ambassadors themselves without any honor,
dging them by their wearing of gold chains
be bondmen. Yea, you should have seen
ildren also, that had cast away their pearls
d precious stones, when they saw the like
icking on the ambassadors' caps, dig and push
eir mothers under the sides, saying thus to
em: "Look, mother, how great a lubber doth
t wear pearls and precious stones, as though
e were a little child still." But the mother,
a and that also in good earnest: "Peace,
n," saith she, "I think he be some of the
nbassadors' fools." Some found fault at
eir golden chains, as to no use nor purpose,
ing so small and weak that a bondman might
sily break them, and again so wide and large
at, when it pleased him, he might cast them
f and run away at liberty whither he would.

But when the ambassadors had been there a
y or two and saw so great abundance of
ld so lightly esteemed, yea in no less re-
oach than it was with them in honor; and
sides that, more gold in the chains and gyves
one fugitive bondman than all the costly
naments of them three was worth; they be-
an to abate their courage, and for very shame
id away all that gorgeous array whereof they
ere so proud; and specially when they had
lked familiarly with the Utopians, and had
arned all their fashions and opinions. For
ey marvel that any men be so foolish as to
have delight and pleasure in the doubtful glis-
tering of a little trifling stone, which[48] may
behold any of the stars, or else the sun itself;
or that any man is so mad as to count him-
self the nobler for the smaller or finer thread
of wool, which self-same wool (be it now in
never so fine a spun thread) a sheep did once
wear; and yet was she all that time no other
thing than a sheep. . . .

These and such like opinions have they con-
ceived, partly by education, being brought up
in that commonwealth whose laws and customs
be far different from these kinds of folly, and
partly by good literature and learning. For
though there be not many in every city which
be exempt and discharged from all other labors
and appointed only to learning, that is to say,
such in whom even from their very childhood
they have perceived a singular towardness, a
fine wit, and a mind apt to good learning; yet
all in their childhood be instruct in learning.
And the better part of the people, both men
and women, throughout all their whole life do
bestow in learning those spare hours which we
said they have vacant from bodily labors.*

with

47 coverings

48 who

* It may be worth noting that our word "school" is derived from *schola*, "leisure."

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)

TOXOPHILUS†

From the Foreword

To all Gentlemen and Yeomen of England:

Bias, the wise man, came to Croesus, the rich king, on a time when he was making new ships, purposing to have subdued by water the out isles lying betwixt Greece and Asia Minor. "What news now in Greece?" saith the king

† "Toxophilus" means "a lover of the bow," and the book is in the form of a dialogue between Toxophilus, an archer, and Philologus, a scholar. Two centuries before, at the battle of Crecy, the British yeomen had shown the superiority of the long bow in battle to the equipment of the armed knight, and archery had been assiduously cultivated, though when Ascham wrote this (1545) it was, for purposes of war, gradually giving way to fire-arms. If Ascham was conservative in clinging to this old-time weapon, in another respect he was courageously radical. That is in his employment of the English vernacular for a learned prose treatise. That he was conscious of making a literary departure is manifest in this Preface, and also in the dedication to King Henry which preceded it, where he defended himself for having "written this English matter in the English tongue for Englishmen," although to have written it "either in Latin or Greek had been more easier." See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 81.

to Bias. "None other news but these," saith Bias, "that the isles of Greece have prepared a wonderful company of horsemen to overrun Lydia withal." "There is nothing under heaven," saith the king, "that I would so soon wish, as that they durst be so bold to[1] meet us on the land with horse." "And think you," saith Bias, "that there is anything which they would sooner wish than that you should be so fond[2] to meet them on the water with ships?" And so Croesus, hearing not the true news, but perceiving the wise man's mind and counsel, both gave then over making of his ships, and left also behind him a wonderful example for all commonwealths to follow: that is, evermore to regard and set most by that thing whereunto nature hath made them most apt and use hath made them most fit.

By this matter I mean the shooting in the long bow, for English men. Which thing with all my heart I do wish, and if I were of authority I would counsel, all the gentlemen and yeomen of England not to change it with any other thing, how good soever it seem to be, but that still, according to the old wont of England, youth should use it for the most honest pastime in peace, that men might handle it as a most sure weapon in war. Other strong weapons which both experience doth prove to be good, and the wisdom of the King's Majesty and his Council provides to be had, are not ordained to take away shooting; but that both, not compared together whether[3] should be better than the other, but so joined together that the one should be always an aid and help for the other, might so strengthen the realm on all sides that no kind of enemy, in any kind of weapon, might pass and go beyond us.

For this purpose, I, partly provoked by the counsel of some gentlemen, partly moved by the love which I have always borne toward shooting, have written this little treatise, wherein if I have not satisfied any man, I trust he will the rather be content with my doing, because I am, I suppose, the first which hath said anything in this matter; and few beginnings be perfect, saith wise men. And also because, if I have said amiss, I am content that any man amend it, or if I have said too little, any man that will to add what him pleaseth to it.

My mind is, in profiting and pleasing every man, to hurt or displease no man, intending none other purpose but that youth might be stirred to labor, honest pastime, and virtue, and, as much as lay in me, plucked from idleness, unthrifty games, and vice. Which thing I have labored only in this book, showing how fit shooting is for all kinds of men, how honest a pastime for the mind, how wholesome an exercise for the body, not vile for great men to use, not costly for poor men to sustain, not lurking in holes and corners for ill men at their pleasure to misuse it, but abiding in the open sight and face of the world for good men, if it fault, by their wisdom to correct it. And here I would desire all gentlemen and yeomen to use this pastime in such a mean that the outrageousness of gaming should not hurt the honesty[4] of shooting, which of his own nature is always joined with honesty, yet for men's faults oftentimes blamed unworthily, as all good things have been and evermore shall be.

If any man would blame me, either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that what the best of the realm think it honest[5] for them to use, I, one of the meanest[6] sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write. And though to have written it in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study and also more honest[5] for my name, yet I can think my labor well bestowed if, with a little hindrance of my profit and name, may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned for the most part have been always most ready to write, and they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English; when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle:—to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow[7] him.

Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying: Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer? Truly, quoth I, they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put malmsey and sack, red wine and

[1] as to [2] foolish [3] which
[4] good repute [5] honorable [6] humblest [7] approve

white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known nor yet wholesome for the body. Cicero, in following Isocrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, increased the Latin tongue after another sort. This way[8] because divers men that write do not know, they can neither follow it, because of their ignorancy, nor yet will praise it, for very arrogancy—two faults, seldom the one out of the other's company.

English writers, by diversity of time, have taken diverse matters in hand. In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If any man suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. For surely vain words do work no small thing thereunto of their own nature. These books, as I have heard say, were made the most part in abbeys and monasteries, a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living.*

In our time now, when every man is given to know much rather than to live well, very many do write, but after such a fashion as very many do shoot. Some shooters take in hand stronger bows than they be able to maintain. This thing maketh them sometime to outshoot the mark, sometime to shoot far wide, and perchance hurt some that look on. Other that never learned to shoot, nor yet knoweth good shaft nor bow, will be as busy as the best, but such one commonly plucketh down[9] a side, and crafty archers which be against him will be both glad of him, and also ever ready to lay[10] and bet with him; it were better for such one to sit down than shoot. Other there be which have very good bow and shafts and good knowledge in shooting, but they have been brought up in such evil-favored shooting that they can neither shoot fair nor yet near. If any man will apply these things together, he shall not see the one far differ from the other.

And I also, among all other, in writing this little treatise, have followed some young shooters, which both will begin to shoot for a little money, and also will use to shoot once or twice about the mark for nought afore they begin a good. And therefore did I take this little matter in hand to assay[11] myself, and hereafter, by the grace of God, if the judgment of wise men that look on think that I can do any good, I may perhaps cast my shaft among other for better game.

* Construe after "know." 10 wager
9 lowers the score of 11 try
Ascham is manifestly condemning such romances as Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*. England was at this time Protestant, and the dissolution of the monasteries a recent event.

The Ways of the Wind. From Book II

The wind is sometimes plain up and down, which is commonly most certain, and requireth least knowledge, wherein a mean shooter with mean gear,[1] if he can shoot home, may make best shift. A side wind tryeth an archer and good gear very much. Sometime it bloweth aloft, sometime hard by the ground; sometime it bloweth by blasts, and sometime it continueth all in one; sometime full side wind, sometime quarter with him and more, and likewise against him, as a man with casting up light grass, or else if he take good heed, shall sensibly learn by experience.

To see the wind with a man his[2] eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so fine and subtle; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow that fell four years ago. I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliffe-upon-Swale and Boroughbridge, the way being somewhat trodden before by wayfaring men. The fields on both sides were plain and lay almost yard deep with snow; the night afore had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above. That morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp, according to the time of the year. The snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse' feet: so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field, which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost over night, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it.

Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, by and by it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score[3] of me, then the space of two score no snow would stir, but after so much quantity of ground another stream of snow at the same very time should be carried likewise, but not equally; for the one would

1 ordinary equipment
2 man's (a pedantic form, due to the erroneous idea that the possessive *s* was a contraction of *his*).
3 twenty yards

stand still when the other flew apace, and so continue, sometime swiftlier, sometime slowlier, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And some time the snow would be lifted clean from the ground up in the air; and by and by it would be all clapped to the ground as though there had been no wind at all; straightway it would rise and fly again.

And—that which was the most marvelous of all—at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the west into the east, the other out of the north into the east. And I saw two winds by reason of the snow, the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again I should hear the wind blow in the air when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind; but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all, although men in a wind lease[4] their length[5] in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing.

THE SCHOOLMASTER*

From a Preface to the Reader

When the great plague was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her castle of Windsor; where, upon the tenth day of December, it fortuned that in Sir William Cecil's chamber (her Highness' Principal Secretary), there dined together these personages: Mr. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir J. Mason, D. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Haddon, Master of Requests, Mr. John Astley, Master of the Jewel House, Mr. Bernard Hampton, Mr. Nicasius, and I. Of which number the most part were of her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy to be there that day, in the company of so many wise and good men together as hardly then could have been picked out again out of all England beside.

Mr. Secretary hath this accustomed manner: though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner time he doth seem to lay them always aside, and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning; wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest[1] at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, "I have strange news brought me," saith Mr. Secretary, "this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating." Whereupon Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is; who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar; whereby many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they know what learning meaneth, and so are made willing to forsake their book and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly that the rod only[2] was the sword that must keep the school in obedience and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said: "In mine opinion, the schoolhouse should be indeed, as it is called by name,[3] the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage. And as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato.[4] And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of a sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play, than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond[5] man's handling.

Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches[6] of many curst[7] boys, and with the small discretion of many lewd[8] schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr. Peter's opinion, and said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater; and named the person. "Though," quoth I, "it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the university one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came

4 lose
5 distance between the archer and the target
* While Ascham belongs to the generation preceding the Elizabethans, this last work of his was written and published (posthumously, 1570) well within the Virgin Queen's reign, and the little glimpse behind the curtain which its preface affords may serve both to introduce and to exemplify what Tennyson has so happily called "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

1 humblest
2 alone
3 See note on "school," page 119.
4 i. e., of Plato's works
5 foolish
6 mischievous traits
7 perverse
8 ignorant

so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness.'' I said somewhat farther in the matter how and why young children were sooner allured by love, than driven by beating, to attain good learning; wherein I was the bolder to say my mind because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto, or else in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue. Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr. Astley, and the rest, said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all.

After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines for his false dealing in his embassage to King Philip of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in her Majesty's privy chamber, he took me by the hand, and carrying me to a window said: ''Mr. Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been this day absent from dinner, where though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself. For a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen years old, drave me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning, as[9] now—when I know what difference it is to have learning, and to have little or none at all—I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me, that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville, my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age. We will deal thus together. Point you out a schoolmaster who by your order shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide; yea, though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year. And beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have.'' Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

We had then further talk together of bringing up of children; of the nature of quick and hard wits;[10] of the right choice of a good wit; of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely Gentlemen. We talked of their too much liberty to live as they lust[11]; of their letting loose too soon to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many good old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks; of wit[12] gathered and good fortune gotten by some only by experience, without learning. And lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of English men into Italy.

''But,'' saith he, ''because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk concerning the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men. And surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others.'' I made some excuse by lack of ability and weakness of body. ''Well,'' saith he, ''I am not now to learn what you can do. Our dear friend, Mr. Goodrick, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say not long ago that you may thank Sir John Cheke* for all the learning you have. And I know very well myself that you did teach the Queen. And therefore seeing God did so bless you, to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honest[13] your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner, what to write nor how to write, in this kind of argument.'' I, beginning some farther excuse, suddenly was called to come to the Queen.

The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk, and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend. I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New Year's gift

9 that

10 intellects
11 like
12 knowledge
13 honor

* A famous teacher at St. John's, Cambridge, who gave a great impulse to classical learning.

that Christmas. But, as it chanceth to busy builders, so, in building this my poor schoolhouse (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new, and differing from others), the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would in the beginning. And though it appear now, and be in very deed, but a small cottage, poor for the stuff and rude for the workmanship, yet in going forward I found the site so good as I was loth to give it over, but the making so costly, outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three my dear friends with full purses, Sir Thomas Smith, Mr. Haddon, or Mr. Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet nevertheless I myself, spending gladly that little that I gat at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up as I could, and as you see.

A Gentle Teacher and Pupil. From Book I.

And one example whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading "Phaedon Platonis"[1] in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocase.[2] After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me, "I wis,[3] all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she; "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs,[4] and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered,[5] that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whilst I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on[6] weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

1 Plato's *Phaedo*, on the Immortality of the Soul.
2 Boccaccio.
3 y-wis, certainly
4 raps
5 ill disciplined
6 to (a-weeping)

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—POETRY

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542)*

The Lover Having Dreamed of Enjoyment of His Love, Complaineth that the Dream Is not Either Longer or Truer

Unstable dream, according to the place,†
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feigned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case
Thou broughtst not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to live, my care t'encrease,
My body in tempest her delight t'embrace.
The body dead, the spirit had his desire;
Painless was the one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire,
And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

Of His Love That Pricked Her Finger With a Needle

She sat and sewed, that hath done me the wrong
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day;
And whilst she heard my plaint in piteous song,
She wished my heart the sampler[1], that[2] it lay.
The blind master whom I have served so long,
Grudging to hear that[3] he did hear her say,
Made her own weapon do[4] her finger bleed,
To feel if pricking were so good indeed!

1 needle-work pattern
2 as
3 that which
4 make

* Though Wyatt and Surrey were, in strictness, pre-Elizabethans, their poems, first published in 1557, were manifest harbingers of the creative impulse we associate with Elizabeth's reign. Thirty years later Sidney called these poets "the two chief lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesy." Wyatt introduced the Petrarchian sonnet form into England; Surrey devised the variation used later by Shakespeare; and Surrey was the first to employ heroic blank verse. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 84.

† This phrase appears to have more rhyme than reason. Possibly *place* = *text*, referring to *1 Cor.*, xv, 58.

The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His Love

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that[1] I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave[2] in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Lovës shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit[3] to cause thy lovers plain[4],
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

1 that which
2 cut, engrave
3 unrepaid
4 to complain

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517?-1547)*

Description of Spring, Wherein Each Thing Renews, Save Only the Lover

The soote[1] season that bud and bloom forth brings
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make[2] hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter cote he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings[3].
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

A Praise of His Love, Wherein He Reproveth Them That Compare Their Ladies With His

Give place, ye lovers, here before,
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My Lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect[4] of Nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfect mold,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind[5],
That could have gone so near her heart.
And this was chiefly all her pain:
She could not make the like again.

Sith[6] nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

1 sweet
2 turtle-dove to her mate
3 mixes
4 tenor
5 nature
6 since
* See note on preceding page.

Departure of Aeneas from Dido

Such great complaints brake forth out of her breast;
Whiles Aeneas full minded to depart,
All things prepared, slept in the poop on high.
To whom in sleep the wonted godhead's form
'Gan aye appear, returning in like shape[1]
As seemed him, and 'gan him thus advise,
Like unto Mercury in voice and hue,
With yellow bush[2], and comely limbs of youth:
"O goddess' son, in such case canst thou sleep,
Ne yet, bestraught[3], the dangers dost foresee
That compass thee, nor hear'st the fair winds blow?
Dido in mind rolls vengeance and deceit;
Determ'd to die, swells with unstable ire.
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with sails,
The blazing brands the shore all spread with flame,
And if[4] the morrow steal upon thee here.
Come off, have done, set all delay aside;
For full of change these women be alway."
This said, in the dark night he 'gan him hide.
Aeneas, of this sudden vision
Adread, starts up out of his sleep in haste,
Calls up his feres[5]: "Awake, get up, my men!
Aboard your ships, and hoise up sail with speed.
A god me wills, sent from above again,
To haste my flight and wreathen cables cut.
O holy god, whatso thou art, we shall
Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will.
Be at our hand and friendly us assist;
Address[6] the stars with prosperous influence."
And with that word his glistering sword un-sheaths,
With which drawn he the cables cut in twain.
The like desire the rest embraced all.
All things in haste they cast, and forth they whirl;
The shores they leave; with ships the seas are spread:
Cutting the foam by the blue seas thay sweep.

(From the *Translation of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Aeneid.*)

1 (as before)
2 locks
3 nor yet, distracted
4 an if, if
5 comrades
6 endue

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)*

THE FAERIE QUEENE

The Dedication

TO THE MOST HIGH,
MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE
RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTUE,
AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT
ELIZABETH
BY THE GRACE OF GOD
QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRAUNCE, AND IRELAND,
AND OF VIRGINIA,
DEFENDOUR OF THE FAITH, &C.
HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT
EDMUND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE
DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE
THESE HIS LABOURS
TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE
OF HER FAME.

1

Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome[1] did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds[2],
Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle[3] deeds;
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds[4]
To blazon broad emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

2

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine[5],
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne[6]
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill[7],
Whom that most noble Briton Prince[8] so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

3

And thou most dreaded impe[9] of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben[10] bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart[11],
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe[12] throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile[13]:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred[14], a-while.

1 formerly
2 Referring to the *Shepheardes Calender*, a pastoral poem. See *Eng. Lit.*, 89-90.

* *The Faerie Queene* is an allegory designed to set forth "a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." The central characters are Gloriana, the queen of an imaginary ("faerie") court, who symbolizes Glory, and her suitor Prince Arthur, who stands for Magnificence (Munificence), "which virtue is the perfection of all the rest." Besides these, the twelve moral virtues were to have been separately represented by twelve knights, each performing deeds and overcoming temptations according to his character. But as the poet's design was never finished, only half these virtues get representation, and the central characters receive rather less prominence than the six several virtues which are set forth in the six completed books. Each of these books, consisting of twelve cantos, is practically a complete story in itself. The first deals with the Knight of the Red Cross, or Holiness, who, clad in the armor of the Christian faith, is sent forth by his Queen as the champion of Una (Truth) to deliver her parents, "who had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle." Beneath the moral allegory may be read also a political one, according to which Gloriana is Queen Elizabeth, Prince Arthur is Lord Leicester, Duessa is Mary Queen of Scots, etc. But after all, the poetry of the poem is worth far more than the elaborate allegory. The language and spelling are deliberately and sometimes falsely archaic. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 91-94.

3 noble (as distinguished from rustic)
4 urges
5 Clio, Muse of History.
6 shrine, chest
7 The daughter of Oberon; here another name for Gloriana.
8 Prince Arthur
9 child
10 ebony
11 Mars
12 the sun
13 subject of my lowly pen
14 object of reverence

The Knight of the Red Cross and his Fight with the Monster Error. The Wiles of Archimago. From Book I, Canto I.

1

A gentle Knight was pricking[1] on the plaine,
Yclad in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly[2] knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts[3] and fierce encounters fitt.

2

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere[4] did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad[5].

3

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship[6], and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne[7]
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4

A lovely Ladie[8] rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.*

5

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld[9].

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied[10] with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans[11] lap so fast,
That every wight[12] to shrowd[13] it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

7

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

8

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,

1 riding, spurring
2 handsome
3 jousts
4 countenance
5 dreaded
6 honor
7 yearn
8 Una, personification of Truth.
9 summoned
10 Pronounce "wea-ri-ed."
11 beloved one (the earth).
12 person
13 shelter

* "That lamb we never see again! It was a thought that rose and passed away from the poet's soul; but the image had shown us the character of Una in her simplicity, as if it had been a dove that hung for a moment over her head, and while a voice spoke, disappeared—This is my beloved *daughter*, in whom I am well pleased."—Christopher North.

emd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
uch can[14] they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
ne sayling Pine[15], the Cedar proud and tall,
ne vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
ne builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

9

ne Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
nd Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
ne Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
ne Eugh[16] obedient to the benders will,
ne Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
ne Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
e warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
e fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.*

10

d with delight, they thus beguile the way,
till the blustring storme is overblowne;
nen weening to returne, whence they did stray,
ey cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
t wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
rthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
at makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

11

last resolving forward still to fare,
l that some end they finde or in or out,
at path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
d like to lead the labyrinth about;
ich when by tract[17] they hunted had throughout,
length it brought them to a hollow cave
id the thickest woods. The Champion stout
soones[18] dismounted from his courser brave,
nd to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

12

well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
st suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade[19].

13

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate[20],
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood[21], this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read[22] beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

14

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine[23].

15

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes[24] upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones[25], which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile[24].

id
p. *Paradise Lost*, I. 292-294.
ew
rhaps such a diversity of trees may be allowed in the Wood of Error. Spenser is nothing if not imaginative.

17 trace
18 forthwith
19 Cp. *Comus*, 373.
20 way
21 wood of wandering
22 counsel
23 disgusting vileness
24 coils
25 Lies, the children of Error.

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point[26], sought backe to turne
again;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see
any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst[27]:
The stroke down from her head unto her
shoulder glaunst.

18

Much daunted with that dint[28], her sence was
dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho[29] wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

19

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye
bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grief[30] and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
paine[31],
That soone to loose her wicked bands did
her constraine.*

. . . . . .

26 completely
27 raised
28 blow
29 then
30 his anger was stirred through pain
31 effort

* Stanzas 20-26 describe, in language made purposely coarse for the sake of the allegory, the monster's foul tactics in self-defense, until from her body the knight "raft her hatefull heade without remorse," and the young ones gorged themselves to death upon her blood.

27

His Ladie seeing all that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne under happy
starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that Armorie[32],
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it
may.

28

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most
plaine,
Ne[33] ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them
brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of
ought.

29

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire[34], in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did
repent.

30

He faire the knight saluted, louting[35] low,
Who faire him quited[36], as that courteous was
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should
alas,
Silly[37] old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades[38] all day for his trespas
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits[39] not with such things
to mell[40].

31

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,

32 armor
33 nor
34 The enchanter Archimago, or Hypocrisy, who stands for false religion.
35 bowing
36 requited
37 simple
38 praying his prayers
39 befits
40 meddle

That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

32

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough[41] great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite[42] his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

33

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise[43]: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde[44]
There was an holy Chappell edifyde[45],
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

1 except through
2 feed
3 consider
44 distant
45 built

36

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour[46] loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes[47]:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to this study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

37

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisly Dame[48],
And cursed heaven and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon[49], Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights[50], the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray[51] his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

39

He making speedy way through spersed[52] ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys[53] his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia[54] still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

46 dew of sleep
47 dismisses
48 Proserpine, or Hecate.
49 Cp. *Paradise Lost*, II, 965.
50 sprites, spirits
51 affright
52 widespread
53 the ocean
54 the moon

40

Whose double gates[55] he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe[56].

41

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.*

42

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer[57] braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent[58].

55 of false and true dreams
56 care
57 feverish
58 sense

* A stanza not easily matched in literature for adaptation of sound to sense. It has been much admired and imitated. See Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, I. 3-6; also Tennyson's *The Lotos-Eaters*.

44

The God obayde, and, calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke[59],
Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.
He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively[60], and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew[61],
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

[The knight, deceived by the dream into thinking his lady Una false, flees with the Dwarf, until meeting on the way a Sarazin (Saracen, Pagan), named Sansfoy (Faithless), he slays him, and proceeds in the company of Sansfoy's lady, Duessa (Falsehood), who passes herself off as Fidessa (Faith).]

UNA AND THE LION. FROM BOOK I, CANTO III.

1

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse

59 anxious care (with characteristic Spenserian tautology)
60 lifelike
61 unnaturally

Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my heart perst with so great agonie,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch[1], though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despaire,
And her due loves deriv'd[2] to that vile witches share.

3

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
Far from all peoples preasse[3], as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage asswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet[4].
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?
Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8

Redounding[5] teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

[Una is overtaken by Archimago, disguised as the Redcross Knight, and accompanies him therefore trustingly. But they are met by Sansloy (Lawless, a brother of Sansfoy), who overcomes both Archimago and the Lion and takes Una as his prey.]

1 as if tested by the touchstone
2 the love which is her due diverted
3 press, crowd
4 wit, know
5 overflowing

The Knight of the Red Cross at the House of Pride. From Book I, Canto IV

1

Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

2

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

3

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars,[1] by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight[1]
Cald Malvenù,* who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts[2] of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew[3]
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a nobel crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

8

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

9

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fairest childe,[4]
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:

1 lepers

1 assigned
2 throngs
3 the vision of whose glory
4 Phaethon

* I. e., Ill-come, the opposite of Welcome.

And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,*
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crowned to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,†
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyssance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

14

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

[Sansjoy (Joyless, third of the pagan brotherhood) appears, seeking vengeance for the death of Sansfoy, and, secretly encouraged by Duessa, challenges the Knight to combat.]

THE COMBAT BETWEEN THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS AND SANSJOY. FROM BOOK I, CANTO V.

1

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage[1] of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2

At last the golden Orientall gate,
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,

* Court ladies used to carry mirrors.
† Pride and her six counsellors, Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath, constitute the "seven deadly sins."

1 heart

To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4

Soon after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fecht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

5

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely majestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,[2]
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his[3] shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds[4] to the victor dew.

6

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,[5]
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

7

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for prayse and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe show marks of eithers might.

8

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
As when a Gryfon seized of[5] his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce[6] so sore that they the heavens affray:
The wise Soothsayer seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels[7] of warres and mortall fight.

9

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh that streames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, Ah wretched sonne[8] of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german[9] doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

11

Goe captive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit[10] from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
End of the doubtful battell deemed tho[11]
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

2 Inclosed field
3 Sansfoy's
4 Both Duessa and the shield are the prizes of victory.
5 brandish
5 possessed of
6 swoop (term from falconry)
7 prophesies to the amazed people.
8 Addressed to his brother.
9 Addressed to himself (*german* means *brother*).
10 redeemed
11 then

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast[10] avengd to bee,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

13

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when loe a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives: the darkness him does shrowd.

14

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O prowest knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloudie vengeance; lo th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, the glory yours.

15

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thristie[11] blade
To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,[12]
Greatly advauncing[13] his gay chevalree.

So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly can[14] embalme on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,[15]
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

[The Knight and the Dwarf escape from the house of Pride, but the Knight is captured by the giant Orgoglio (another impersonator of Pride) and thrown into a dungeon. Meanwhile Una, having escaped from Sansloy, meets the Dwarf, who tells her what has befallen. Just then appears Prince Arthur, seeking the court of the Faerie Queene. He hears their story, fights with Orgoglio, and frees his prisoner. Reunited, the Knight and Una proceed on their way. After further trial in the Cave of Despair, and wholesome discipline at the House of Holiness, they reach the goal of their journey—the wasted kingdom, and the brazen tower where Una's parents are imprisoned by the Dragon. The Knight engages in a desperate conflict with the Dragon, and only on the third day succeeds in conquering him.]

THE DRAGON SLAIN. THE BETROTHAL OF UNA.
FROM BOOK I, CANTO XII.

1

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with[1] the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

[10] resolved
[11] thirsty
[12] good will
[13] lauding
[14] did
[15] descant, perform in musical "divisions"
[1] make for

2

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeede
Those tydings were, as he did understand,
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe which them forrayed late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,[2]
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene[3];
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peres[4], all gravely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd[5],
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

6

Unto that doughtie Conqueror they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

. . . . . .

17

Then sayd the royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note[6] whether prayse, or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

18

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve six yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that workes her teene[7]:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

19

Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:[8]
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo;[9] (for vowes may not be vaine),
Soone as the terms of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

20

Which for my part I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

. . . . . .

2 wrong
3 arrayed
4 peers, princes
5 clash, wield
6 ne wot, know not
7 causes her grief
8 press
9 cause to be undone

[Archimago, in a last spiteful effort, comes disguised as a messenger and attempts to prevent the betrothal by producing a letter from Duessa in which she asserts that the Knight is plighted to her. His ruse, however, is exposed.]

36

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
Thus when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes[10],
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can devide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling[11] fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade[12] a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankencense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
In their trinall triplicities[13] on hye;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41

Her joyous presence, and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

42

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

PROTHALAMION*

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
When I, (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)

10 banns 11 sacramental 12 torch
13 The thrice three orders of the celestial hierarchy: Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Princedoms, Archangels, Angels.

* A "Spousall Verse" made in honor of the approaching double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset in 1596, and apparently celebrating some visit of theirs to Essex House. F. T. Palgrave says of this poem: "Nowhere has Spenser more emphatically displayed himself as the very poet of Beauty: The Renaissance impulse in England is here seen at its highest and purest."

Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames;
Whose rutty[1] bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chancéd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket
Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously.
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously[2]
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans† of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee[3];
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair.
And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazéd still
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat[4], they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Ev'n as their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber-floor.
Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd;
Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

'Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
And Heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,

1 rooty
2 plucked very dexterously
3 stream
† "The critics blame him because in his *Prothalamion* the subjects of it enter on the Thames as swans and leave it at Temple Gardens as noble damsels; but to those who are grown familiar with his imaginary world such a transformation seems as natural as in the old legend of the Knight of the Swan."—Lowell.

4 Spenser spelled it Somer's heat (Somerset) and the pun was no doubt regarded as an ornament.

Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content
Of your love's couplement;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blesséd plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.'

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long:
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along
Adown the Lee that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak but that he lack'd a tongue;
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend[5]
The lesser stars. So they, enrangéd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long!
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame:
There when she came whereas[6] those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad agéd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord[7], which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,[8]
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
That fillest England with thy triumphs' fame
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,[9]
And endless happiness of thine own name[10]
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following:
Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song!

From those high towers this noble lord issúing
Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove[11] they seem'd in sight
Which deck the baldric of the Heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

5 the moon doth shame
6 where
7 Lord Leicester, Spenser's patron, whose death left him in "friendless case."
8 Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex
9 At Cadiz, 1596.
10 Apparently an allusion to the fact that the words *ever* and *heureux* (Fr., "happy") can be seen in the name *Devereux*.
11 Castor and Pollux, who were placed among the stars as the constellation Gemini.

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS*

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

Amoretti XV.

Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasures spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo, my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found:
If sapphires, lo, her eyes be sapphires plain;
If rubies, lo, her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen.
But that which fairest is, but few behold—
Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.

Amoretti XXXVII.

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare,
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which if ever ye entrappéd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness[1] it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

Amoretti LXI.

The glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My sovereign saint, the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heavenly born,
And with the crew of blessed saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with their gifts adorn—
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire;
What reason is it then but she should scorn
Base things that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly forms ought rather worshipt be
Than dare be loved by men of mean degree.

1 folly

* Sonnet groups or sequences were a marked feature of Elizabethan verse. The *Amoretti* are a series of eighty-eight, recording Spenser's courtship of Elizabeth Boyle, his marriage to whom in 1594 was the occasion of his *Epithalamion*. The *Astrophel and Stella* series, of one hundred and ten, chronicles Sidney's love for Penelope Devereux. The inspirers of most of the other series seem more or less imaginary. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 95, 107.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

Astrophel and Stella I.†

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,—
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay[2];
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

Astrophel and Stella XXXI.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that e'en in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness?

† See last note. "After Shakespeare's sonnets, Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* offers the most intense and powerful picture of the passion of love in the whole range of our poetry."—**F. T. Palgrave.**

2 support

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)

To Delia LI.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,

Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

Idea LXI.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

Sonnet XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee;—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet XXX.

When to the sessions[3] of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense[4] of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
—But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Sonnet LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my Love away:
—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel[5] from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

[3] Legal phraseology
[4] the cost (in grief)
[5] i. e., the poet's friend.

SONNET LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang:
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by:
—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail[6] shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA, FIRST SONG

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast surcharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure?
Who keeps the keys of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heaven forgat all measure.[1]

Who hath the lips where wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth[2]?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet whose step all sweetness planteth?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her scepter Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast whose milk doth patience nourish?
Whose grace is such that when it chides doth cherish?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.[3]

Who hath the hair which, loosest, fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only with you not miracles are wonders.[4]

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth?
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

GEORGE PEELE (1558?-1597?)

FROM THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

Œnone

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

---

6 refusing bail

1 was immeasurably lavish

2 i. e., by comparison

3 sorrows

4 miracles are not wonders

Paris

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œnone

My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Ambo Simul[5]

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Œnone

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œnone

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelay.
Amen to Cupid's curse,—
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

Paris

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Ambo Simul

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

THOMAS LODGE (1558?-1625)

Rosalind's Madrigal

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye? 9

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye! 18

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
—Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me? 27

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of[6] thee;
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee! 36

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-1595)

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear,
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed, 10
As tho' His floods should quench His flames
Which with His tears were fed.
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel, wounding thorns;

[5] Both together

[6] am pleased with

Love is the fire and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in my blood.''
With this He vanish'd out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas-day.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1618)*

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date[7], nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Pilgrim to Pilgrim

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,†
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angel-like face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear,
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

* Neither of the two poems here given as Raleigh's can be ascribed to him with much confidence. The first appeared in *England's Helicon* over the name "Ignoto." The MS. of the second bears the initials "Sr. W. R."

[7] end

† An ancient Priory in Norfolk, with a famous shrine of Our Lady, the object of many pilgrimages until its dissolution in 1538 (*Eng. Lit.*, p. 79). "A lover growing or grown old, it would seem, has been left in the lurch by the object of his affections. As all the world thronged to Walsingham the lover supposes that she too must have gone that way; and meeting a pilgrim returning from that English Holy Land, asks him if he has seen anything of her runaway ladyship."—J. W. Hales.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless[1] content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair
And is lost with a toy.[2]

Of womankind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abusèd,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excusèd.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

From As You Like It

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[3] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From As You Like It

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

From Measure for Measure

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But thy kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

From Twelfth Night

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

From Hamlet

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.[4]

1 unenduring 2 trifle 3 modulate

4 Pilgrims wore cockle shells in their hats in sign of their having crossed the sea to the Holy Land, and lovers not infrequently assumed this disguise.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded[5] with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

FROM CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1641?)

FROM PATIENT GRISSELL

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace! apace! apace! apace!
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king,
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace! apace! apace! apace!
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

THOMAS CAMPION (d. 1619)

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;

[5] thickly strewn

There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry!

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

AGINCOURT*

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry. 8

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.. 16

Which[6], in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending[7];
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending. 24

[6] who (the French general)
[7] i. e., sending an order.

* In the course of the Hundred Years' War the English won three great victories over the French in the face of enormous odds—Crécy in 1346, Poitiers in 1356, and Agincourt in 1415. The last was won by Henry the Fifth, and so well was the glory of it remembered that after nearly two hundred years Drayton could celebrate it in this ballad, which bids fair to stand as the supreme national ballad of England. Breathless from the first word to the last, rude and rhythmic as the tread of an army, it arouses the martial spirit as few things but its imitators can.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raisèd!

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest[8] shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall She sustain
Loss to redeem me!

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main, Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen:
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear, was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake;
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes[9] drew,
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily;
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble Fray;
Which Fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

[8] resolution

[9] swords

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

The Triumph of Charis

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh so white! Oh so soft! Oh so sweet is she!

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
(1564-1593)

FROM THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.*

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Not marching in the fields of Thrasymene,[1]
Where Mars did mate[2] the warlike Carthagens;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state[3] is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentles,—we must now perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:[4]
At riper years, to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas[5] his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning,[6] of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,[7]
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE I.]

Faustus *discovered in his study.*

FAUSTUS. Settle[8] thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:[9]
Having commenc'd,[10] be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end[11] of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.[12]
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell, and Galen[13] come:
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills[14] hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

[1] The scene of Hannibal's defeat of the Romans, 217 B. C. Marlowe means that his drama is not to deal, like others, with wars and intrigues.
[2] cope with
[3] statehood, majesty
[4] Roda, near Weimar.
[5] where
[*] The Faust legend, which embodies the old fancy of a compact with the Evil One, had its origin in the life of a certain German doctor (i. e. learned man) of evil character, Johann Faustus, who, dying about 1538, was reputed to have been carried off by the devil. The tales that grew up about his memory were collected in "The History of Dr. Faustus, the Notorious Magician and Master of the Black Art," published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1587. A translation was printed in England and Marlowe immediately dramatized it (1588); since then the story has appeared in many forms. Marlowe's drama was probably not printed in his lifetime. The editions dated 1604 and 1616 differ in many particulars and certainly neither of them gives us the text as he left it. It is possible that none of the comic scenes, the mingling of which with tragedy came to be one of the characteristics of Elizabethan drama, were from his pen. The extracts given above present only the central tragic theme. The 1616 text is followed, with scene numbers inserted to correspond with A. W. Ward's divisions of the 1604 text.

[6] knowledge
[7] Alluding to the story of Icarus.
[8] fix upon
[9] choose for a profession
[10] taken the doctor's degree
[11] aim at the goal (viz., metaphysics)
[12] "To dispute well is the end of logic."
[13] A famous physician of the second century.
[14] prescriptions

And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?[15]
[*Reads.*

Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.[16]
A petty case of paltry legacies! [*Reads.*
Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.[17]
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible,[18] Faustus; view it well.
[*Reads.*

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.* The reward of sin is death; that's hard. [*Reads.*
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu![19]
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a demigod:
Here tire, my brains, to gain a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAG. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
FAUST. Their conference[20] will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. ANG. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.
E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art[21]
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*Exeunt* Angels.
FAUST. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of[22] all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world[23]
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;[24]
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma* from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp-bridge,†
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter Valdes *and* Cornelius.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits:
'Tis magic, magic that hath ravish'd me.

15 A Roman emperor and law-giver.
16 "If one and the same thing be bequeathed to two, one [shall have] the thing, the other its value, etc."
17 "A father may not disinherit his son, unless, etc."
18 The Vulgate.
19 Here Faustus turns to his books of magic.
20 conversation
21 black art, i. e., magic
22 interpret for me
23 America
24 delicacies
* Alexander Farnese, the famous Governor of the Netherlands, who subdued Antwerp in 1585 and later planned at Philip II's orders to invade England.
† Ships set on fire and driven against the Antwerp bridge to burn it down.

Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd[25] the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,[26]
Will be as cunning as Agrippa[27] was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors[28] obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters[29] with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in[30] their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.[1]

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen[2] in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus'[3] works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORN. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALD. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity[4] thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do;
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter two Scholars.

FIRST SCHOL. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.[5]

SEC. SCHOL. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

FIRST SCHOL. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

WAG. God in heaven knows.

SEC. SCHOL. Why, dost not thou know, then?

WAG. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

FIRST SCHOL. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is. . . .

WAG. Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

FIRST SCHOL. O Faustus!
Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fall'n into that damnèd art
For which they two are infamous through the world.

SEC. SCHOL. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn.
But, come, let us go and inform the Rector;
It may be his grave counsel may reclaim him.

FIRST SCHOL. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

SEC. SCHOL. Yet let us see what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

---

puzzled
[25] See *Æneid* VI., 666.
[26] A magician at the time of Johann Faustus.
[27] Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus, mediæval scholars popularly reputed to have practiced magic.
[28] American Indians
[29] German horsemen
[30] Perhaps *in* = *under*

[1] make it no objection
[2] skilled
[3] Albertus
[4] matter
[5] "Thus I prove" (a formula in logical demonstration.

[Scene III.]

Enter Faustus.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,*
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,[6]
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring[7] stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

[*Thunder.*

Sint mihi dii Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovæ! Ignei, aërii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!†

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.[8]

[*Exit* Mephistophilis.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.

Re-enter Mephistophilis *like a Franciscan friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak!

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*[9]
For, when we hear one rack[10] the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elysium:[11]
My ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

---

6 written as an anagram
7 wandering (i. e., planets)
8 A Protestant fling at monasticism.
* The rising and setting of the constellation of Orion was said to be accompanied by rain.
† "May the gods of Acheron [river of pain, in Hades], be propitious to me! May the triple name of Jehovah avail! Hail, spirits of fire, air, and water! Beelzebub, prince of the east, monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate you, that Mephistophilis the Dragon, *quod tumeraris* [text corrupt and untranslatable], may appear and arise: in the name of Jehovah, Gehenna and the holy water which I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which I now make and in the name of our vows, let Mephistophilis himself at our command, now arise." Beelzebub, etc., were members of the infernal hierarchy, of which Lucifer (Satan) was commonly regarded as chief. Marlowe makes Mephistophilis the servant of Lucifer, to whom he later gives the title of prince of the east, here given to Beelzebub.

9 by accident
10 torture (in anagrams)
11 count hell and Elysium the same

MEPH. In hell.
FAUST. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?
MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:[12]
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!
FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.
MEPH. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*
FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent[13] to Spain,
And both contributary to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

. . . . . .

[SCENE V.]

Faustus *discovered in his study.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus,
Must thou needs be damn'd, canst thou not be sav'd.
What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now, go not backward, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ear,
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Why, he loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.
G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
FAUST. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of these?
G. ANG. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven.
E. ANG. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do use them most.
G. ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.
E. ANG. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.
FAUST. Wealth!
Why, the signiory[14] of Embden[15] shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe.
Cast no more doubts.—Mephistophilis, come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come Mephistophilis,
Veni,[16] *veni, Mephistophile!*

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?
MEPH. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
FAUST. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
MEPH. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.
FAUST. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?
MEPH. Enlarge his kingdom.
FAUST. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Compare *Paradise Lost,* I. 254.
connected
dominion
A town of Hanover, Germany, formerly very prosperous.
come

MEPH. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*[17]

FAUST. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

MEPH. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUST. Ay, Mephistophilis, I'll give it thee.

MEPH. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUST. [*Stabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his proper blood
Assures his soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPH. But, Faustus,
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUST. [*Writing*] Ay, so I do. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

FAUST. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: O, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis *with the chafer*[18] *of fire.*

MEPH. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

FAUST. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

MEPH. What will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

FAUST. *Consummatum est;*[19] this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge:[20] whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
O, yes, I see it plain; even here is writ,
Homo, fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Enter Devils, *giving crowns and rich apparel to* Faustus. *They dance, and then depart.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis.

FAUST. What means this show? speak, Mephistophilis.

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

MEPH. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUST. Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All covenants and articles between us both!

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us both!

FAUST. Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis. [*Reads.*

On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please. I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above-written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh and blood, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUST. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good of it!

MEPH. So, now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.

FAUST. First I will question with thee about hell.

[17] "It is a comfort to the miserable to have associates in their pain."
[18] vessel
[19] "It is done." [20] "Man, flee!"

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPH. Under the heavens.

'AUST. Ay, so are all things else; but where-abouts?

IEPH. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

'AUST. I think hell's a fable.

IEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

'AUST. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

EPH. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

AUST. Ay, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
No, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

EPH. But I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I tell thee I am damn'd and now in hell.

. . . . . .

Here, take this book, peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in harness[21] shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou command'st.

UST. Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book:
This will I keep as chary as my life. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI.]

ter Faustus, *in his study, and* Mephistophilis.

UST. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

PH. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus; thank thyself.
But think'st thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

UST. How prov'st thou that?

rmor

MEPH. 'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.

FAUST. If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. ANG. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. ANG. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me, if I repent.

E. ANG. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.
[*Exeunt* Angels.

FAUST. My heart is harden'd, I cannot repent;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's[22] love and Œnon's[23] death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes[24]
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall not repent.—
Come Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And reason of divine astrology.
Speak, are there many spheres above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric[25] earth?

MEPH. As are the elements, such are the heavens,
Even from the moon unto th' empyreal orb,[26]
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine[27] is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring[28] stars.

FAUST. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*?[29]

MEPH. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the

22 Another name for Paris, whose love for Helen caused the Trojan war.
23 Wife of Paris, who took her own life.
24 Amphion.
25 central
26 the sun
27 terminal
28 See note, p. 154
29 in place and time

world; but differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUST. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets?
That the first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus: Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. These are freshmen's questions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*[30]

MEPH. Ay.

FAUST. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPH. Nine; the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.*

FAUST. But is there not *cælum igneum et crystallinum?*

MEPH. No, Faustus, they be but fables.

FAUST. Resolve[31] me, then, in this one question; why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPH. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*[32]

FAUST. Well, I am answered. Now tell me who made the world?

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUST. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything?

MEPH. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; this is.
Thou art damned; think thou of hell.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPH. Remember this. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. ANG. Too late.

G. ANG. Never too late, if Faustus will repent.

E. ANG. If thou repent, devils will tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.

FAUST. O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, *and* Mephistophilis.

LUC. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. O, what art thou that look'st so terribly?

LUC. I am Lucifer.
And this is my companion-prince in hell.

FAUST. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soul!

BELZ. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

LUC. Thou call'st on Christ, contrary to thy promise.

BELZ. Thou shouldst not think on God.

LUC. Think on the devil.

BELZ. And his dam too.

FAUST. Nor will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven.

LUC. So shalt thou show thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

BELZ. Faustus, we are come from hell in person to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins appear to thee in their own proper shapes and likeness.

FAUST. That sight will be as pleasant unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam the first day
Of his creation.

LUC. Talk not of Paradise or creation; but mark the show.—
Go, Mephistophilis, and fetch them in.

Mephistophilis *brings in the* Seven Deadly Sins.

BELZ. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

FAUST. That shall I soon.—What art thou, the first?

PRIDE. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. . . . But, fie, what a smell is here? I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom, unless the ground be perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUST. Thou art a proud knave, indeed.—What art thou, the second?

COVET. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in a leather bag: and, might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

FAUST. And what art thou, the third?

ENVY. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am

30 sovereign authority and intellect
31 free me from doubt
32 "Because of their unequal motion with respect to the whole."
* According to the Ptolemaic system, these were nine concentric spheres, with the earth at the centre. A tenth sphere, the "fiery and crystalline heaven" mentioned in the next question, was sometimes added.

lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance!

AUST. Out, envious wretch!—But what art thou, the fourth?

RATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce an hour old; and ever since have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be[33] my father.

AUST. And what art thou, the fifth?

LUT. I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny have they left me, but a small pension, and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten bevers,[34]—a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a royal pedigree: my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef;[35] and my godmother, O, she was an ancient gentlewoman; her name was Margery March-beer.[36] Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

UST. Not I.

UT. Then the devil choke thee!

UST. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

OTH. Heigho! I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom. . . .

C. Away to hell, away! On, piper!

[*Exeunt the* Sins.

UST. O, how this sight doth delight my soul!

. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

UST. O, might I see hell, and return again safe,
How happy were I then!

. Faustus, thou shalt; at midnight I will send for thee.
Meanwhile peruse this book and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

ST. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
his will I keep as chary[37] as my life.

33 must be
34 luncheons
ef cured at Martlemas (Nov. 11)
oice beer brewed in March
refully

LUC. Now Faustus, farewell.

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt.**

. . . . . .

[SCENE XIII.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter Devils *with covered dishes;* Mephistophilis *leads them into* Faustus' *study, then enter* Wagner.

WAG. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready-coined. I wonder what he means: if death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like: and, see where they come! belike the feast is ended.† [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS, Mephistophilis, *and two or three Scholars.*

FIRST SCHOL. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which[38] was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that[39] I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
It is not Faustus' custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds. Mephistophilis *brings in* Helen; *she passeth over the stage.*

SEC. SCHOL. Was this fair Helen, whose admirèd worth

38 as to which
39 because

* In the succeeding scenes are given, partly in relation by the Chorus, partly in action, Faustus' further adventures in the enjoyment of his new power, including a chariot-journey through the stellar heavens, and a ride on the back of a dragon to Rome, where, in disguise, or altogether invisible, he takes huge delight in playing pranks on the Pope and his Cardinals. But at length the twenty-four years of the compact draw to an end.

† This speech is almost regular blank verse and was probably written as such.

Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

THIRD SCHOL. Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

FIRST SCHOL. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,
We'll take our leaves: and, for this blessèd sight,
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same wish I to you. [*Exeunt Scholars.*

Enter an Old Man.

OLD MAN. O gentle Faustus, leave this damnèd art,
This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell,
And quite bereave thee of salvation!
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persever in it like a devil:
Yet, yet thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven:
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be, this my exhortation
Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but in tender love,
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.
[Mephistophilis *gives him a dagger.*

OLD MAN. O stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. O friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee; but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Accursèd Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done?
I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

FAUST. I do repent I e'er offended him.
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I may have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter Helen, *passing over the stage between two Cupids.*

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium[1]?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;

[1] unsurpassable towers of Troy

And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIV.]

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub *and* Mephistophilis.

LUC. Thus from infernal Dis[2] do we ascend
To view the subjects of our monarchy,
Those souls which sin seals the black sons of hell;
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus, we come to thee,
Bringing with us lasting damnation
To wait upon thy soul: the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPH. And, this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

BELZ. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPH. How should he but in desperate lunacy?
Fond worldling, now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it; and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle fantasies
To over-reach the devil; but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He and his servant Wagner are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See, where they come!

Enter Faustus *and* Wagner.

FAUST. Say, Wagner,—thou hast perus'd my will,
How dost thou like it?

WAG. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

FAUST. Gramercy,[3] Wagner.

Enter Scholars.

Welcome, gentlemen.

[*Exit* Wagner.

FIRST SCHOL. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUST. O gentlemen!

SEC. SCHOL. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCHOL. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

SEC. SCHOL. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

THIRD SCHOL. He is not well with being over-solitary.

SEC. SCHOL. If it be so, we'll have physicians, And Faustus shall be cur'd.

THIRD SCHOL. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

SEC. SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

SEC. SCHOL. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em?

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

ALL. O, God forbid!

FAUST. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill[4] with mine own blood: the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCHOL. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

SEC. SCHOL. O, what may we do to save Faustus?

[2] Another name for Pluto and his kingdom.
[3] great thanks
[4] bond

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.
THIRD SCHOL. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.
FIRST SCHOL. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and pray for him.
FAUST. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.
SEC. SCHOL. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.
FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.
ALL. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt* Scholars.
MEPH. Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven;
Therefore despair; think only upon hell,
For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.
FAUST. Oh thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness!
MEPH. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice:
'Twas I that, when thou wert i' the way to heaven,
Damm'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou? 'tis too late; despair! Farewell:
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel *at several doors.*

G. ANG. O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had follow'd thee!
But thou didst love the world.
E. ANG. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell-pains perpetually.
G. ANG. O, what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Avail thee now?
E. ANG. Nothing, but vex thee more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.
G. ANG. O, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end.
Hadst thou affected[5] sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold,
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sit
In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell! That hast thou lost;
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave thee:
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.
[*Exit. The throne ascends.*

[*Music, while a throne descends.*

E. ANG. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare [*Hell is discovered.*
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the Furies tossing damnèd souls
On burning forks; there bodies boil in lead;
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops[6] of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.
FAUST. O, I have seen enough to torture me!
E. ANG. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all:
He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion. [*Exit. Hell disappears.—The clock strikes eleven.*

FAUST. O Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi![7]
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?—
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop of blood will save me; O my Christ!—
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—

[5] applied yourself to
[6] morsels
[7] "O slowly, slowly run, ye steeds of night."

Where is it now? 'tis gone:
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven!
No!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven!
[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*
O, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
O, Pythagoras' metempsychosis,[8] were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they diè,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
It strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Thunder. *Enter* Devils.

O, mercy, heaven! look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—O Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* Faustus.

[Scene XV.]

Enter Scholars.

First Schol. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

Sec. Schol. O, help us, heaven! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death!

Third Schol. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus;
For, twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

Sec. Schol. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy[9] funeral.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,[10]
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.
[*Exeunt.*
Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.[11]

[8] The theory held by Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, that the soul, at death, passes into another body.

[9] sad

[10] The laurel was sacred to Apollo. Symbolic here for distinction in science or poetry.

[11] "The hour ends the day, the author ends the work."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

THE TEMPEST*

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonso, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.
Adrian, Francisco, } Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship. Boatswain. Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

* *The Tempest* is one of Shakespeare's maturest productions, and is commonly assigned to the year 1610 or 1611. It may have had its origin in the spur given to the imagination by the widespread interest in the newly discovered Bermudas, where in the year 1609 the vessel of Sir George Somers was wrecked. A romantic play, with elements of both tragedy and comedy, and an included masque (if that be Shakespeare's), and with characters ranging from a brutish monster through the lowest and highest ranks of men to a creature of the spirit world, it contains perhaps in itself the best epitome of its creator's varied powers.

"The persons in this play," writes Edward Dowden, "while remaining real and living, are conceived in a more abstract way, more as types, than those in any other work of Shakespeare. Prospero is the highest wisdom and moral attainment; Gonzalo is humorous common-sense incarnated; all that is meanest and most despicable appears in the wretched conspirators; Miranda, whose name seems to suggest wonder, is almost an elemental being, framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, yet made substantial by contrast with Ariel, who is an unbodied joy, too much a creature of light and air to know human affection or human sorrow; Caliban (the name formed from cannibal) stands at the other extreme, with all the elements in him—appetites, intellect, even imagination—out of which man emerges into early civilization, but with a moral nature that is still gross and malignant. Over all presides Prospero like a providence. And the spirit of reconciliation, of forgiveness, harmonizing the contentions of men, appears in *The Tempest* in the same noble manner that it appears in *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *Henry VIII*."

"Nowhere," says Sidney Lee, "did Shakespeare give rein to his imagination with more imposing effect than in *The Tempest*. As in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, magical or supernatural agencies are the mainsprings of the plot. But the tone is marked at all points by a solemnity and profundity of thought and sentiment which are lacking in the early comedy. . . . In Prospero, the guiding providence of the romance, who resigns his magic power in the closing scene, traces have been sought of the lineaments of the dramatist himself, who in this play probably bade farewell to the enchanted work of his life."

ACT I.

Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master *and a* Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good,[1] speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend[3] to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,[4] if room enough![5]

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares† these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. 19

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,[6] we will not hand[7] a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the

1 Good fellow
2 smartly
3 attend
4 Cp. *Lear*, III. ii. 1; *Pericles*, III. i. 44.
5 so long as we have sea-room
6 Supply "moment."
7 touch

† Such grammatical freedom is not unusual in Shakespeare and other writers of his time; compare the second line of Ariel's song, I. ii. 397, and the fourth line of "Hark, hark!" *Cymbeline*, II. iii. 24. The "roarers" here are of course the waves, but as the term was also applied to "bullies" we get a lively picture of their rudeness as well as their noise.

hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.* 29

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage.[8] If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try[9] with main-course.[10] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office. 40

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noise-maker. We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for[11] drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell. 50

BOATS. Lay her a-hold,[9] a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS, *wet.*

MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely[12] cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapped rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning 60
The washing of ten tides!‡

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'——'We split, we split!'——'Farewell my wife and children!'——
'Farewell, brother!'——'We split, we split, we split!']

ANT. Let's all sink with the king.

SEB. Let's take leave of him.[13]

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* SEB.

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The island. Before PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

MIR. If by your art,[14] my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave[15] vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature[16] in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere[17]
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting[18] souls within her.

PROS. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIR. O, woe the day!

PROS. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell 20
And thy no greater father.

MIR. More to know
Did never meddle[19] with my thoughts.

PROS. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.**
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision[20] in mine art

8 help (verb)
9 close to the wind
10 main-sail
11 against
12 simply, absolutely
13 bid him farewell
‡ Pirates were hanged at low water mark and left during the washing of three tides.

14 magic (Note the respectful "you" in her address, the familiar "thou" in her father's.)
15 splendid
16 Collective for "creatures."
17 sooner than
18 freight-composing
19 mingle
20 foresight
* Prospero wears the mantle only in his capacity as magician.

So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
MIR. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,[21]
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'
PROS. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out[22] three years old.
MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.
PROS. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
MIR. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
PROS. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.
MIR. But that I do not.
PROS. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
MIR. Sir, are not you my father?
PROS. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.[23]
MIR. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
PROS. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp thither.
MIR. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[24] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from[25] my remembrance! Please you, farther.
PROS. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories[26] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
MIR. Sir, most heedfully.
PROS. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash[27] for over-topping,[28] new created
The creatures[29] that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.[30] Thou attend'st not.
MIR. O, good sir, I do.
PROS. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness[31] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but[32] my being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate,[33] in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[34] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue[35] yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[36] he did believe

21 vain inquiry
22 fully
23 descended
24 grief
25 out of
26 seignories, lordships
27 check (said of hounds; or it may be a figure from gardening — to "top," lop)
28 outrunning
29 followers, lords
30 out of it
31 seclusion
32 except
33 out-valued all popular esteem (was better than any popularity, except that it enforced seclusion)
34 without
35 Pronounce *reven'ue*.
36 like one who has told an untruth until his false memory makes it seem truth (perhaps *into* should be *unto*.)

He was indeed the duke; out o' the[37] substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?
MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
PROS. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[38] Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.
MIR. O the heavens!
PROS. Mark his condition,[39] and the event;[40] then tell me
If this might be a brother.
MIR. I should sin
To think but[41] nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
PROS. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises[42]
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently[43] extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
MIR. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
PROS. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.[44]
MIR. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
PROS. Well demanded, wench:[45]
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[46] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
MIR. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
PROS. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[47] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[48] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
MIR. How came we ashore?
PROS. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
MIR. Would I might
But ever see that man!
PROS. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess'[49] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
MIR. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
PROS. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

[37] in consequence of the
[38] Duke of Milan. (So Cleopatra is called Egypt, etc.)
[39] terms of confederation
[40] outcome
[41] otherwise than
[42] in return for the guarantees
[43] at once
[44] not pertinent
[45] girl (with none of the modern contemptuous sense)
[46] in brief
[47] covered
[48] an enduring courage
[49] princesses

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.[50]
PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARI. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,[51]
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
PROS. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[52]
Would not infect his reason?
ARI. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
PROS. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
ARI. Close by, my master.
PROS. But are they, Ariel, safe?
ARI. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
PROS. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[53] there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[54]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
PROS. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
ARI. Past the mid season.
PROS. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
PROS. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
ARI. My liberty.
PROS. Before the time be out? no more!
ARI. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
PROS. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
ARI. No.
PROS. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
ARI. I do not, sir.

50 associates
51 separately
52 turmoil
53 the ever tempestuous Bermudas (see introductory note)
54 flood, sea

PROS. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
ARI. No, sir.
PROS. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
ARI. Sir, in Argier.[55]
PROS. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
ARI. Ay, sir.
PROS. This blue-eyed[56] hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for[57] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.
ARI. Yes, Caliban, her son.
PROS. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
ARI. I thank thee, master.
PROS. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
ARI. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.
PROS. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
ARI. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
PROS. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence with diligence!
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
MIR. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
PROS. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
MIR. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
PROS. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[58] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
CAL. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.
PROS. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?
Re-enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*
Fine apparition! My quaint[59] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
PROS. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[60]
Shall, for that vast of night that[61] they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
CAL. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,

55 Algiers
56 with blue-circled eyes
57 because
58 do without
59 dainty
60 goblins
61 that waste and void of night wherein

Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't;* and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren places and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which[62] first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
PROS. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
CAL. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
PROS. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,[63]
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
CAL. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid[64] you
For learning me your language!
PROS. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer[65] other business. Shrug 'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect 'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches,† make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
CAL. No, pray thee,
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[66]
And make a vassal of him.
PROS. So, slave, hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:[67]
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.[68]
Hark, hark!
BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
ARI. The watch dogs bark:
BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
ARI. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion[69]
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral[70] made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
BURTHEN. Ding-dong.

62 who (antecedent *I*)
63 nature
64 destroy
65 perform
66 A Patagonian deity.
67 into silence
68 take up the refrain
69 suffering (from Latin *patior*)
70 Perhaps used collectively (but see note on I. i. 17),

*Coffee was at this time hardly known in England. In William Strachey's account of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, the men are said to have made a pleasant drink of an infusion of berries of the cedar.

† Pronounced *aitches* or *atches*. The *ch* was pronounced like *k* only in the verb; compare *bake, batch, break, breach*.

ARI. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.
FER. The ditty does remember[71] my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[72]—I hear it now above me.
PROS. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,[73]
And say what thou seest yond.
MIR. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave[74] form. But 'tis a spirit.
PROS. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
MIR. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
PROS. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
FER. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
MIR. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
FER. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
PROS. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
FER. A single[75] thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples.[76] He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
MIR. Alack, for mercy!
FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son* being twain.
PROS. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control[77] thee,
If now 'twere fit to do it. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To* FER.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong:[78] a word.
MIR. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
PROS. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy[79] make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To* FER.] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest[80] not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
FER. No, as I am a man.
MIR. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
PROS. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
FER. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
MIR. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[81]
PROS. What! I say,

71 commemorate
72 owns
73 raise
74 fine
75 solitary; also, miserable
76 See note 38.
77 confute
78 made a mistake
79 difficult
80 ownest
81 mild and harmless (or possibly, high-spirited and not afraid)
* Possibly an oversight, for no such character appears.

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[82]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
MIR. Beseech you, father.
PROS. Hence! hang not on my garments.
MIR. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
PROS. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To[83] the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
MIR. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PROS. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves[84] are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
FER. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor[85] this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
PROS. [*Aside*] It works. [*To* FER.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To* FER.] Follow me.
[*To* ARI.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
MIR. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
PROS. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
ARI. To the syllable.
PROS. Come, follow. Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

82 posture of defence
83 compared to
84 sinews
85 Used, by confusion of construction, for "and."

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint[1] of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[2] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
ALON. Prithee, peace.
SEB.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.
ANT. The visitor[3] will not give him o'er so.
SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
GON. Sir,—
SEB. One: tell.[4]
GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
SEB. A dollar.
GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.
SEB. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
GON. Therefore, my lord,—
ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
ALON. I prithee, spare.
GON. Well, I have done: but yet,—
SEB. He will be talking.
ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
SEB. The old cock.
ANT. The cockerel.
SEB. Done. The wager?
ANT. A laughter.
SEB. A match!
ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—
SEB. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.
ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
SEB. Yet,—
ADR. Yet,—

1 occasion
2 vessel
3 comforter (Gonzalo: the word was used of parish visitors of the sick)
4 keep count
* The conversation of Sebastian and Antonio takes place aside.

ANT. He could not miss 't.[5]
ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.[6]
ANT. Temperance[7] was a delicate wench.
SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
ANT. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.
ANT. True; save means to live.
SEB. Of that there's none, or little.
GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
SEB. With an eye[8] of green in 't.
ANT. He misses not much.
SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
GON. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
SEB. As many vouched rarities are.
GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to[9] their queen.
GON. Not since widow Dido's time.
ANT. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!
SEB. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!
ADR. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
ADR. Carthage?
GON. I assure you, Carthage.
ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[10]
SEB. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.
ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
GON. Ay.
ANT. Why, in good time.
GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.
SEB. Bate,[11] I beseech you, widow Dido.
ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
ANT. That sort was well fished for.
GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate,[12] she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
FRAN. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his[13] wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land:
ALON. No, no, he's gone.
SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who[14] hath cause to wet the grief on 't.[15]
ALON. Prithee, peace.
SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd[16] between loathness and obedience, at

5 I. e., could not fail to say just what you anticipated
6 temperature
7 A proper name among the Puritans.
8 tinge
9 for
10 Amphion's harp, which raised the walls of Thebes
11 except
12 opinion
13 its
14 which
15 to weep over it
16 balanced

Which end o' the beam should[17] bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'st[18] o' the loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time[19] to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.[20]

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation[21] of this isle, my lord,—

ANT. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters[22] should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service,[23] none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

SEB. Yet he would be king on 't.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[24]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind,[25] all foison,[26] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

. . . . . .

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

SEB. 'Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And,—do you mark me, sir?

ALON. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[27] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laughed at.

GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given!

SEB. An[28] it had not fallen flat-long.[29]

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *(invisible), playing solemn music.*

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.[30]

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.*

[*All sleep except* ALON., SEB., *and* ANT.

ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEB. Please you, sir,
Do not omit[31] the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

17 Supply "she."
18 heaviest
19 Supply "proper."
20 surgeon-like
21 colonization
22 literature
23 practice of servitude
24 of war
25 spontaneously
26 plenty
27 sensitive
28 if
29 flatwise
30 catching birds at night by beating the bushes
31 let pass

* This passage is obscure. Perhaps it is a colloquial inversion for "Hear us, and go to sleep."

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks[32] thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEB. What, art thou waking?
ANT. Do you not hear me speak?
SEB. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;[33]
There's meaning in thy snores.
ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.[34]
SEB. Well, I am standing water.
ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.
SEB. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
ANT. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it![35] Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
SEB. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes[36] thee much to yield.[37]
ANT. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes[38] to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
ANT. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt[39] discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
SEB. He's gone.
ANT. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
SEB. Claribel.
ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom[40]
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
SEB. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
ANT. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us[41] back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.[42] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
SEB. Methinks I do.
ANT. And how does your content
Tender[43] your own good fortune?
SEB. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
ANT. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants

32 invites
33 significantly
34 will treble thy fortunes
35 more alluringly clothe it
36 pains
37 bring forth
38 his sole profession is
39 but must doubt (the possibility of)
40 Supply "coming."
41 traverse us (the cubits)
42 a jackdaw talk as deeply
43 regard

Were then my fellows: now they are my men.
SEB. But, for your conscience?
ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,[44]
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock[45] to any business that
We say befits the hour.
SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.
ANT. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like.
To fall it on Gonzalo.
SEB. O, but one word.
[*They talk apart.*

Re-enter ARIEL *(invisible).*

ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.
GON. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They awake.*
ALON. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
GON. What's the matter?
SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
ALON. I heard nothing.
ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
ALON. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
ALON. Lead away.
ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[46] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

[44] heel-sore
[45] count time (make the hour fit)
[46] piece-meal

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[47] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John.[48] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make[49] a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit[50] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[51] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing: a bottle in his hand.*

STE. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;—
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me:—O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not escaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me:—O!

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn[52] our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take[53] too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat:[54] open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

STE. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano!

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[55]

TRIN. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the

47 large leathern liquor-vessel
48 salted hake
49 Used punningly, "to make the fortune of."
50 A small Dutch coin.
51 long cloak
52 can he have learned
53 cannot ask
54 Proverb: "Good liquor will make a cat speak."
55 Proverb: "He must have a long spoon that would eat with the devil."

siege of this moon-calf[56]? can he vent[57] Trinculos? 111

TRIN. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STE. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 121

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

STE. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CAL. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly. 130

STE. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

TRIN. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was. 142

CAL. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn,[58] monster, in good sooth! 151

CAL. I will show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on, then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find it in my heart to beat him,— 160

STE. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

CAL. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs[59] grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;[60]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[61] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STE. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 181

CAL. [*sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom! 191

STE. O brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

FER. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off:* some kinds of baseness[1]

56 the offscum of this monstrosity
57 spawn
58 well drunk, well drained
59 crab apples
60 edible roots
61 Meaning unknown (possibly for seamell, sea-mew).

1 menial work
* This sentence yields various meanings, according as "labour" is subject or object, and according as "sets off" means "heightens" or "offsets."

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction:[2] my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest,† when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO, *at a distance, unseen.*

MIR. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.
FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
MIR. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
FER. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIR. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PROS. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation[3] shows it.
MIR. You look wearily.
FER. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
MIR. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
FER. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil:[4] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every ceature's best!
MIR. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless[5] of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
MIR. Do you love me?
FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,[6]
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIR. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
PROS. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
FER. Wherefore weep you?

2 behest
3 visit
† Another very obscure passage. The later Folios read *least*, Theobald conjectures *busyless*, Holt *busiest*
4 disadvantage
5 ignorant
6 outcome

MIR. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.[7] But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
FER. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.
MIR. My husband, then?
FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
MIR. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
FER. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR. *severally.*

PROS. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

STE. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.[8] Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set[9] in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[10]

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle[11] a constable. Why, thou deboshed[12] fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural![13]

CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL *(invisible)*

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied ninny's[14] this! Thou scurvy patch![15]

[7] lack
[8] sail up and attack them (the cups)
[9] fixed
[10] standard-bearer
[11] in trim to jostle
[12] debauched
[13] simpleton
[14] motley-coated fool
[15] fool

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish[16] of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STE. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[17] with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that[18] most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch[19]
You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STE. What is this same?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[20]

STE. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STE. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

[16] dried cod (which is beaten before boiled)
[17] wind-pipe
[18] that which
[19] part-song
[20] Alluding to a print (of merely head, legs, and arms) prefixed to an old comedy.

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin,[21] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd[22] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for[23] my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to* Seb.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to* Ant.] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. [*Aside to* Seb.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to* Ant.] I say, to-night: no more. [*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero *above (invisible). Enter several strange* Shapes, *bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery.[24] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit,[25] come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou has said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse[26]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[27]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one* will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.
Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*
Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to[28] instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men

21 ladykin (little lady, the Virgin Mary)
22 attacked
23 as
24 puppet show
25 whatever else is incredible
26 wonder at
27 Proverb: "Save your praises till you go."
28 for
* Referring to travellers going on a perilous journey, who sometimes made over their property on condition that if they returned safe it should be restored to them two, three, or even five fold.

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[ALON., SEB., *etc., draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[29] that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but[30] heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the SHAPES *again and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

PROS. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange,[31] my meaner ministers
Their several kinds[32] have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom[33] they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*
GON. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
ALON. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
ANT. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.
GON. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[34]
May now provoke them to.
ADR. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.

PROS. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third[1] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.
FER. I do believe it[2]
Against an oracle.
PROS. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot[3] before

29 filament of down
30 nothing will avail but
31 rare observance
32 appropriate functions
33 For "who."
34 madness

1 Commonly taken to mean that he himself and his dukedom (or his wife) are the two other thirds; but some editors read *thread.*
2 Supply "and should."
3 girdle worn as mark of maidenhood

All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[3] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.[4]

FER. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or[5] Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROS. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.

PROS. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[6] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARI. Presently?[7]

PROS. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. Before you can say 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop[8] and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

PROS. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
'Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

PROS. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FER. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[9]

PROS. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[10]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly![11]
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[12] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled[13] brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt[14] vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,[15]
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[16] acres and my unshrubb'd down,[17]
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate[18]
On the blest lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis[19] my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society

3 sprinkling
4 as you hope to be blessed by the god of marriage
5 either
6 illusion
7 at once
8 grimace (about the same as "mow")
9 Then regarded as the seat of passion.
10 surplusage
11 nimbly
12 coarse hay
13 peonied and reedy (?)
14 pole-entwined
15 Juno
16 woody
17 cleared slopes
18 bestow
19 Pluto (who carried off Proserpina)

Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mar's hot minion[20] is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

CER. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing:*

JUNO. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER. Earth's increase, foison[21] plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROS. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

PROS. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp[22] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.[23]

Enter certain REAPERS, *properly habited: they join with the* NYMPHS *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

PROS. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the* SPIRITS.] Well done! avoid;[24] no more!

FER. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROS. You do look, my son, in a moved sort.
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[25] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on;[26] and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FER. MIR. We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*

PROS. Come with a thought.[27] I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROS. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[28] Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,

20 darling (Venus)
21 abundance
22 waveleted
23 dancing
24 depart
25 shred of vapor
26 of
27 quick as thought
28 meet, frustrate

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROS. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd[29] colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,[30] and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROS. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[31] to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

PROS. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.[32]

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monster, my nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink[33] this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.[34] O King Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,[35]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.*

TRIN. Do, do: we steal by line and level,[36] an 't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate;[37] there's another garment for 't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime[38] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

29 unridden
30 gorse
31 decoy
32 lime-tree, linden
33 blind you to editors, "let't alone.")
34 old-clothes shop
35 Supply "go;" (*alone* may be an error for *along;* or read, with Rowe and other
36 by rule
37 thrust of wit
38 bird-lime

* Perhaps alluding to the frequent loss of hair from fevers contracted in crossing the line, or equator.

CAL. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.
STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
TRIN. And this.
STE. Ay, and this.
A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, *in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*
PROS. Hey, Mountain, hey!
AR. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
PROS. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
ARI. Hark, they roar!
PROS. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

PROS. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack[1] not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[2] How's the day?
ARI. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
PROS. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
ARI. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROS. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,[3]
Passion[4] as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs[5] I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
ARI. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
PROS. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets[6] make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required

1 break, fall
2 carries all through well
3 feel quite as keenly
4 have passions
5 crimes
6 of grass ("fairy rings")

Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks:*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to[7] the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home[8] both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,[9]
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
GON. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PROS. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
ALON. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse[10] me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
PROS. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.
GON. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.
PROS. You do yet taste
Some subtilties[11] o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify[12] you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
SEB. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
PROS. No.

7 sympathetic with
8 fully
9 shore of reason
10 deceive
11 strange concoctions
12 prove

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
PROS. I am woe for 't, sir.
ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
PROS. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
ALON. You the like loss!
PROS. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
ALON. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
PROS. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[13]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed.
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;

[13] wonder

At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.
Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*
MIR. Sweet lord, you play me false.
FER. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
MIR. Yes,[14] for a score of kingdoms you should[15] wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
ALON. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEB. A most high miracle!
FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
ALON. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
MIR. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
PROS. 'Tis new to thee.
ALON. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
FER. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
ALON. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
PROS. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

[14] Supply "but what then?" [15] might

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALON. [*To* FER. *and* MIR.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GON. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL *with the* MASTER *and* BOATSWAIN *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—[16]
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged, as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI. [*Aside to* PROS.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROS. [*Aside to* ARI.] My tricksy spirit!

ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. [*Aside to* PROS.] Was 't well done?

PROS. [*Aside to* ARI.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[17] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROS. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest[18] your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,[19]
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to* ARI.] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself;[20] for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROS. Mark but the badges[21] of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without[22] her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

16 declared wrecked

17 conductor
18 trouble
19 give you explanation
20 A drunkenly distorted speech.
21 i. e., the stolen apparel
22 act in her place, beyond

SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?
TRIN. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
SEB. Why, how now, Stephano!
STE. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
PROS. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
STE. I should have been a sore one, then.
ALON. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.
PROS. He is as disproportion'd in his manners.
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
CAL. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!
PROS. Go to; away!
ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
SEB. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.
PROS. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
ALON. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take[23] the ear strangely.
PROS. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to* ARI.] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

23 captivate

EPILOGUE.*

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want[24]
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

24 lack

* Probably not written by Shakespeare.

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.†

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample[1] to thy book and fame;

1 liberal

† Written after Shakespeare's death, which took place in April, 1616. Beaumont died in March and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Spenser, where twenty-one years later Jonson himself was to lie. Shakespeare, however, was buried at Stratford. (*Eng. Lit.*, p. 411.) Lines 19-21 refer to the following "Epitaph on Shakespeare" which was written by William Basse:

"Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,
For until doomsday hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sable marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
That unto us, and others, it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

The tenor of Jonson's praise appears to be that other English poets, though great, are "disproportioned," that is, inferior to Shakespeare; his peers are to be found only among the ancients, though he himself knew little about them.

While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage.[2] But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
. . . . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,[3]
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek[4]
For names: but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,[5]
To live again, to hear thy buskin[6] tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks[7] were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd, and true filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza,[8] and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

2 verdict
3 mature
4 will not be at a loss
5 Three Roman tragic poets (the Cordovan is Seneca)
6 A high boot worn by ancient tragic actors; figurative for "tragedy."
7 A low shoe worn by ancient comedians; hence "comedy."
8 captivate Queen Elizabeth

From VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

The Argument*

Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
Lies languishing: his parasite receives
Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
Other cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold,
Each tempts the other again, and all are sold.

* This Argument—which is in the form of an acrostic, the initial letters of the seven lines spelling the title—gives in condensed form the plot of the play. The purpose is to present instructively some of the worst passions of men, especially avarice. Volpō'ne, the rich, hypocritical old "fox," assisted by his parasite, Mosca ("fly"), amuses himself with deluding those who hope to become his heirs, namely, the advocate Voltore ("vulture"), Corbaccio ("old raven"), etc.; but all come to grief in the end. The selection here printed constitutes the major portion of Act I. On Jonson's use of "humours," see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 122.

Act I.

Scene I.—*A Room in* Volpone's *House. Enter* Volpone *and* Mosca.

Volpone. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[Mosca *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram[1]
Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his;
That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things; and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——
Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.
Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts
To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no monies in the public bank,
Nor usure private.[2] . . . .

1 The first sign of the zodiac, ascendant at the vernal equinox.

2 practice no private usury

. . . . . What should I do,
But cocker up[3] my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,[4]
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now! . . . .
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? . . Look, Mosca. . .
Mos. 'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate; I know him by his knock.
Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing,
And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' the gallery. [*Exit* Mosca.] Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcase, now they come:
I am not for them yet.
Re-enter Mosca, *with the gown, etc.*
How now! the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
And arms engraven.
Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir.
Volp. Give me my furs.
[*Puts on his sick dress.*
Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:

3 pamper

4 leading them on

That this might be the last gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his ventures;
How he should worshipped be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs, and foot-cloths; waited on
By herds of fools and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as lettered as himself;
Be called the great and learned advocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.[5]

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.

Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes.

Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundreds such as I am, in succession—

Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live
Still to delude these harpies.

Volp. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter.
[*Exit* Mosca.
Now, my feigned cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milked their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing.*] uh! uh! uh! O——

Re-enter Mosca, *introducing* Voltore *with a piece of Plate.*

Mos. You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he[6] commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes[7]
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Voltore is come——

Volp. [*faintly*] What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,[8]
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volt. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you to see him often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron!

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

Volt. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

Volt. [*putting it into his hands.*] I'm sorry
To see you still thus weak.

Mos. That he's not weaker. [*Aside.*

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volt. No, sir; would to heaven,
I could as well give health to you, as that plate!

Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswered:
I pray you see me often.

Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Hearken unto me still; it will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——

Mos. You are his heir, sir.

Volt. Am I?

Volp. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port, Uh! uh! uh! uh!
And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must all go——

Volt. But, Mosca——

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volt. Pray thee, hear me;
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe

[5] learned man worthy to occupy the seat (*cathedra*) of authority
[6] he that
[7] tokens
[8] The great square and mart of Venice.

To write me in your family.[9] All my hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am lost
Except the rising sun do shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.
Mos. Sir,
I am a man that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers and your caskets locked,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate, and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.
Volt. But am I sole heir?
Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirmed this morning:
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.
Volt. Happy, happy me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause.
Volt. Thy modesty
Is not to know it[10]; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say how he admired
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel; take provoking[11] gold
On either hand, and put it up[12]; these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a chequin[13]!
[*Knocking without.*
Who's that? one knocks; I would not have you seen, sir.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse—and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I have not been your worst of clients.
Volt. Mosca!—
Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the Will?—Anon[14]!—
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
Put business in your face. [*Exit* Voltore.
Volp. [*springing up.*] Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
Mos. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
Volp. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.
Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] Now we shall see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave.

Enter Corbaccio.

Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.
Corb. How does your patron?
Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.
Corb. What! mends he?
Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.
Corb. That's well. Where is he?
Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
Corb. Does he sleep well?
Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.
Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
Corb. Why? I myself
Stood by while it was made, saw all the ingredients;
And know it cannot but most gently work:
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
Volp. Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.
[*Aside.*
Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
Corb. Say you, say you?
Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, to escape. I often have
Heard him protest that your[15] physician
Should never be his heir.
Corb. Not I his heir?
Mos. Not your physician, sir.
Corb. O, no, no, no.
I do not mean it.
Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man

9 engage me as your servant
10 it is your modesty that speaks thus
11 alluring
12 pouch it
13 sequin; an Italian coin worth about 9s
14 at once (addressed to the one knocking)
15 a

Before they kill him.
Corb. Right, I do conceive you.
Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve them,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death so.
Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a judge.
Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
Corb. Ay, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont——
Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?
Mos. No, sir; his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
Corb. Good.
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.
Corb. 'Tis good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.
Corb. Good symptoms still.
Mos. And from his brain——
Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved[16] corners of his eyes.
Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How does he with the swimming of his head?
Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy;[17] he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left[18] to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.
Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.
Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir.
Corb. Has he made his Will?
What has he given me?
Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?
Mos. He has not made his Will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good——
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:
I know it too.
Mos. By your own scale,[19] sir. [*Aside.*
Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here I have brought a bag of bright chequines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.
Mos. [*taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir.
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates to[20] this great elixir!
Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.[21]
Mos. It shall be ministered to him in his bowl.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
This will recover him.
Corb. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
Corb. What?
Mos. To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.
Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venture:
Give me it again.
Mos. At no hand:[22] pardon me:
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How?
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.
Corb. How, how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.
Corb. I do conceive you.
Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:
And show him this. [*Pointing to the money.*
Corb. Good, good.
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.

16 relaxed
17 dizziness
18 ceased
19 judging him by yourself
20 compared to
21 Gold that can be felt, though not drunk (potable gold was believed to have medicinal value).
22 by no means

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
Corb. And disinherit
My son!
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour[23]
Shall make it much more taking.
Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This Will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your Will; where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting,
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience and mere gratitude——
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir——
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him——
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir——
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
t hath been all my study, all my care,
I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he
or whom I labour here.

pretence

Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
Mos. Rook go with you, raven![24] [*Aside.*
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir!
Corb. And——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may have my youth restored to me, why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What sayest thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
Volp. [*leaping from his couch.*] O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides——
Mos. Contain
Your flux[25] of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give them words;
Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER
(1584-1616) (1579-1625)

From THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.*

Induction.

Several Gentlemen sitting on Stools upon the Stage. The Citizen, his Wife, and Ralph sitting below among the audience.

Enter Speaker of the Prologue.

S. of Prol. "From all that's near the court, from all that's great,

[24] may cheat pursue you, [25] flow
cheat!

* This play was written and acted about 1611. Like Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is made up of diverse elements—a romantic comedy and a burlesque. Herein are given a few scenes of the latter, which can easily be detached from the main plot. It

Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene——''

Citizen leaps on the Stage.

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!

S. of Prol. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: this seven years[1] there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still[2] girds at citizens; and now you call your play ''The London Merchant.'' Down with your title, boy! down with your title!

S. of Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

S. of Prol. And a freeman?[3]

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

S. of Prol. So, grocer, then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir! yes, sir: if you were not resolved to play the Jacks,[4] what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with ''The Legend of Whittington,'' or ''The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange,'' or ''The story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?''†

S. of Prol. You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons[5] of the city.

S. of Prol. Why, what do you say to ''The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Sewers?''

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

S. of Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

S. of Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him——

Wife. [*below.*] Husband, husband!

Ralph. [*below.*] Peace, mistress.

Wife. [*below.*] Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant ye.—Husband, husband!

Cit. What sayest thou, cony?[6]

Wife [*below.*] Let him kill a lion with a pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a pestle!

Cit. So he shall.—I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle.

Wife. [*below.*] Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony.—Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room.—I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, sir.—So.

[*Wife comes on the Stage.*

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all; I'm something troublesome: I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen ''Jane Shore'' once; and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to ''The Bold Beauchamps,'' but in truth he did not. I pray you, bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things. [*Stools are brought.*

S. of Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembered, wife.—Come up, Ralph.—I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparel and necessaries,[7] and, by gad, if any of them all put him to shame, I'll be hanged.

[*Ralph comes on the Stage.*

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparel!—I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging[8] part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear[9] our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, ''Ralph comes, Ralph comes!'' to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the

must be understood that it was the custom at theaters to admit gallants and others who liked to be conspicuous, and who were willing to pay an extra sixpence, to seats on the stage, where they often abused their privilege by indulging in audible criticism of the play and players. The authors of the present drama ingeniously staged that custom as a part of their own play and took the opportunity to satirize both the taste and understanding of their dunce-critics. Furthermore, they wove in a burlesque upon the romantic extravagance of knight-errantry, presenting in Ralph, the grocer's apprentice, another Don Quixote, like him whose immortal deeds had been given to the world's laughter but a few years before.

1 Supply "that."
2 always
3 one invested with full citizen's rights
4 play the knave (cp. *The Tempest*, IV., i., 918)
5 ordinary citizens
† These are titles of old plays, more or less distorted; the reference to London Bridge is a jesting addition. The title proposed five lines farther down is of course a jest.

6 rabbit (a term of endearment)
7 The grocer means to say "apparel and accessories."
8 valiant
9 scare

gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing[10] part; I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. "By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touched any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell."[11]

Cit. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, Mucedorus,[12] before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo[12] with a shoemaker for a wager.

S. of Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in Ralph; and set out the grocery in their kind,[13] if thou lovest me.

[*Exit Ralph.*

Wife. I warrant, our Ralph will look finely when he's dressed.

S. of Prol. But what will you have it called?

Cit. "The Grocer's Honour."

S. of Prol. Methinks "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so.—Begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

S. of Prol. I pray you, do.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shawms?

S. of Prol. Shawms! no.

Cit. No! I'm a thief, if my mind did not give[14] me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

S. of Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: there's two shillings;—[*Gives money.*]—let's have the waits[15] of Southwark; they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water[16] with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

S. of Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down, then?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

[*Citizen and wife sit down.*

S. of Prol. "From all that's near the court, from all that's great,
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence
All private taxes,[17] immodest phrases,
Whatever may but show like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things."—

Thus much for that we do; but for Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

[*Exit Speaker of Prologue.*

Wife. I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

Act I, Scene III.

A Grocer's Shop.

Enter Ralph, as a Grocer, reading Palmerin of England,[18] with Tim and George.

[*Wife.* Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first.—Peace!—Begin, Ralph.]

Ralph. [*Reads.*] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world;" and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides[19] his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me."—I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer,[20] and destroy these giants; they do much

[10] swaggering
[11] Hotspur's speech in 1 *Henry IV.*, I, iii., somewhat distorted.
[12] A character in an Elizabethan comedy.
[13] proper garb
[14] tell
[15] professional carolers
[16] The Thames.
[17] personal hits
[18] A Spanish romance, then lately translated.
[19] by the side of
[20] A character in another Spanish romance.

hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

[*Wife.* Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins[21] will come and snatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!]

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

[*Wife.* Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.] . . .

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet[22] of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's-water[23] to visited[24] houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

[*Cit.* Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph.

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.]

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.]

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle;" and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not, "distressed damsel;" that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys."

[*Wife.* This is very fine, faith.—Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.]

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,[25] and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?

Ralph. No, thus: "Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise."

[*Cit.* Scurvy blockhead, cannot remember!

Wife. I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before: all the gentlemen heard him.—Did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?]

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

[*Wife.* That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.]

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentices, but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak[26] my shield and arming pestle.

[*Exeunt Tim and George.*

[*Cit.* Go thy ways, Ralph! As I'm a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What say you, mistress?

Wife. I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

Ralph. By and by.] [*Exit.*

. . . . . .

[In the main plot, Jasper Merrythought has been dismissed by his employer for falling in love with his employer's daughter. His father takes his part, but his mother is incensed, and taking her younger son, Michael, and her money and jewels, she leaves her home, and the two are wandering in Waltham Forest, when Ralph comes on the scene.]

Act II, Scene II.

Waltham Forest.

Enter Mistress Merrythought and Michael.

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End: Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End

21 giants
22 small piece (here pestle)
23 popular medicines of the time
24 plague-stricken
25 riding
26 order

is a goodly matter: there has been a pitch-field,[27] my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed: my neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother, forsooth—

Mist. Mer. What says my white boy[28]?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up;[29] . . let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks, indeed. [*They sit down: and she takes out a casket.*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye,[30] my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

[*Cit.* How likest thou this, wench?

Wife. I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed, la; and I pray you, let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise: the child's a fatherless child; and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins,[31] 'twere worse than knot-grass;[32] he would never grow after it.]

Enter Ralph, Tim, and George.

[*Cit.* Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife. How do you do, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say; it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph; the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou playest thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!]

Ralph. My trusty squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat. Where are we, or what desert may this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly!

[*Exit with Michael, leaving the casket.*

Ralph. Lace on my helm again. What noise is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight! I will relieve her.
Go, squire, and say, the Knight, that wears this Pestle
In honour of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave knight. [*Exit.*

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;
And hold it while I swear. First, by my knighthood;
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,[33]
My famous ancestor; then by my sword
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour
The living trophy; and by all respect
Due to distressèd damsels; here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady
And that forsaken squire till by my valour
I gain their liberty!

George. Heaven bless the knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!

[*Exeunt.*

[*Wife.* Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savour in 't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall: call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an[34] thou lov'st me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.]

. . . . . .

[Jasper enters and, finding the casket, carries it off.]

Act II, Scene III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Ralph and George.

[*Wife.* But here comes Ralph, George; thou shalt hear him speak as he were an emperal.]

Ralph. Comes not sir squire again?

George. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
And the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.

Enter Tim, Mistress Merrythought, and Michael.

Ralph. Madam, if any service or devoir[35]
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,

27 pitched battle (probably only a mock battle, for the Spanish never fought the English there)
28 dear boy
29 go hang
30 galore
31 breeches
32 Supposed, when taken as an infusion, to retard growth.
33 A hero of medieval romance, "Knight of the Burning Sword."
34 if
35 duty

Command it; I am prest[36] to give you succour;
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this forest.

Ralph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you looked so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they;
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressèd squires and ladies equity.
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
The fair lady behind me, and before
This courteous squire: fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need!

[*Exeunt.*

[*Cit.* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may, i' faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve companies[37] of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel: but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.]

. . . . . .

[Ralph encounters Jasper, who knocks him down with his own pestle, whereupon Ralph and his party seek shelter at the Bell Inn.]

Act II, Scene VI.

Before the Bell-Inn, Waltham.

Enter Ralph, Mistress Merrythought, Michael, Tim and George.

[*Wife.* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again!—
Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How dost thou, Ralph? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies[1] laid unmercifully on thee: there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.]

Mist. Mer. Truly, Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed, la, mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and your fair squire;
For in this desert there must needs be placed
Many strong castles held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you. . .

George. I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed!

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell-Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!
I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepared
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests;
The first, hight[2] Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretched his buttered hams;[3]
The second, hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full fillèd, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.[4]

[*Wife.* That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a groutnol.[5]]

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance.

[*Tim knocks at the door.*

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen: will you see a room?

36 ready
37 licensed companies of players
1 lubber
2 called
3 Footmen anointed their calves with grease.
4 A trick to prevent horses from eating.
5 blockhead

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandering knight,
Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wife.* George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nell?

Wife. Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? prithee, sweetheart, let him.

Cit. So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.]

Act III, Scene II.

A Room in the Bell-Inn, Waltham.

Enter Mistress Merrythought, Ralph, Michael, Tim, George, Host and Tapster.

[*Wife.* Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? has the knight used thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.]

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffened with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug:
And, if adventurous fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender[6] every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair;
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny.

[*Wife.* George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph.

Wife. Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.]

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer:
Therefore, gentle knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap[7] you.

[*Wife.* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him: give him his money, George, and let him go snick up.[8]

Cit. Cap Ralph! no.—Hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell; there's your money [*gives money*]: have you any thing to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph!

Wife. I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that.—Now take thy course, Ralph.]

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set our fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket: shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

[*Wife.* Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well. . .]

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire.
If pricking through these deserts I do hear
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile
Hath light upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

6 cherish

7 arrest

8 go hang

Mist. Me. I thank your worship.
[*Exit with Michael.*
Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance:—
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.
[*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.]
Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant knight may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.
Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.
Tap. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;
And where I would not have you lose your life
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.
Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is and where:
For here I vow, upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze[9] a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quelled that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant knights.
Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distresséd town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,[10]
Ycleped[11] Barbarossa: in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turned up; and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres
And ladies gent:[12] without his door doth hang
A copper basin on a prickant[13] spear;
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbarossa hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair;
Then with an engine[14], which he hath prepared,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown;
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord[15],
And knocks his bullets[16] round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise:
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.
Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him. Kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal cave,
Where this huge giant Barbarossa dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicleer
That damnéd brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.
Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will perform
This your request; I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.
Ralph. Saint George, set on before! march squire and page. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wife.* George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?
Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him.
Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable[17] to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two and a knight met, and saw one another for nothing. . . .]

Act III, Scene IV.

Before a Barber's Shop, Waltham.

Enter Ralph, Host, Tim, and George.

[*Wife.* Oh, Ralph's here, George!—God send thee good luck, Ralph!]
Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are!
Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights![18]
I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. [*Exit.*
Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake

9 shine
10 dwell
11 called
12 gentle, courteous
13 pointing upward
14 instrument
15 broad rim (i. e., a barber's basin)
16 soap-balls
17 in proportion
18 Barbers were also surgeons and dentists.

I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbarossa!—
Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[*Tim knocks upon the basin.*

Enter Barber.

[*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant!—Now, Ralph, for thy life!]

Bar. What fond[19] unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at Barbarossa's cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights. Traitor to God and men,
Prepare thyself; this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby[20]
This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;

[*Takes down his pole*

And lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang!
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua[21] for me!

[*Wife.* To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cit. Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! the giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still! there, boy!—Oh, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!]

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!

Cit. Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[*Ralph knocks down the Barber.*

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

Cit. No, Ralph; get all out of him first.]

Ralph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go)
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

. . . . . .

[*Exeunt Tim and George, who presently re-enter.*

[*Cit.* Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like Ralph.

Wife. Ay, George, I see it well enough.—Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you shall see him oftener.]

Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou swear
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise utterèd.

Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the Pestle.*

Ralph. Depart, then, and amend.——

[*Exit Barber.*

Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows toward his set,
And we have many more adventures yet.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Cit.* Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is: I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant.]

19 foolish
20 pay for
21 A giant in Rabelais' satire.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE—PROSE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

FROM THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA*

To My Dear Lady and Sister, the Countess of Pembroke:

Here now have you, most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, Lady, this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth, as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster, I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child, which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it; and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you. If you keep it to yourself, or to such friends as will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities; for, indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed[1] as I would it were, and shall be when God will, having many, many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry I might be that they came in than that they gat out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad, and his chief protection the bearing the livery of your name, which, if my goodwill do not deceive me, is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I because I know thy virtue so; and this say I because I know it may be ever so, or, to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then, at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it blame not, but laugh at; and so, looking for no better stuff than, as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most, most heartily prays you may long live to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

Your loving Brother,
PHILIP SIDNEY.

1 steadied

* Sidney did not mean to "walk abroad" into print with his book. This will partly explain the loose style in which it is written. But Elizabethan prose in general was much inferior to Elizabethan poetry. Scholars—the writer class—still clung to Latin, and even Bacon's vigorous English is marred by Latinisms; men of action, like Raleigh, wrote in English, but naturally were little concerned for style; while the work of conscious stylists, like Lyly and Sidney, suffered from "Euphuism," that fashion of affectation and conceits that so weakened the prose of the age. (*Eng. Lit.*, p. 128.) The brief selection given here lacks narrative interest, but will exemplify this curious style and also give a glimpse of that Arcadia which has been idealized in poetry and romance into an imaginary paradise of the simple, natural life.

FROM BOOK I

It was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day, when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the island of Cithera,† where, viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he called his friendly rival the pastor[2] Claius unto him; and, setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would speak,‡

"O my Claius," said he, "hither we are now come to pay the rent for which we are so called unto by overbusy remembrance; remembrance, restless remembrance, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us

2 shepherd

† As the native isle of Aphrodite, this is a fitting place for Urania, the "heavenly," to depart to. It lies south of Greece, and Arcadia is a country of Greece; but in Arcadian romances geography matters little.

‡ A good example of the "conceits" which marked the prose and often the poetry of this period. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 129.

forget ourselves. I pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that,[3] of other shepherds, some were running after their sheep, strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games for exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits,—did remembrance grant us an holiday, either for pastime or devotion, nay, either for necessary food or natural rest, but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we last—alas, that the word 'last' should so long last—did grace our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty; did it not still cry within us: 'Ah, you base-minded wretches! are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as, for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season; to leave that shore unsaluted from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth; to leave those steps unkissed wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty?'

"Well, then, remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find that as our remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, Urania alighted; the very horse methought bewailed to be so disburdened; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sate, vouchsafing[4] my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her; at yonder rising of the ground she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile; at the turning she spake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and, Lord! how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other[5] and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me! yonder, yonder did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were, dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked did you not mark how the winds whistled, and the seas danced for joy, how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania? O Urania, blessed be thou, Urania, the sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness!"

With that word his voice brake so with sobbing that he could say no farther; and Claius thus answered, "Alas, my Strephon," said he, "what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking steward Remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves, as we can miss such fancies, when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? Truly no more but, as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes; let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love, a maid who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty. Certainly, as her eyelids are more pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, and browsing on his tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle southwest wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry,—no more all that our eyes can see of her—though when they have seen her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover-grass—is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best builded fold.

"But, indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes; so it may be our conceits—not able to bear her sun-staining excellency—will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And, alas, who can better witness

3 when
4 allowing
5 others

that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only[6] love of her made us, being silly ignorant shepherds, raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great clerks[7] do not disdain our conference?[8] Hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes made us, when others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of the heavens; when others were running at base,[9] to run over learned writings; when others mark their sheep, we to mark our selves? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires, and, as it were, given eyes unto Cupid? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained friendship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity?'' . . .

[The shepherds rescue the shipwrecked Musidorus and undertake to lead him to the home of a hospitable man in their native country of Arcadia.]

So that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus' eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing: and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor; a show, as it were, of an accompanable[10] solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

''I pray you,'' said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, ''what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?''

''The country,'' answered Claius, ''where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil—though in itself not passing fertile—as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants—by them named Helôts—hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken. But this country where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and the child of peace, good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds—a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much.''

6 mere
7 scholars
8 conversation
9 prisoner's base
10 companionable

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
(1552?-1618)

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE.*

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton, of the approach of the Spanish Armada.[1] Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to dis-

1 Armada = fleet; armado = single warship.

* In the fall of 1591 a small fleet of English vessels lay at the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships from the Indies. On the appearance of the Spanish war-vessels sent to convoy the treasure-ships, the English vessels took to flight, with the exception of the *Revenge*, the Vice Admiral of the fleet, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. The story of the fight of the *Revenge* was written by Raleigh, a cousin of Grenville's, and published anonymously in 1591; it was included, eight years later, in Hakluyt's *Voyages*. Bacon also celebrated the fight as "a defeat exceeding a victory," "memorable even beyond credit and to the hight of some heroical fable," in which "the ship for the span of fifteen hours sat like a stag amongst hounds at the bay, and was sieged and fought with in turn by fifteen great ships of Spain." See also Froude's essay on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, and Tennyson's ballad, *The Revenge*.

cover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach.

He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover.[2] By reason whereof our ships being all pestered, and rummaging every thing out of order,† very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure,* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail—for had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Cary's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered[3] England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state.

The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance,* which was Admiral, the *Revenge,* Vice Admiral, the *Bonaventure,* commanded by Captain Crosse, the *Lion,* by George Fenner, the *Foresight,* by Thomas Vavisour, and the *Crane,* by Duffield; the *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships only—the other were of middle size. The rest, besides the bark *Raleigh,* commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as[4] our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded[5] by the master and others to cut[6] his mainsail and cast[7] about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship: for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff,[8] and fell under the lee of the *Revenge.* But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.‡

In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip,* being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither weigh nor feel the helm: so huge and high carged[9] was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons; who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboard.[10] When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittan Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordinance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot[11] eight forthright out of her chase,[12] besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip,* four other boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip,* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge,* discharged with crossbarshot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many interchanged volleys of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge,* and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all

[2] obtain
[3] regained
[4] that
† I. e., were all cumbered, and badly stowed. The syntax of this sentence, as of others that follow, is very faulty. Cp. note on the style of the preceding selection.
[5] advised
[6] spread
[7] turn
[8] kept close to the wind by means of the helm
[9] Or *cargued* (a nautical term of uncertain meaning, possibly high-carved or built)
[10] came alongside of (from behind)
[11] could shoot
[12] a joint in the stern
‡ He was a fierce man, "of nature very severe," who in his day had the reputation of eating the wine-glasses after he drank the wine.

times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armados, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the Hulks[13] both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of lime from the islands, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing[14] was again shot into the head, and withal his chirurgeon[15] wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's Privy Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition[16] than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success;[17] but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed; and, in effect, evened she was with the water, but[18] the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armados, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries, and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved by the waves and billows of the sea,—commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, but, as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended,[19] and divers others. But the Captain and the Master were of another opinion and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that

13 heavy ships
14 having the wound dressed
15 also his surgeon
16 agreement, terms
17 outcome
18 nothing but
19 agreed

where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered that the ship had six foot of water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as, with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended, as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list,[20] for he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swounded,[21] and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved,[22] to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which, and more, is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion of London*, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The General Commander of the Armada was Don Alfonso Bassan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruce. The Admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britan Dona; of the squadron of Seville, Marquis of Arumburch. The Hulks and Fly-boats[23] were commanded by Luis Cutino. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near two thousand of the enemies, and two especial Commanders, Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria. de Malaga, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The admiral of the Hulks and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge;* one other recovered the road of Saint Michaels, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.§

20 pleased
21 swooned
22 experienced
23 Dutch boats that had been impressed into the Spanish service.

§ The account of his death by another contemporary, Jan Huyghen van Linschoten, runs thus: "He was borne into the ship called the Saint Paul, wherein was the Admiral of the Fleet, Don Alonso de Barsan. There his wounds were dressed by the Spanish surgeons, but Don Alonso himself would neither see him nor speak with him. All the rest of the captains and gentlemen went to visit him and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondering at his courage and stout heart, for that he shewed not any sign of faintness nor changing of color. But feeling the hour of death to approach, he spake these words in Spanish, and said: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honor, whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.'"

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

ESSAYS*

Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in[1] by experience. Crafty men[2] contemn studies, simple men admire[3] them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without[4] them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted,† others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy[5] things. Reading maketh a full man; conference[6] a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that[7] he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty;[8] the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*[9] Nay, there is no stond[10] or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out[11] by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone[12] and reins; shooting[13] for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen;[14] for they are *cymini sectores.* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

1 checked
2 craftsmen, men of practical skill (much like "expert men" above)
3 wonder at
4 outside of
5 insipid
6 conversation

* The first edition of Bacon's *Essays* (ten in number) was printed in 1597; revised and enlarged editions appeared in 1612 and 1625. The first two essays given here were in the first edition, the next two in the second, the last two in the third; but all follow the text of the third. The spelling is modernized, the paragraphing not; as the essays consist often of detached thoughts, a change of thought may be expected at any point.

† Of the six sentences beginning here Macaulay said: "We do not believe Thucydides himself has anywhere compressed so much thought in so small a space."

Of Discourse

Some in their discourse[1] desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common places and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep,

7 that which
8 imaginative
9 "Studies are transmuted into character."
10 stand, obstacle
11 removed
12 gravel (a disease of the kidneys, or reins)
13 archery
14 medieval theologians, who were "splitters of cumin-seeds," hair-splitters

1 conversation

except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a vein which would[2] be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.[3]

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply[4] his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome; for that is fit for a poser.[5] And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.[6] If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, *He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself:* and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace; and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, *Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry*[7] *blow given?* To which the guest would answer, *Such and such a thing passed.* The lord would say, *I thought he would mar a good dinner.* Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness: and a good reply or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

2 should
3 "Spare the whip, boy, and hold more firmly the reins." Ovid, *Met.* ii, 127.
4 adapt
5 examiner
6 A lively French dance for two.
7 hard

Of Friendship

It had been hard for him[1] that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.* For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards[2] society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana;* and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth[3] with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo;*[4] because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere[5] and miserable solitude to want true friends; without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza[6] to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers[7] of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend; to

1 Aristotle, *Politics*, i. 2.
2 aversion for
3 agrees
4 "A great town is a great solitude."
5 pure, complete
6 sarsaparilla
7 flower (i. e., flour, ed. 1639)

* Epimenides, the Cretan poet, was said to have slept in a cave for fifty-seven years; Numa was instructed by the Muse Egeria in a sacred grove; Empedocles surrounded himself with mystery; Apollonius was an ascetic.

whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as[8] they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to[9] inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum;*[10] for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner; using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his,[11] against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; *for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting.* With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as[12] he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica, witch;* as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great.* With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Hæc pro amicitiâ nostrâ non occultavi;*[13] and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece,[14] except they mought have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.* Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; *Cor ne edito: Eat not the heart.* Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable[15] (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his

8 that
9 results in
10 "partners of cares"
11 Lepidus
12 such interest that
13 "Because of our friendship I have not concealed this."
14 a half-coin (which sometimes circulated)
15 wonderful

friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of[16] operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists use[17] to attribute to their stone[18] for man's body; that it worketh all[19] contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of[20] alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections.[21] For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said of Themistocles to the king of Persia, *That speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.* Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; (they indeed are best;) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate[22] himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar[23] observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best.* And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as[24] there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best recipe (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them; to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith,[25] they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor.*[26] As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters;* or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and

16 in its
17 are wont
18 The "philosopher's stone."
19 wholly
20 calling upon (a legal term)
21 feelings
22 unbosom
23 common
24 so that
25 *Epistle* I, 23
26 features
* The number in the Greek alphabet, as also in the English when J and U were not differentiated from I and V.

crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit; which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast[27] and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself;* for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time,[28] and die many times in desire of[29] some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child,[30] the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

27 consider
28 appointed time
29 often die while still desiring
30 in marriage

Of Riches

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta.* For as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.[1] So saith Solomon, *Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?* The personal fruition[2] in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative[3] of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones[4] and rarities? and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles. As Solomon saith, *Riches are as a strong hold, in the imagination of the rich man.* But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly. Yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them. But distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, *In studio rei amplificandæ apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quæri.*[5] Harken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: *Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons.*[6] The poets feign that when Plutus (which is Riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly; but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot. Meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labor pace slowly; but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like), they come tumbling upon a man. But it mought

1 fancy
2 enjoyment
3 distribution and gift
4 Cp. *Utopia,* p. 118.
5 "In his endeavor to increase his wealth, it was evident that he sought not what should be a mere prey for avarice, but an instrument of good."
6 "Who hastens to become rich shall not be innocent."

be applied likewise to Pluto, taking him for the devil. For when riches come from the devil (as by fraud and oppression and unjust means), they come upon[7] speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches; for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but it is slow. And yet where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman in England, that had the greatest audits of any man in my time; a great grazier, a great sheepmaster, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn-master, a great lead-man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry. So as[8] the earth seemed a sea to him, in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, that himself came very hardly to a little riches, and very easily to great riches. For when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect[9] the prime of markets, and overcome[10] those bargains which for their greatness are few men's money, and be partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly.[11] The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest; and furthered by two things chiefly: by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon[12] others' necessity, broke[13] by servants and instruments to draw them on, put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen,[14] and the like practices, which are crafty and naught.[15] As for the chopping[16] of bargains, when a man buys not to hold but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst: as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudore vultus alieni;*[17] and besides, doth plough upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; for that[18] the scriveners and brokers do value[19] unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention or in a privilege doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries. Therefore if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters; especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain shall hardly[20] grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good therefore to guard adventures with certainties, that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption[21] of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained,[22] are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best rise,[23] yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours,[24] and other servile conditions, they may be placed amongst the worst. As for fishing for testaments and executorships (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, *testamenta et orbos tamquam indagine capi*[25]), it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service. Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that[26] despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great state left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better stablished in years and judgment. Likewise glorious[27] gifts and foundations are like *sacrifices without salt;* and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrefy and corrupt inwardly.[28] Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

Of Revenge

Revenge is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.[29] Cer-

7 with
8 so that
9 wait for
10 command
11 greatly
12 must watch for
13 negotiate
14 buyers
15 bad
16 bartering, dealing in
17 "in the sweat of another man's face"
18 because
19 represent them to be financially sound (for the sake of getting a commission on the loan)
20 with difficulty
21 cornering
22 i. e., by law
23 source
24 catering to whims
25 "He took wills and wardships as with a net."
26 who (antecedent is *they*)
27 vain-glorious
28 See *Mark* ix. 49; *Matthew* xxiii. 27.
29 i. e., by assuming its function

tainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, *It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense.* That which is past is gone, and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still before hand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable; *You shall read* (saith he) *that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.* But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: *Shall we* (saith he) *take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?* And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate;[30] as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are michievous, so end they infortunate.

Of Gardens

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it,[1] in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season.[2] For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly; ivy; bays; juniper; cypress-trees; yew; pine-apple-trees;[3] fir-trees; rosemary; lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander; flags; orange-trees; lemon-trees; and myrtles, if they be stoved;[4] and sweet marjoram, warm set.[5] There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree,[6] which then blossoms; crocus vernus,[7] both the yellow and the grey; primroses; anemones; the early tulippa; hyacinthus orientalis; chamaïris;[8] fritellaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil; the daisy; the almond-tree in blossom; the peach-tree in blossom; the cornelian-tree in blossom; sweet-briar. In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gilliflower; the cowslip; flower-delices,[9] and lilies of all natures; rosemary-flowers; the tulippa; the double peony; the pale daffodil; the French honeysuckle; the cherry-tree in blossom; the damson and plum-trees in blossom; the white thorn in leaf; the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush-pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honeysuckles; strawberries; bugloss; columbine; the French marigold; flos Africanus;[10] cherry-tree in fruit; ribes;[11] figs in fruit; rasps;[12] vine-flowers; lavender in flowers; the sweet satyrian,[13] with the white flower; herba muscaria;[14] lilium convallium; the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties; musk-roses; the lime-tree in blossom; early pears and plums in fruit; jennetings;[15] codlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit; pears; apricocks; berberries; filberds; musk-melons; monks-hoods, of all colors. In September come grapes; apples; poppies of all colors; peaches; melocotones;[16] nectarines; cornelians; wardens;[17] quinces. In October and the beginning of No-

30 of good result

1 maintain
2 Cp. *Winter's Tale,* iv. 4, 72 ff.
3 pines (cones being called pine-apples)
4 kept in a hot-house
5 warmly placed
6 a shrub-laurel
7 spring crocus
8 dwarf iris
9 fleur-de-lis
10 African marigold
11 currants
12 raspberries
13 orchis
14 grape hyacinth
15 early apples
16 a variety of peach
17 late pears

vember come services;[18] medlars; bullaces;[19] roses cut or removed to come late; holly-hocks; and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*,[20] as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast[21] flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year; about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide.[22] Next to that is the muskrose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, which [yield] a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent,[23] which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three; that is, burnet, wild-thyme, and watermints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys[24] of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

* * * * * * *

18 s o r b, mountain-ash, rowan
19 a plum
20 "perpetual spring"
21 frugal
22 August 24
23 grass-stalk or rush
24 paths

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CAROLINE LYRICS

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

Virtue

1

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

2

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

3

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

4

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THOMAS CAREW (1598?-1639?)

Song*

1

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

2

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

3

Ask we no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

4

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

5

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

Song from Aglaura

1

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

2

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

3

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

To Lucasta. Going to the Wars

1

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

* In stanza 3, "dividing" means running musical divisions; for "sphere," st. 4, see note on *Par. Lost*, II, 1030.

2

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

3

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

To Althea, from Prison*

1

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

2

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

3

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

4

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

* Lovelace, the gallant cavalier and poet, was, for his devotion to King Charles, twice behind bars—a "committed" song-bird. In line 7, the original reading is "gods," but the emendation "birds" is too plausible to be dismissed, especially in view of the sequence—birds, fishes, winds, angels. In stanza 2, "allaying" means diluting.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

Corinna's Going A-Maying†

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:

† The "god unshorn" of line 2 is Titan with all his beams; "May" (14) is hawthorne and other May blossoms; "beads" (28) are prayers; "green-gown" (51) is a tumble on the grass.

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

1

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

2

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

3

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

4

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

To Electra

1

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

2

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee.

How Roses Came Red

1

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree,
Whether my Sapho's breast
Or they more white should be.

2

But being vanquished quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

Go, Lovely Rose

1

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

2

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

3

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

4

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

On a Girdle

1

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

2

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

3

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695)

The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Composed 1629.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages[1] once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit[2] should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont[3] at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards[4] haste with odours sweet!
O run, prevent[5] them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

1 The Old Testament prophets.
2 penalty for sin
3 was wont
4 Wise Men from the East.
5 anticipate

The Hymn

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,[6]
His ready harbinger[7]
With turtle[8] wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd[9] chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful[10] eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,[11]
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer[12] that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As[13] his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,[14]
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than[15]
That the mighty Pan[16]
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly[17] thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,[18]
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat[19] the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;

6 See note to *Par. Lost*, II, 1030, p. 255.
7 forerunner
8 turtle-dove
9 The axles of ancient war-chariots were armed with scythes.
10 full of awe
11 stilled
12 The morning star.
13 as if
14 untilled ground
15 then
16 The god of shepherds; here Christ, as the Good Shepherd.
17 From the same root as the German *selig*, holy; here, innocent.
18 struck
19 The moon's sphere.

The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive[20] notes, to Heaven's newborn heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,[21]
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold[22] harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,[23]

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,[24]
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
The aged earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,[25]
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,[26]
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges[27] the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;[28]
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius[29] is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

20 inexpressible
21 "When the morning stars sang together." *Job*, xxxviii, 7.
22 See note on p. 255. The spheres were sometimes held to be only nine in number.
23 ? the air
24 When God gave Moses the ten commandments.
25 Cp. l. 156.
26 will be
27 lashes
28 Christ's coming is conceived as putting to naught the heathen divinities.
29 singular of *genii*—spirits

The Lars and Lemures[30] moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens[31] at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor[32] and Baälim[32]
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;[33]
And moonèd Ashtaroth,[34]
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon[35] shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz[36] mourn.

And sullen Moloch,[37] fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis[38] and Orus[39] and the dog Anubis,[40] haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;[41]
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon[42] huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd[43] star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

30 spirits of the departed (to whom sacrifices would no longer be made)
31 Roman priests
32 Phœnician divinities.
33 Dagon (*1 Samuel*, v, 1-4.)
34 Phœnician goddess of the moon.
35 The Egyptian horned god Ammon.
36 Adonis, a god of the Syrians, who having been slain by a wild boar, was said to die every year and revive again.
37 Chief god of the Phœnicians; his image was of brass and filled with fire and into his arms children were thrown to be sacrificed.
38 Wife of Osiris, the god of the Nile, who is below confused with the bull-god Apis.
39 Their son.
40 An Egyptian divinity in the form of a dog.
41 He was captured by being lured to enter a chest.
42 A mythological snake-like monster.
43 born (the Star of Bethlehem)
44 The form has no warrant, but the meaning is clear.
45 invaluable
46 oracular, wise
47 The thought is not very clear, but cp. lines 7, 8, and *Il Penseroso*, 42.

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing[44] pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued[45] book
Those Delphic[46] lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;[47]
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

L'ALLEGRO[1]

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus[2] and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth[3] cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian[4] desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces[5] more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager[6] sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom,[7] blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks[8] and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks[9] and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's[10] cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come[11] in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;[12]
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;[13]
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale[14]
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows[15] grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure[16] of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis[17] met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis[17] dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis[17] to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks[18] sound
To many a youth and many a maid

1 The Cheerful Man.
2 The three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to Hades.
3 unknown
4 The Cimmerians of fable lived beyond the ocean streams, out of reach of the sun.
5 Aglaia and Thalia, goddesses of festive joy.
6 more sagely (The mythology that follows is Milton's own invention).
7 lithe, lively
8 odd turns of speech
9 beckonings
10 Daughter of Jupiter and Juno; goddess of youth.
11 i. e., arise and go (to the window)
12 honeysuckle
13 decked
14 counts his sheep
15 untilled land
16 center of observation
17 Common names of rustics in pastoral poetry.
18 Instruments like violins.

Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She[19] was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's[20] lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin[21] sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds[22] of peace high triumphs[23] hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen[24] oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask[25] and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock[26] be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian[27] airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout[28]
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed[29] and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self[30] may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

19 One of the story-tellers. For the pranks of Faery Mab, see *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 53, ff.
20 ? Will o' the wisp.
21 Robin Goodfellow, the mischievous fairy. People placed a bowl of cream at the door to insure his help, and to prevent his mischief.
22 dress
23 processions, shows, revels
24 The god of marriage.
25 A form of entertainment.
26 low-heeled shoe, symbol of comedy
27 One of the three moods of Grecian music.
28 turn
29 freedom and care combined
30 Stones and trees and beasts followed his music and by it he even drew his wife Eurydice forth from Hades, but lost her because he looked back to see whether she were coming.

IL PENSEROSO.[1]

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,[2]
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond[3] with gaudy shapes possess,[4]
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.[5]
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister[6] might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen[7] that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta[8] long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's[9] inmost grove,

1 The Thoughtful Man.
2 bestead (profit)
3 foolish
4 captivate
5 followers of the god of dreams
6 Memnon was king of the Ethiopians at the time of the Trojan wars.
7 Cassiopea was carried by Perseus to heaven, where she became a constellation.
8 Goddess of the hearth or of fire, possibly signifying genius. The genealogy is Milton's invention.
9 Mt. Ida in Crete, the ancient kingdom of Saturn, from which he was driven by his son Jupiter.

Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole[10] of cypress lawn[11]
Over thy decent[12] shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;[13]
And the mute Silence hist[14] along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke[15]
Gently o'er the accustomed[16] oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew[17] sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm[18]
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,[19]
With thrice-great Hermes;[20] or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And[21] of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent[22]
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall[23] come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes,[24] or Pelops'[25] line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,[26]
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.[27]
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus[28] from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus[29] sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,[30]
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous[31] ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.[32]
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,

10 robe
11 A thin texture.
12 seemly, modest
13 The name is Milton's, but cp. *Ezekiel* x.
14 lead hushed
15 Cynthia (Diana, goddess of the moon) was not drawn by dragons; Ceres, goddess of harvests, was.
16 frequented (by Philomel, the nightingale)
17 A bell rung in olden times at eight o'clock as a signal that fires were to be covered and lights put out.
18 The night watchman's hourly cry often ended with a benediction.
19 The constellation of the Great Dipper which remains in the heavens all night.
20 I. e., read the works of Hermes Trismegistus (thrice great), a mythical learned king of Egypt.
21 Supply "to tell" in the same construction with "to unfold."
22 *con-sentio*, agreement
23 mantle of state
24 Aeschylus's "Seven Against Thebes."
25 Sophocles' "Electra."
26 Homer's "Iliad."
27 Shakespeare? The buskin was the high-heeled shoe symbolical of tragedy.
28 son of Orpheus
29 See note 30, p. 228.
30 References in ll. 110-115 are all to Chaucer's "Squiere's Tale."
31 powerful
32 Spenser?

Not tricked and frounced[33] as she was wont
With the Attic boy[34] to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan[35] loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his[36] wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid[37];
And as I wake,[38] sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,[39]
And love the high embowèd[40] roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,[41]
And storied[42] windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell[43]
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

33 curled
34 Cephalus, beloved by Aurora.
35 Sylvanus, a forest god.
36 Sleep's.
37 Modifies "dream."
38 Supply "let."
39 limits
40 vaulted
41 ? massively proof
42 painted to represent stories
43 construe, study

LYCIDAS.*

Yet once more,[1] O ye laurels,[2] and once more,
Ye myrtles[2] brown, with ivy[2] never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter[3] to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well[4]
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,[5]
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns[6] appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly[7] winds her sultry horn,
Battening[8] our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;

1 Milton apparently had written nothing for three years.
2 Symbols of the poet's rewards.
3 toss, roll
4 The Pierian spring at the foot of Mt. Olympus, Jove's seat; the birthplace of the nine muses.
5 i. e., at the same college
6 pastures
7 The trumpet fly that makes a sharp hissing sound at noon.
8 fattening

* This elegy was written in memory of Edward King, a fellow student of Milton's at Cambridge, who was drowned off the Welsh coast, August, 1637. The sad event and the poet's sorrow are poetically set forth in the pastoral guise of one shepherd mourning for another. The fact, moreover, that King was destined for the Church enabled Milton to introduce St. Peter and voice, through him, a Puritanic denunciation of the corruption among the clergy. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 149.

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas[9] loved to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling[10] herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona[11] high,
Nor yet where Deva[12] spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse[13] herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?[14]
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,[15]
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?[16]
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon[17] when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury[18] with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus[19] replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse,[20] and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius,[21] crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald[22] of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.[23]
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades[24] their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope[25] with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse,* and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus,[26] reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,[27]

9 A pastoral disguise, doubtless, for some friend or tutor.
10 young
11 Anglesey, an island county of N. Wales, which was also a seat of the Druids.
12 The River Dee, of legendary associations.
13 Calliope.
14 Orpheus having angered the Thracian Bacchantes, was torn into pieces by them.
15 poetry
16 i. e., live for pleasure (the names are imaginary)
17 reward
18 Atropos, the third Fate, cuts the thread of life but (line 76) cannot cut off the praise.
19 Apollo, god of wisdom, music, and poetry.
20 Sung of by Theocritus, a pastoral poet of Sicily; invoked here because of this association.
21 A river near Mantua, the home of Virgil, and of which he sang.
22 Triton, son of Neptune.
23 To inquire in the name of Neptune, god of ocean.
24 Æolus, god of the winds, son of Hippotas.
25 One of the Nereids, or sea-nymphs.
26 The river Cam, that flows past Cambridge.
27 A rush-like reed which has on the edges of its leaf peculiar letter-like characters.
* For this superstition, Cp. *Macbeth*, IV, I, 28.

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower[28] inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'[29]
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot[30] of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred[31] locks, and stern bespake:[32]
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! † that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks[33] it them? What need they? They are sped;[34]
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel[35] pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist[36] they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf[37] with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine[38] at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'
Return, Alpheus;[39] the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,[40]
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use[41]
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star[42] sparely[43] looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe[44] primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe,[45] and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus[46] all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse[47] where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,[48]
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;[49]
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount[50]
Looks toward Namancos[51] and Bayona's[52] hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;
And O ye dolphins,[53] waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks[54] his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,

28 The hyacinth which was said to have the Greek words *ai ai* (alas) on its petals.
29 offspring
30 Peter.
31 Wearing the bishop's head-dress.
32 spoke out
33 concerns
34 cared for
35 lean, thin, therefore harsh (flashy means tasteless, worthless)
36 false teachings
37 Milton's hostile characterization of the Church of Rome.
38 Perhaps the two Houses of Parliament.
39 The river god who pursued Arethusa and was made one with her in the fountain of Arethusa. Cp. l. 85.
40 The muse of pastoral poetry.
41 dwell
† See Ruskin's comment on this passage in his *Sesame and Lilies.*
42 dog-star
43 sparingly
44 early
45 purple hyacinth
46 An imaginary flower that never fades.
47 garlanded bier
48 Islands north of Scotland.
49 world of monsters (the sea)
50 fable of Bellerus = fabled Bellerus. He is sometimes said to have been a Cornish giant. At the western end of Cornwall is a rock called the Giant's Chair; and near Land's End is a rock called St. Michael's Mount, said to be guarded by the archangel himself.
51 In Spain.
52 Near Namancos; both found on ancient maps.
53 Dolphins rescued Arion the Greek poet when jealous sailors, coveting his treasures, threw him overboard.
54 arranges

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive[55] nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense,[56] and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth[57] swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric[58] lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

SONNETS

When the Assault Was Intended to the City*

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors[1] may seize,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call[2] fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror[3] bid spare
The house of Pindarus,[4] when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air[5]
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

55 inexpressible
56 as thy great reward
57 unknown
58 pastoral

1 of Milton's home
2 call forth
3 Alexander the Great; Emathia was a part of Macedonia.
4 The home of Pindar, the great Grecian lyric poet, was ordered saved when Thebes was destroyed, B. C. 333.
5 After the taking of Athens by the Lacedemonians in B. C. 404, the singing of part of Euripides' drama *Electra* so influenced the conquerors that the city was saved.
* When Charles I advanced upon London, which was largely Puritan.

To the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions[6] rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream,[7] with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.[8]
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

6 Proceeding from Presbyterian opponents.
7 At the Darwen Cromwell defeated the Scotch in 1648, at Dunbar in 1650; at Worcester he defeated Charles I. in 1651.
8 i. e. state control of religion
* The Protestant Vaudois or Waldenses in southern France were practically crushed out in 1655 because of their refusal to accept the state religion. They were an ancient sect, originating in 1170; see line 3. In line 12, there is an allusion to the triple tiara of the Pope; in line 14, to the doom of the mystical Babylon of *Revelation* xvii and xviii.

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly[9] ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

To Cyriack Skinner

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience,[10] friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence,† my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

[9] foolishly
[10] consciousness
† He wrote the answer to Salmasius (the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*) in the face of warning from physicians that he would become blind unless he gave up work.

From PARADISE LOST

Book I

The Argument

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject: Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall —the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell—described here, not in the Centre[1] (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden,* till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse,[2] that on the secret[3] top
Of Oreb,[4] or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed[5]
In the beginning[6] how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion[7] hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast[8] by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount,[9] while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

1 Earth; see note on l. 74.
2 See VII, 1-12, p. 258.
3 hidden (Cowper), retired (Landor)
4 Horeb, or Sinai, whereon God spoke to Moses from the burning bush.
5 *Deut.* x, 15.
6 Modifies "rose."
7 Zion, in Jerusalem.
8 close (by the Temple)
9 Helicon (fig. for Grecian poetry).
* "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden."—*Gen.* ii, 8. Strictly, therefore, Eden is the region, Paradise the garden.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure.
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument[10]
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven,[11] with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy[12] of God
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed[13] huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover[14] sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges,[15] and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter[16] darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.*
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan,[17] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
'If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen:[18] so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,

10 theme
11 Cp. Caedmon's account, p. 19.
12 single rule
13 bore witness to (within himself)
14 reveal
15 presses (a Latinism)
16 outer
17 i. e., Adversary
18 An exclamatory sentence without regular construction.

* According to the Ptolemaic system, the earth is the center of the physical universe. The utmost or outmost, pole would be the outer boundary, the firmament. Milton, while disposed to accept the new Copernican theory, clung to the old system for poetic purposes.

His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire[19]—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.'

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

'O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers
That led the embattled Seraphim[20] to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force[21] believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—

'Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.*
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend[22]
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted[23] powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair.'

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,†

19 sovereignty
20 See p. 139, note 13.
21 perforce
22 make our way (a Latinism)
23 beaten down (a Latinism)

* Even above the resonance to be felt everywhere through Milton's verse this line rises with a resonance of its own.

† The Titans were the children of Uranus and Gaea (Heaven and Earth). Briareos and Typhon were Gigantes, sometimes said to have been imprisoned beneath mountains, thus representing the forces of earthquake and volcano.

Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan,[24] which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained[25] on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had[26] risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus,[27] or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed[28] with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.[28]
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but[29] less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?'
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered:—'Leader of those armies bright
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal—they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!'
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper,[30] massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist[31] views
At evening from the top of Fesole,[32]
Or in Valdarno,[33] to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

4 *Psalms* civ. 26.
5 2 *Peter* ii. 4.
6 would have
27 A Sicilian cape, now Faro.
28 sublimated
28 Cp. p. 155, l. 75.
29 only
30 of ethereal temper
31 scientist (though possibly referring to Galileo as a *maker* of telescopes)
32 Fiesole, a hill above Florence.
33 Valley of the Arno.

His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral,[34] were but a wand—
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa,[35] where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion[36] armed
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris[37] and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen,[38] who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded:—'Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son,[39] in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons[40]
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; godlike shapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in Heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.*
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions[41] full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix

34 admiral's flag-ship
35 Near Florence, in Tuscany (Etruria).
36 A Greek hunter; then a constellation supposed to bring tempests.
37 One of the Pharaohs; used here for the Pharaoh of the time of the Exodus.
38 *Exod.* xii, 26, xiv, 22-28.
39 Moses.
40 Vandals from the Rhine and Danube, 429 A. D.
41 rites
* Three lines of infinite sadness. Conversely, Dante does not allow the name of Christ to be spoken in his Inferno.

Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront[42] his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire[43]
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest[44] heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill,[45] and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom,[46] Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Elealè to the Asphaltic pool.[47]
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.[48]
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.[49]
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth[50]—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell[51]
To idols foul. Thammuz[52] came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis[53] from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,[54]
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers:
Dagon[55] his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king,[56]
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown,

[2] confront
[3] *Jer.* xxxii, 35.
[4] most wise
[5] *2 Kings* xxiii, 13.
[6] *Jer.* vii, 31.
[7] Dead Sea.

[48] *Numb.* xxv, 9.
[49] *2 Kings* xxiii.
[50] Singular: Baal, Astoreth, Phoenician deities.

[51] *1 Kings* xi, 4.
[52] Identified with the Greek Adonis.
[53] A Phoenician stream, tinged red by soil from the Libanus mountains.
[54] ground-sill
[55] God of the Philistines. *1 Sam.* v, 4.
[56] *2 Kings* v.

Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb,[57] and the robel king[58]
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox—
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.[59]
Belial[60] came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons,[61] who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,*
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned
The Ionian[62] gods—of[63] Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later[64] than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian[65] fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:
Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood[66]
Of flutes and soft recorders[67]—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,[68]
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

57 *Exod.* xii, 35, xxxii, 4.
58 *1 Kings* xii, 28.
59 *Exod.* xii, 29.
60 "wickedness" (*2 Cor.* vi, 15; personified by Milton)
61 *1 Sam.* ii, 12.
62 Grecian (a name traceable to Javan, Noah's grandson).
63 by
64 Referring to the successive dynasties.
65 western, Italian
* Perhaps alluding to conditions in England under Charles II. Cp. VII, 32, p. 258.
66 A grave harmony, employed by the Spartans.
67 flageolets
68 assuage

Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views—their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,[69]
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry[70]
Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra[71] with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,[72]
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since,[73] baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.[74] Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed[75]
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced[76]
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how[77] they stood,
Their glory withered: as, when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—
'O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event[78] was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed;
Which tempted our attempt,* and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.

69 since the creation of man (a Latinism)
70 The pigmies. Iliad III. 6.
71 In Thrace.
72 King Arthur.
73 As described in French and Italian mediaeval romances.
74 Fontarabbia, in northern Spain (perhaps purposely substituted for the pass of Roncesvalles, where, according to tradition, Charlemagne's rear guard was cut to pieces, though Charlemagne did not fall).
75 These (though) thus far beyond compare of mortal prowess, yet observed (reverenced).
76 deprived
77 Follows "behold," l. 605.
78 issue
* This word-play was severely condemned by Landor. Compare ll. 606, 666-667.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption: thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts,
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired,
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.'
He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly[79] top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur.[80] Thither, winged with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Centre,[81] and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire[82]
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded[83] the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion[84] dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook:
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy[85] sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo,[86] such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth, and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian[87] land
Men called him Mulciber;[88] and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,

79 grisly, terrifying
80 An early chemical theory.
81 Cf. I. 74.
82 wonder
83 melted
84 base ore (used adjectively)
85 in high relief
86 Cairo.
87 Italian.
88 Vulcan.

Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines,[89] but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium,[90] the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont[91] ride in armed, and at the Soldan's[92] chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer[93]
Their state-affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened;[94] till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder; they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race[95]
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full.[96] After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult[97] began.

89 contrivances
90 "Hall of all Demons" (word coined by Milton after model of *Pantheon*).
91 used to
92 Sultan's.
93 walk about and discuss
94 contracted
95 Cf. l. 575.
96 close and all occupied
97 A noun, like "compare," l. 588.

Book II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle is to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus[1] and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat,* by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success[2] untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
'Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!

1 An eastern island, once a diamond mart.
2 result
* The imagery and language of this famous periodic opening evidently owes something to *The Faerie Queene*, I. iv. st. 8. The "barbaric gold" is from *Æneid* II. 504.

For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak.'
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—
'My sentence[3] is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion[4] we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is feared! Should we again provoke
Our stronger,[5] some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction—if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end.
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential[6]—happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being!—
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.'
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;

3 judgment

4 Being of ethereal nature they would naturally rise.

5 superior (put as an imaginary argument)

6 essence

fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
or dignity composed, and high exploit.
ut all was false and hollow; though his tongue
ropt manna,[7] and could make the worse appear
he better reason, to perplex and dash
laturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
o vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
imorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear:
nd with persuasive accent thus began:—
'I should be much for open war, O Peers,
s not behind in hate, if what was urged
ain reason to persuade immediate war
id not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
minous conjecture on the whole success;
Vhen he who most excels in fact[8] of arms,
n what he counsels and in what excels
listrustful, grounds his courage on despair
nd utter dissolution, as the scope
f all his aim, after some dire revenge.
irst, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
Vith armed watch, that render all access
mpregnable: oft on the bordering deep
ncamp their legions, or with obscure wing
cout far and wide into the realm of Night,
corning surprise. Or could we break our way
y force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
Vith blackest insurrection, to confound
leaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
ll incorruptible, would on his throne
t unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,
ncapable of stain, would soon expel
er mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
ictorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
flat despair: we must exasperate
he Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;
nd that must end us, that must be our cure—
o be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
hough full of pain, this intellectual being,
hose thoughts that wander through eternity,
o perish rather, swallowed up and lost
n the wide womb of uncreated Night,
evoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
et this be good,[9] whether our angry foe
an give it, or will ever? How he can
doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Vill he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
elike through impotence, or unaware,
o give his enemies their wish, and end
hem in his anger, whom his anger saves
o punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?"

Say they who counsel war; "we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end! This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades: for what can[10] force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this[11] was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow—to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,

7 A sweet gum, exuding from shrubs (not the Biblical manna).
8 feat
9 supposing annihilation good
10 avails
11 viz., to abide the issue

The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting,—since our present lot appears
For happy[12] though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.'
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—
'Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence, humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue—
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable[13]—though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own[14]
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible[15] of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.'
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process[16] of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom

12 in respect to happiness
13 unac'ceptable
14 resources
15 sense
16 process'

atan except, none higher sat, with grave
spect he rose, and in his rising seemed
pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
eliberation sat and public care;
nd princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Iajestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
Vith Atlantean[17] shoulders fit to bear
he weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
rew audience and attention still as night
r summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—

'Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
thereal Virtues! or these titles now
Iust we renounce, and, changing style,[18] be called
rinces of Hell? for so the popular vote
nclines—here to continue, and build up here
growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
nd know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
his place our dungeon—not our safe retreat
eyond his potent arm, to live exempt
rom Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
anded against his throne, but to remain
strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
nder the inevitable curb, reserved[19]
is captive multitude. For he, be sure,
highth or depth, still first and last will reign
le king, and of his kingdom lose no part
y our revolt, but over Hell extend
is empire, and with iron sceptre rule
s here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
Vhat[20] sit we then projecting peace and war?
Var hath determined us, and foiled with loss
reparable; terms of peace yet none
ouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
o us enslaved, but custody severe,
nd stripes, and arbitrary punishment
flicted? and what peace can we return,
ut, to[21] our power, hostility and hate,
ntamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
et ever plotting how the Conqueror least
ay reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
doing what we most in suffering feel?
or will occasion want, nor shall we need
ith dangerous expedition to invade
eaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
ambush from the Deep. What if we find
me easier enterprise? There is a place
f ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not), another World, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness: how attempted[22] best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it; here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset: either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny[23] habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party,[24] that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.' Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of Mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States,[25] and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—

'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,

17 Atlas-like
18 appellation
19 reserved for (a Latinism; cf. *arrive*, 409)
20 why
21 to the extent of
22 assailed
23 From French *puis né*, later born.
24 side
25 lords

Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure[26] find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt,[26] ere he arrive[27]
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need[28]
All circumspection, and we now no less[29]
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.'
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—
'O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential[30] Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive[31] gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing[32] to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend[33] at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me.' Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,[34]
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they feared,
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the Spirits damned

26 Adjective used as noun.
27 arrive at
28 would have need of
29 Supply "need."
30 without substance
31 bringing to naught
32 if I refuse
33 consider
34 taking courage

Lose all their virtue,—lest bad men should[35] boast
Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief;
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand Infernal Peers;
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone[36] the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent[37] arms,
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,[38]
By herald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,[39]
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal[40]
With rapid wheels, or fronted[41] brigads form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan[42] rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
As when Alcides,[43] from Œchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide

35 as a warning lest bad men should (They are in the same class!)
36 in himself
37 bristling
38 metallic compound
39 uplifted
40 avoid striking the column that marks the turning point (Description taken from the ancient Grecian national games, the Olympian, Pythian, etc.)
41 confronting
42 See Book I. 199.
43 Hercules (referring to the story of the revenge of Nessus).

That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile;[44] all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog[45]
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore,[46] and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve[47] in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,[48]
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore,[49] whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian[50] to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean[51] mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these

44 masonry
45 Herodotus II. 6, III. 5.
46 frosty
47 freeze
48 mount
49 Two of the Molucca islands.
50 Indian Ocean.
51 Like those of Cerberus, the three-headed monster that guarded Hades.

Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;*
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—[52]
Admired, not feared—God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned—
And with disdainful look thus first began:—
'Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.'
To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—
'Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge[53]
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:—
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cried,
'Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordained his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids—
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!'
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:—
'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.'
To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:—

[52] wondered

* Through Circe's jealousy, says Ovid, the lower part of Scylla's body was transformed into barking dogs; whereupon, throwing herself into the sea, she was changed into a rock. The next simile is drawn from Scandinavian superstition.

[53] A northern constellation.

'Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung.* Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven: back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remained
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also: at which time this powerful key
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
These gates forever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed; but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage) and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.'
She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—
'Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of—know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences[54] armed,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be—and by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round—a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste

* Milton draws from pagan myths with especial freedom in describing his evil characters and scenes.

54 claims

To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom[55] air, embalmed
With odors: there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.'
He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—
'The key of this infernal pit, by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heaven and Heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassed round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.'
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus.[56] She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon[57] atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona[58] storms
With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets

55 yielding
56 "Darkness," the Virgilian name for hell.
57 rudimentary
58 Roman goddess of war.

A vast vacuity; all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis,[59] neither sea,
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him[60] now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian,[61] who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon;[62] Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—'Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with[63] Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound. Direct my course:
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!'
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch[64] old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answered:—'I know thee, stranger, who thou art:
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroached on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed!
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.'
He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renewed
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way; harder beset
And more endangered, than when Argo passed
Through Bosporus betwixt the justling rocks;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned

59 quicksand
60 needs he
61 "It is said the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people, steal gold from the griffins."—Herodotus III. 116.
62 Names of rather vague significance, sufficiently defined in 969. It is said that the name of Demogorgon was never uttered until a Christian writer of the fourth century broke the spell.
63 border on
64 Word first used by Milton.

Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered:
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on: with difficulty and labor he;
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail World;* by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence[65]
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din;
That[66] Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers, and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

From Book III. Invocation to Light†

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate![1]
Or hear'st thou rather[2] pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene[3] hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I[4] equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,[5]
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

65 Perhaps literally "in-flow."

* By world is meant the starry universe with the earth at the center. The Ptolemaic theory held the universe to consist of ten concentric, transparent, revolving spheres, each carrying with it its own body—Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Fixed Stars, with finally the Crystalline Sphere, and the Primum Mobile ("first movable," primary source of motion). From their revolutions came, according to Pythagoras, the "music of the spheres."

† Milton speaks here in his own person; it is to be remembered that he was blind (Cf. line 23).

66 so that

1 uncreated
2 wouldst rather be called
3 The *gutta serena*, supposed cause of blindness.
4 would I were so
5 Homer, who mentions Thamyris as another blind bard.

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

From Book IV. Satan in Sight of Eden

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:—
"O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due? Yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
I sdained[6] subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged—what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without to all temptations armed!
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan.
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
(For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep);
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this World!
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my Good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know."

[6] disdained

From Book IV. Evening in Paradise

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labor, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

From Book V. The Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies;[1]
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion[2] run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if *I* be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,

[1] See note on II, 1030.
[2] In their fourfold character of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire. See II, 898.

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

From Book VII. Invocation to Urania

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called,* whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing!
The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon,† though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild route that tore the Thracian bard‡
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

* Milton declares that the Urania whom he invokes is not the pagan Muse of that name, but a loftier Christian Muse, the "heavenly one."

† Bellerophon, the fabled rider of Pegasus, tried to mount to heaven upon him, but was thrown for his presumption and doomed to wander in the Aleian ("wandering") field.

‡ Orpheus offended the Thracian Bacchantes and was torn to pieces by them. Milton, blind, and, since the Restoration, reviled as a Puritan, had "fallen on evil days" and might even fear from the dissolute courtiers of Charles a fate not unlike that of Orpheus.

From Book XII. The Expulsion from Paradise

He[1] ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:—
"Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding, meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,[2]
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected[3] plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden[4] took their solitary way.

1 Michael, the angel delegated to lead them forth.
2 scorched
3 underlying
4 See note on I, 4.

ON EDUCATION

To Master Samuel Hartlib:*

I am long since persuaded, Master Hartlib, that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of mankind. . . . I will not resist, therefore, whatever it is either of divine or human obligement that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary idea, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter and of attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say assuredly this nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. . . .

The end, then, of learning is, to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue,[1] which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things,[2] nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors, digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory they were led to the praxis[3] thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. . . .

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age. I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered:—

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attend-

1 Which we may most readily do by putting our souls in possession of true virtue.

2 Things perceived by the senses.

* Hartlib was a Pole, settled in England, who had had some discussions with Milton on the subject of education. The slight omissions made here from the beginning of the tractate are made with the purpose of enabling the reader to get more rapidly into the subject.

3 practical exercises

ants, all under the government of one who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law or physic where[4] they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute.[5] After this pattern as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility[6] everywhere. This number, less or more, thus collected, to the convenience[7] of a foot-company or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly—their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefullest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses; but in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quintilian and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be to temper[8] them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages: that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises; which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be,* but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day might be taught them the rules of arithmetic, and, soon after, the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast till bed-time their thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy; and if the language is difficult, so much the better; it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises.

Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of any ordinary prose: so that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes and all the maps, first with the old names and then with the new; or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy; and, at the same time, might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's "Natural Questions," to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus past the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and geography, with a general compact of physics, they may descend in mathematics to the instrumental science of trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginery, or navigation. And in natural philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the history of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures, as far as anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not

4 some special college . . . in case that
5 complete in itself
6 civilization
7 collective number
8 intermingle

* The author of a Latin grammar which was once a standard text-book.

* Compare this with Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, p. 122.

tedious writer the institution of physic;[9] that they may know the tempers, the humours, the seasons, and how to manage a crudity,[10] which he who can wisely and timely do is not only a great physician to himself and to his friends, but also may at some time or other save an army by this frugal and expenseless means only, and not let the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline, which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the commander. To set forward all these proceedings in nature and mathematics, what hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries; and in the other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists, who, doubtless, would be ready, some for reward and some to favour such a hopeful seminary. And this will give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight.*

. . . . . .

These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty, unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middleward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion. Now will be worth the seeing what exercises and recreations may best agree and become these studies.

The course of study hitherto briefly described is, what[11] I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred such a number of renowned philosophers, orators, historians, poets, and princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the commonwealth of Sparta. Whereas that city trained up their youth most for war, and these in their academies and Lycæum[12] all for the gown,[13] this institution of breeding which I here delineate shall be equally good both for peace and war. Therefore, about an hour and a half ere they eat at noon should be allowed them for exercise, and due rest afterwards; but the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early.

The exercise which I commend first is the exact use of their weapon, to guard, and to strike safely with edge or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to make them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug, to grapple, and to close. And this, perhaps, will be enough wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop, waiting on[14] elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out,[15] have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction,[16] and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it close under vigilant eyes till about two hours before supper, they are, by a sudden alarum or watchword, to be called out to their military motions, under sky or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then, as their age permits, on horseback to all the art of cavalry; that having in sport, but with much

9 the elements of physiology and medicine
10 indigestion
11 so far as
* At this point Milton takes up, in rapid succession, ethics, politics, theology, history, logic, and poetry.
12 The exercise ground and grove of Athens, where Aristotle taught.
13 philosophy
14 accompanying
15 mistaken
16 digestion

exactness and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their soldiership in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims, they may, as it were out of a long war, come forth renowned and perfect commanders in the service of their country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied; they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable[17] colonels of twenty men in a company to quaff out or convey into secret hoards the wages of a delusive list[18] and miserable remnant; yet in the meanwhile to be overmastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No, certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good governors they would not suffer these things.

But to return to our own institute: besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad: in those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not, therefore, be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies with prudent and staid guides to all the quarters of the land, learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil for towns and tillage, harbours, and ports for trade; sometimes taking sea as far as to our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which could not but mightily redound to the good of this nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired virtues and excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes, and kickshaws.[19] But if they desire to see other countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn principles, but to enlarge experience and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country.

Now, lastly, for their diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same house; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate I suppose is out of controversy.

Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the best and noblest way of education; not beginning, as some have done, from the cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher, but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses;* yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easy in the assay[20] than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes, if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.†

17 incapable of recruiting their forces ("quaff out" in the next line appears to mean "spend for drink")

18 "stuffed pay-roll"

19 triflers

20 trial

* Referring to the bow which none of the suitors could draw, but which Ulysses slew them with on his return.

† This sentence is a good example of Milton's awkwardness in prose, in which he said he had but the use of his "left hand." See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 147.

From AREOPAGITICA.‡

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should

‡ The title is taken from that of a speech by the Greek orator, Isocrates, addressed to the Great Council of Athens, which was called the

withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained *to regulate Printing: That no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such,* or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy[1] to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful[2] men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial[3] when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning, and the stop of Truth, not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth;[4] and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.* Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression,[5] a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence,† the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical, as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the inquisition, was catched up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

. . . . . .

I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore when He Himself tabled[6] the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the

Areopagus because it held its meetings on the Areopagus, or "Hill of Ares" ("Mars' Hill," where Paul preached; *Acts* xvii. 22). The tract was written late in 1644. Parliament, in its long struggle with Charles, had brought about many changes, the Westminster Assembly even going so far as practically to abolish prelacy, or episcopacy, and establish Presbyterianism. But an ordinance had been enacted in 1643 re-establishing the censorship of the press. Milton pleads to have this revoked; and his opening words (here omitted) praise Parliament for its professed willingness to "obey the voice of reason."

1 copyright
2 painstaking
3 Orders concerning the keeping of Lent and marriage.
4 Sown by Cadmus of Thebes.
5 edition
6 fed (*Exodus* xvi, 16)

* The reason of man is, as it were, the eye of his divine nature.

† Aristotle's fifth element; "quintessence," ether, or spirit.

heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us, that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such, or such, reading is unlawful: yet certainly, had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful, than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books[7] by St. Paul's converts; 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation: the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed: these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully. Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.‡ Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental[8] whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,[9] describing true temperance under the person of Guion,[10] brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

[7] *Acts* xix, 19.

‡ This is one—but only one—of the noble sentiments so nobly expressed, which make the *Areopagitica* one of the most prized documents in our literature.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

FROM CHAPTER IV. OF THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM. AND OF THE MILKMAID'S SONG

*Venator.** Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Piscator. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net; so, Sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Ven. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

Pisc. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my

[8] surface

[9] Scholastic philosophers.

[10] *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II.

* *The Complete Angler* is in the form of a dialogue, chiefly between a fisherman, *Piscator*, and a scholar-hunter, *Venator*.

brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch,[1] or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time, without offence to God or man.

Ven. A match,[2] good master, let's go to that house; for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, Sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

> "I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possess'd joys not promised in my birth,"

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-W. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a[2] grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice,[3] in a new-made hay-cock, for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Pisc. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand[4] you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milk-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come, Shepherds, deck your heads"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Phillida flouts me"? or "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?

Pisc. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sang the first part, and you sang the answer to it.

Milk-W. Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen

1 a singing "round" 2 a bargain

2 by the
3 whipped cream and grape-juice
4 cost

with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love, etc.†

Ven. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."‡

FROM CHAPTER XXI. A SERMON ON CONTENT

Piscator. Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns§ that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable[1] words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext till she also chid and vext herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And, "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet

† For this song, see p. 146.

‡ The mother then sings the answer, which may be found on p. 146. Overbury's milk-maid is one of the most famous of his "Characters;" see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 193, note.

§ Walton appears to have coined this word. It is found only here.

1 affording cause for legal action

David was guilty of murder and, indeed, of many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart. And let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*

Christian Flees from the City of Destruction

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den,[1] and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

I saw also that he looked this way, and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, and [he] asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.[2] And Sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit (I am sure) to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come."

The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder wicket gate?" The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man

1 Bedford Jail (See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 159).

* "The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That which is to come: Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream, wherein is Discovered the manner of his setting out, his Dangerous Journey, and safe Arrival at the Desired Country." Title of the first edition, 1678, whence our text is taken.

2 hell

"The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain." —Coleridge.

put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return. Now among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time overtook him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are you come?" They said, "To persuade you to go back with us." But he said, "That can by no means be. You dwell," said he, "in the City of Destruction (the place also where I was born): I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone: be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

What, said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!

Yes, said Christian (for that was his name), because that all is not worthy to be compared with a little of that that I am seeking to enjoy; and if you will go along with me, you shall fare as I myself; for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words.

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Chr. I seek an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; and it is laid up in heaven, and fast there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Obst. Tush, said Obstinate, away with your book: will you go back with us or no?

Chr. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the plough.

Obst. Come then, neighbor Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him: there is a company of these craz'd-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

Then said Pliable, Don't revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours: my heart inclines to go with my neighbor.

Obst. What, more fools still! Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

Chr. Come with me, neighbor Pliable; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it.

Pli. Well, neighbor Obstinate, said Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him; but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

Chr. I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall receive instruction about the way.

Pli. Come then, good neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

Obst. And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate: I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain; and thus they began their discourse.

Chr. Come, neighbor Pliable, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me; and had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, neighbor Christian, since there is none but us two here, tell me now further, what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

Chr. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue: but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?

Chr. Yes, verily; for it was made by him that cannot lie.

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chr. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us, that we may inhabit that kingdom forever.

Pli. Well said; and what else?

Chr. There are crowns of glory to be given us; and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

Pli. This is excellent; and what else?

Chr. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow; for he that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

Pli. And what company shall we have there?

Chr. There we shall be with seraphims and cherubims: creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance forever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps; there we shall see men, that by the world were cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed? How shall we get to be sharers hereof?

Chr. The Lord, the governor of that country, hath recorded that in this book; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things: come on, let us mend our pace.

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is upon my back.

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain: and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, Ah, neighbor Christian, where are you now?

Chr. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

Pli. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angerly said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavored to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket gate; the which he did, but could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back: but I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I was directed this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come. And as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard that I fled the next[3] way, and fell in.

Help. Give me thy hand.

So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.*

. . . . . .

The Hill of Difficulty and the Sinful Sleep

I beheld then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of an hill, at the bottom of which was a spring. There was also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate: one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying,

This hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here:
Come, pluck up, Heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is wo.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there was two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great

[3] nearest

* Christian passes through the gate, where he gets instructions for his journey; visits the House of the Interpreter; loses his burden at the foot of the Cross; receives a Roll from three Shining Ones; and after falling in with Formalist and Hypocrisy, comes to the Hill of Difficulty.

wood; and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going,[1] and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travellers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his Roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his Roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." And with that, Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter? you run the wrong way. Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place: but, said he, the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

Chr. Then said Christian, You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone; and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death: to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it: I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his Roll, that he might read therein and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not.

Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that is on the side of the hill; and falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish fact,[2] and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his Roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbor where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, Oh, wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the daytime! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh as to use that rest for ease to my flesh which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I taken in vain! Thus it happened to Israel; for their sin they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once: yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh, that I had not slept!

Now by this time he was come to the arbor again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his Roll, the which he with trembling and haste catched up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his Roll again? For this Roll was the assurance of his life, and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid

1 walking

2 deed

it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to condole with himself: Ah, thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep! Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately Palace before him, the name whereof was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway-side.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

From His DIARY*

Pepys Appointed Secretary to the Generals of the Fleet. The Return of King Charles

Jan. 1, 1660 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.

Mar. 5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the lion and unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant† be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again.

6th. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it.

22nd. To Westminster, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne to be secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet.

23rd. My Lord,‡ Captain Isham, Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, &c., in the other, to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor; (in our way we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1,000 to the people about Limehouse). Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted for me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord. We were late writing of orders, for the getting of ships ready, &c.

May 1. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deal,[1] setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes in the Purser's cabin. After that, to writing till dinner. At which time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any.

May 29th. Abroad to shore with my Lord (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore we took horses,

* Pepys's Diary belongs to what may be called unconscious literature. It was not intended for publication, is reckless in grammar, unconcerned for style, ignorant of any sort of propriety, yet famous for its portrayal of an interesting man in an interesting period. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 156.

1 A port near Dover.

† The Scottish "Covenant with God," a declaration of resistance to the Roman Church. The next year it was ordered to be publicly burnt.

‡ Sir Edward Montagu, whose service Pepys had entered, and who, as admiral and general, was appointed to convey Charles II. from Holland to England.

my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. . . At last we came upon a very high cliff by the sea-side, and rode under it, we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that it was not so high as Paul's,[2] my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again, and in our way found the people of Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did fire at my Lord's coming by. For which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliff, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy. And it being a pretty fair day, we could see above twenty miles into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Sheply's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. . . . This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.

30th. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

Matters Personal and Domestic

Oct. 13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison* hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. With-

2 St. Paul's Cathedral, London.
* He had served under Cromwell, and had signed the warrant for the execution of Charles I.

in all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

Nov. 22nd. This morning come the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon, my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk[1] and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox come in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses come to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman,* and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation: and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

Feb. 27th, 1661. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no.

28th. I took boat at Whitehall for Redriffe, but in my way overtook Captain Cuttance and Tiddiman in a boat and so ashore with them at Queenhithe, and so to a tavern with them to a barrel of oysters, and so away. Capt. Cuttance and I walked from Redriffe to Deptford, and there we dined, and notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can.

The Coronation of Charles II

Apr. 23rd. Coronation Day. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till

1 neckerchief
* Henrietta Maria, mother of Charles. The princesses mentioned were two of her daughters.

eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and foot-stool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests.

At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth-of-gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms[2] went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody.

I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last, upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports,[3] and little bells at every end.

And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last to bring up[4] [Dymock] the King's champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him;" and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins.

About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque

2 The Garter King-at-Arms, head of the heralds.

3 The five English Channel ports, Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, Hythe.

4 This ceremony is no longer observed.

Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided.

At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, other I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads[5] and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe Yard, in which at the farther end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another: which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the winecellar to the King) to his home; and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well.

Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Serjt. Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune.§ There was also this night in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

[5] roof (of sheets of lead)

§ Both these men had served Cromwell during the Protectorate, but unscrupulously transferred their allegiance to Charles at the time of the Restoration.

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706)

From His DIARY*

The Restoration of Charles II

May 29, 1660. This day his Majesty Charles II came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies† in their liveries, chains of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the City, even from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

July 6. His Majesty began first to *touch for the evil*,‡ according to custom, thus: his Majesty

* John Evelyn, "a good man in difficult times," a favorite of Charles II., traveler, and member of the Royal Society of London, was a man of real culture and wide intellectual interests. His *Diary* extends from 1640 to 1706, covering a much longer period than that of Pepys. Austin Dobson says of it: "If it does not, like the Diary of Pepys, disclose the inner character of the writer, it nevertheless possesses a distinctive interest. Its entries have the precise value of veracious statements; it is a magazine—a mine, Scott called it—of contemporary memories of a definite kind."

† The Livery Companies, or Guilds, established as a part of the city government to protect the members of the various crafts.

‡ The scrofula was familiarly known as "the king's evil," from the superstition that it could be healed by the royal touch.

sitting under his State[1] in the Banqueting-House, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led to the throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them and he healed them.' This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold[2] strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, 'That is the true light who came into the world.' Then follows an epistle (as at first a gospel) with the liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly the blessing; and then the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his Majesty to wash.

Jan. 30, 1661. Was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which so long had provoked God against this afflicted church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw, the Judge who condemned his Majesty, and Ireton, son-in-law to the Usurper, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from 9 in the morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658, [Oliver's funeral,] and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

Nov. 11. I was so idle as to go see a play called *Love and Honour*.—Dined at Arundel House; and that evening discoursed with his Majesty about shipping, in which he was exceeding skilful.

26. I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

Dec. 14. I saw otter hunting with the King, and killed one.

23. I heard an Italian play and sing to the guitar with extraordinary skill before the Duke.

Jan. 6, 1662. This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1,000, and left them still at *passage*,[3] *cards*, etc. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's,[4] observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.

The Great Plague

Aug. 2, 1665. A solemn fast thro' England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Doctor preaching on 26 Levit. 41, 42, that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it, but humbly submit to it.

28. The contagion still increasing and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

Sept. 7. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the City and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

Dec. 31. Now blessed be God for his extraordinary mercies and preservation of me this year, when thousands and ten thousands perished and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish this year 406 of the pestilence!

The Great Fire

Sept. 2, 1666. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now con-

1 canopy of state
2 standard, or "guinea" gold (bearing the figure of an angel)
3 A game of dice.
4 The royal director of games.

sumed: and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone, till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, and shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*:[1] the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more. Thus I returned home.

The Death of Cowley

Aug. 1, 1667. I received the sad news of Abraham Cowley's death, that incomparable poet and virtuous man, my very dear friend, and was greatly deplored.

3. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits[2] of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and near to Spenser. A goodly monument has been since erected to his memory.

Popular Pastimes

June 16, 1670. I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a *lady's lap*, as she sate in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before.

The Death of Charles II

Feb. 4, 1685. I went to London, hearing his Majesty had been the Monday before (2 Feb.) surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit. On Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day, about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. He passed Thursday night with great difficulty, when complaining of a pain in his side, they drew two ounces more of blood from him; this was by 6 in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning,

[1] "For we have no abiding city."
[2] men of culture

being 6 Feb. 1685, in the 36th year of his reign, and 54th of his age.

Thus died King Charles II, of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a Prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonair, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory and knew of many empirical[3] medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber. . . .

Certainly never had King more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplined as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things; but those wicked creatures took him off from all application becoming so great a King. The history of his reign will certainly be the most wonderful for the variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages: the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restoration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul. . . .

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset[4] round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!

[3] Approved by unscientific observation.
[4] A game at cards.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

From ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem[1]
Were Jebusites;[2] the town so called from them,
And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen people[3] grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn and weakened, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's[4] government:
Impoverished and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgraced, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish Rabbins,[5] though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot,[6] the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse,
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,

[1] London.
[2] Roman Catholics.
[3] Used ironically of the Puritans.
[4] Charles II.
[5] Dignitaries of the Church of England.
[6] The Popish Plot.

* This, the first of Dryden's satires, was directed against the Earl of Shaftesbury (Achitophel) and the opponents of the court. The strong excitement aroused by the "Popish Plot," an alleged attempt to strengthen Roman Catholic power in England by the murder of Charles II., had impelled Shaftesbury, a Whig, to endeavor to secure the succession to the Protestant Duke of Monmouth (Absalom), thus preventing the Catholic Duke of York from ascending the throne. Charles II., who was secretly a Catholic, and was receiving aid from France, waited a favorable moment; then, aided by the Tories, he recalled his brother, the Duke of York, and threw Shaftesbury into prison on the charge of high treason. The poem appeared November 17, 1681. Shaftesbury's case was to come up November 24.

Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise:
Succeeding times did equal folly call
Believing nothing or believing all.
The Egyptian[7] rites the Jebusites embraced,
Where gods were recommended by their taste;
Such savoury deities must needs be good
As served at once for worship and for food.[8]
By force they could not introduce these gods,
For ten to one in former days was odds:
So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade;
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews
And raked for converts even the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which failed for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great and, thrown from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'er-informed[9] the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.[10]
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond[11] he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel[12] for a foreign yoke;[13]
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's court ne'er sat an Abbethdin[14]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted[15] one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

7 French.
8 A reference to the doctrine of transubstantiation.
9 filled to excess
10 Shaftesbury's son was a weakling.
11 The alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden, broken by the alliance in 1670 of England and France against Holland.
12 England.
13 That of France.
14 Chief judge of the Jewish court (Shaftesbury had been Lord Chancellor in 1672-3).
15 lacked (Dryden is referring to his own poem)

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.
Not that he wished his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allowed
Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please
And sheds his venom in such words as these:

. . . . . .

He said, and this advice[16] above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),
Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride,
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher placed his birth or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne
And blessed all other countries but his own;
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love,
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he could wisely join
For several ends to serve the same design;
The best, (and of the princes some were such,)
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts;
By these the springs of property were bent
And wound so high they cracked the government.

The next for interest sought to embroil the state
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them joined all the haranguers of the throng
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the King;
The Solymæan rout,[17] well versed of old
In godly faction and in treason bold,
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restored,
Saw with disdain an Ethnic[18] plot begun
And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites[19] headed these; who pulled before
From the ark, which in the Judges' days[20] they bore,
Resumed their cant, and with a zealous cry
Pursued their old beloved theocracy,
Where Sanhedrin and priest enslaved the nation
And justified their spoils by inspiration;
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouthed against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Adored their fathers' God and property,
And by the same blind benefit of Fate
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be saved even in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri[21] stand,

[16] Achitophel has been urging Absalom to advance his cause by securing possession of the person of the king.

[17] The London populace (Jerusalem = Hierosolyma).

[18] Gentile (i. e., the Popish Plot).

[19] Presbyterian ministers deprived of their office by the act of Uniformity.

[20] The days of the Commonwealth, when (l. 523) the clergy were unusually prominent in affairs of state.

[21] The Duke of Buckingham, favorite, and former minister, of Charles II. He had ridiculed Dryden.

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

MAC FLECKNOE.*

All human things are subject to decay
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,[1] young
Was called to empire and had governed long,
In prose and verse was owned without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric[2] fills the eye
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley[3] were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget[4] came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal[5] I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge,[6]
And, big with hymn, commander of an host;
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.[7]
Methinks I see the new Arion[8] sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
Echoes from Private-alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band
Thou wieldst thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. André's[9] feet ne'er kept more equal time
Not even the feet of thy own "Psyche's"[10] rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel,
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton[11] forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore
And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius[12] more.

1 Successor of Caesar at the age of eighteen, and virtual emperor at thirty-two.

* "Son of Flecknoe." Dryden is satirizing Thomas Shadwell, a rival dramatist and personal enemy, by making him the son of a very dull poet, Flecknoe, who had died several years before the date of this poem (1682) at an advanced age.

2 Shadwell was a corpulent man.

3 Two 17th century dramatists.

4 rough woollen cloth

5 Flecknoe had visited the court of Lisbon.

6 The precise occasion of this has not been traced, but Shadwell is known to have been proficient in music.

7 A familiar form of punishment, with an allusion to the title of Shadwell's play *Epsom Wells*.

8 A Grecian musician who, when thrown into the sea, was saved by the dolphins.

9 A French dancing master.

10 An opera by Shadwell.

11 A singer.

12 The principal character in one of Davenant's plays.

Here stopped the good old sire and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta[13] bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears[14] inclined,)
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains;
. . . . . .
Near these a Nursery[15] erects its head
Where queens are formed and future heroes bred,
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant trulls their tender voices try,
And little Maximins[16] the gods defy.
Great Fletcher[17] never treads in buskins[18] here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks[19] appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanished minds;
Pure clinches[20] the suburbian muse affords
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
To whom true dulness should some "Psyches"[10] owe,
But worlds of "Misers"[21] from his pen should flow;
"Humorists"[21] and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.[22]
Now empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of fame, the nations meet
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
. . . . . .
Much Heywood, Shirley,[23] Ogleby[24] there lay.
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilked stationers for yeomen[25] stood prepared
And Herringman[26] was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince[27] in majesty appeared,
High on a throne of his own labours reared.
At his right hand our young Ascanius[28] sate,
Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
And lambent dulness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;[29]
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office and as priest by trade.
In his sinister[30] hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
"Love's Kingdom"[31] to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young
And from whose loins recorded "Psyche" sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies[32] were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond 'Love's Kingdom' let him stretch his pen!"

13 London.
14 Of Popish and other plots.
15 A school for training boys and girls to the stage.
16 A character, in one of Dryden's own early plays, who defies the gods.
17 Fletcher, Jonson, and Dekker were prominent dramatists contemporary with and later than Shakespeare. Simkin was "a stupid clown" in a farce (see Cambridge *Dryden*) and Panton a punster.
18 High-heeled shoes worn by tragic actors, hence "tragedy."
19 Low shoes worn by comic actors, hence "comedy"
20 puns
21 A play by Shadwell.
22 Characters in his plays.
23 Seventeenth century dramatists.
24 An inferior poet.
25 defrauded booksellers as guardsmen
26 Shadwell's publisher.
27 Flecknoe.
28 Shadwell (Ascanius was the son of Aeneas, the mythical founder of Rome).
29 Livy, Book xxi.
30 left
31 A play by Flecknoe.
32 "Perhaps in allusion to Shadwell's frequent use of opium, as well as to his dulness." (Scott). Poppies are symbolic of sleep.

He paused, and all the people cried "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth and fruitless industry.
Let 'Virtuosos'[33] in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George[34] in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley[35] interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best and top,[36] and in each line
Sir Formal's[37] oratory will be thine.
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill
And does thy northern dedications fill.[38]
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;[39]
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise
And uncle Ogleby[24] thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's[40] vein
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?

. . . . . .

Promised a play and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher[17] scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege[34] dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil on waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany[41] of sense.
A tun of man[42] in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin[43] of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou setst thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish[44] pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics,[45] but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayest wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For Bruce and Longville[22] had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part
With double portion of his father's art.

33 A play by Shadwell.
34 Etherege, a comic dramatist; Dorimant, etc., are characters in his plays.
35 Writer of the prologue to Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*.
36 excel
37 A character in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*.
38 Shadwell dedicated much of his work to the Duke of Newcastle.
39 i. e., by comparing him with Jonson, who was quite his contrary (see also l. 193)
40 A character in Shadwell's *Psyche*.
41 dropsy
42 Cp. *I Henry IV.*, II. iv. 493.
43 small barrel
44 Shadwell was not Irish and insisted that he had never been in Ireland more than a few hours.
45 Iambics were the standard verse-form of satire in classical poetry.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

November 22, 1687.

1

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,

* St. Cecilia, as patroness of music, is commonly represented in paintings with a harp or organ, and Dryden makes her the inventor of the latter. Public festivals in her honor were held annually at London at this period. Compare the following Ode, and also Pope's, p. 305.

The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason[1] closing full in Man.

2

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal[2] struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

3

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

5

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

6

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

1 A chord including all tones.
2 "The father of all such as handle the harp or organ." *Gen.* 4:21.

7

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of[3] the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A Song in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697.

1

Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:[1]
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

2

Timotheus[2] placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,

3 following

1 Alexander the Great conquered Persia in 331 B. C.
2 Musician to Alexander.

And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from[3] Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia[4] pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys[5] breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius[6] great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian[7] measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;

3 sang first of
4 Alexander's mother.
5 oboes
6 King of the Persians.
7 A soft, pathetic mode of Grecian music.

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies[8] arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

Three poets,[9] in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

SONG FROM THE INDIAN EMPEROR.

Ah fading joy! how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow fate, that does too fast pursue.

See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother nature lay their care:
Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

[8] The Eumenides, avenging spirits.

[9] Homer, Virgil, Milton.

Hark, hark, the waters—fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

SONG OF THAMESIS.*

Old father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry boatswain from his side
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The lingering lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
Come away, come away.

See, the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee,
In thy passage o'er the main;
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding;
Welcome to the wat'ry plain!

SONG FROM CLEOMENES.

No, no, poor suff'ring heart, no change endeavour;
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her:
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish.
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me;
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it:
Then, no day void of bliss or pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving;
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death, when they would seize us;
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

* From the opera *Albion and Albanius*, 1685. Thamesis is the River God Thames, addressing Albanius, who represents the Duke of York (afterward James II.) The latter, in 1679, had been compelled to retire to Brussels, in temporary exile, until the excitement against the Roman Catholics, created by the "Popish plot," should die away. The flattery of James is evident; but the song has a haunting beauty which sets it apart from mere eulogy.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.[1]

JANUS.

Chronos, Chronos,[2] mend thy pace:
An hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold, the goal in sight;
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS, *with a scythe in his hand and a globe on his back, which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of humankind.

Enter MOMUS,[3] *laughing.*

MOMUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back.
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun;
And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I
Can hinder the crimes
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Chorus of all three.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS.

Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time, begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS.

Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.
(*Horns, or hunting music within*

1 Anciently the highest divinity, who presided over the beginnings of things.
2 The god of time; ruler of the world before Zeus.
3 The personification of mockery.

Enter DIANA.

DIANA.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined[4] soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Chorus of all.

With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS.

Then our age was in its prime:

CHRONOS.

Free from rage:

DIANA.

And free from crime.

MOMUS.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Chorus of all.

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Dance of DIANA'S *attendants.*

Enter MARS.

MARS.

Inspire[5] the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has looked the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green
In woodland-walks no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian[6] dye.

Chorus of all.

Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green
In woodland-walks no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

MARS.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille,[7] sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

Chorus of all.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

MOMUS.

Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.

Chorus of all.

The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;

But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.

Enter VENUS.

Calms appear when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last;
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair;
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

Chorus of all.

Take her, take her, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

CHRONOS.

The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy ruled the day, and Love the night.
But, since the Queen of Pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.

[4] booted
[5] breathe into, blow
[6] purple
[7] morning call

MOMUS.

All, all, of a piece throughout:
(*Pointing to Diana.*
Thy chase had a beast in view;
(*To Mars.*
Thy wars brought nothing about;
(*To Venus.*
Thy lovers were all untrue.

JANUS.

'Tis well an old age is out.

CHRONOS.

And time to begin a new.

Chorus of all.

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

(*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.*)

ON CHAUCER.

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FABLES.*

It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets[1] is sunk in his reputation because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept, like a dragnet, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded, not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions,[2] which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her, and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*,[3] if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 't is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*:[4] they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect. 'Tis true I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him,[5] for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; 't is so gross and obvious an error that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers[6] in every verse which we call heroic[7] was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise.† We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time

* The *Fables*, published in 1700, the last year of Dryden's life, were metrical translations, or rather paraphrases, of stories from Homer, Ovid, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. The Preface, in addition to being excellent criticism, is a good example of Dryden's style in prose—the modern English prose which he did so much toward regulating (*Eng. Lit.*, 166-167). This particular example is characterized by Mr. George Saintsbury as "forcible without the slightest effort, eloquent without declamation, graceful yet thoroughly manly."

1 Abraham Cowley, who could not "forgive" (i. e. give up, forego) strained fancies and distorted forms of expression.
2 New printings.
3 "Overmuch a poet" (said by Martial, not Catullus).
4 "Suited to the ears of that time."
5 That of Thomas Speght, 1597-1602.
6 Measures.
7 The iambic pentameter couplet (see *Eng. Lit.*, 58, 165, 187).
† Dryden did not understand Chaucer's pronunciation nor sufficiently allow for imperfections in the manuscripts.

a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being, and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.‡

. . . . . .

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta[s] could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them.

The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding, such as are becoming of them and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us as they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars and canons and lady abbesses and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature though everything is altered.

s A Neapolitan physiognomist.

‡ Posterity has not sustained this verdict. But see *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 141, 165.

EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

SIR RICHARD STEELE
(1672-1729)

PROSPECTUS.

The Tatler, No. 1. Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley Paper seizes for its theme.

Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England,* have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house;† poetry under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish,[1] to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney[2] at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the

* Newspapers had been published for nearly a century. Steele proposed in *The Tatler* to publish periodical essays, stories, etc., which should serve something more than a merely practical purpose. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 176.

1 Probably wine (which according to *The Tatler*, No. 252, "heightens conversation").

2 A waiter.

† The public coffee and chocolate houses of London were used as headquarters for the meetings of clubs. White's and St. James's were frequented by statesmen and men of fashion; Will's was a rendezvous for men of letters, and The Grecian for lawyers and scholars.

power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure,[3] tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

MEMORIES

The Tatler, No. 181. Tuesday, June 6, 1710.

—— Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis habebo.
Virg. Æn. v. 49.

And now the rising day renews the year,
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *Manes*[4] of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet[5] yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth.

Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life. The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience[6] of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me, in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by

3 horoscope
4 spirits
5 private room
6 endurance

any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh, Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale, on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house.* Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner,† we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

THE CLUB.

The Spectator, No. 2, Friday, March 2, 1711.

——Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore—
Juv. Sat. vii. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in

* This was a place where periodical auctions were held, and lotteries conducted.
† The fashionable dinner hour was four o'clock.

Soho Square.[7] It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester[8] and Sir George Etherege,[9] fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson[10] in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple;[11] a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus[12] are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke.[13] The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with[14] an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully,[15] but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business: exactly at five he passes through New-Inn,[16] crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.[17] It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts; and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives

7 Then a fashionable part of London.
8 A favorite of Charles II.
9 A Restoration dramatist.
10 A notorious character of the time.
11 One of the four great colleges of law in London.
12 Ancient Greek philosophers and critics.
13 Great English lawyers of the 15th and 16th centuries respectively.
* Justices of the peace presided over the criminal courts or quarter sessions. Those chosen to sit with the higher court which met twice a year were called "justices of the quorum."

14 engages
15 Cicero.
16 Part of one of the law colleges.
17 A dissolute tavern-resort.

the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession, where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that a man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists,[18] unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well; and remembers habits,[19] as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair: that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning,

[18] queer fellows [19] costumes

great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has had the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and, consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

The Spectator, No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα. Pythag.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms: upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer: and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite[1] enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his

1 polished

seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers;[2] while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

NED SOFTLY.

The Tatler, No. 163. Tuesday, April 25, 1710.

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum
Possis ——

Catul. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses, and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us, for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

I yesterday came hither[3] about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but, upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff,"[4] says he, "I observe by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette[5] in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, "that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in."

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller[6] is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly, has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic[7] ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of

2 Those who do not pay their church tax.

3 Will's Coffee House.

4 The assumed name of the editor of *The Tatler*. Steele had chosen it. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 177.

5 The official court newspaper.

6 A very popular poet of the 17th century.

7 Used contemptuously, as equivalent to quaint or in bad taste.

our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has something in it that piques; and then the *dart* in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,

"That is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes.

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine.

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; 'in Petticoats'!

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor,

I fancy, when your song you sing."

"It is very right," says he, "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be 'Your song you sing;' or, 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
or
I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art.)"

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it." "Dear sir," said he, grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing."

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning," says he: "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*——it

looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that——" "Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, "he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair."

FROZEN WORDS.

The Tatler, No. 254 Thursday, November 23, 1710.

Splendidè mendax——.
Hor. 2 Od. iii. 35.
Gloriously false——.

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville[1] has distinguished himself, by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,[2] a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairy-land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla.[3] I need not inform my reader, that the author of "Hudibras"[4] alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

"Like words congeal'd in northern air."

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language, is as follows:

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail

[1] See p. 63.
[2] A Portuguese adventurer and writer of the sixteenth century, now generally believed to have been veracious.
[3] An island in the Arctic ocean. The journal of William Barentz, a Dutch navigator who was shipwrecked there in 1596, may have afforded Addison a hint for this fancy.
[4] A poem satirizing the Puritans, by Samuel Butler.

a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain:

"—— Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.

"Nor voice, nor words ensued.

"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to-bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado[5] on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping,[6] which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done,

"—— Et timidè verba intermissa retentat.

"And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.

"At about half-a-mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon enquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half-an-hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error, into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit[7] playing a minuet over our heads. I

[5] A severe form of military punishment which usually dislocated the arms.

[6] A quarter of London along the Thames frequented by seamen.

[7] A small fiddle.

asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin, and *tuer le temps.*''[8]

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reason, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

A COQUETTE'S HEART.

The Spectator, No. 281. Tuesday, January 22, 1712.

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
Virg. Æn. iv. 64.
Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore, in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which

[8] kill time

came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower.* Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall, therefore, only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

* Henry II., it was said, built a labyrinth to conceal the abode of "Fair Rosamond."

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

The Spectator, No. 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.

—Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam—

Virg. Æn. ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove—

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled The Visions of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that

were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius;[1] and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering

1 spirit

about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'Man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721)

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE YEARS OLD

Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

A SIMILE

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage
In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?

Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus'[1] shades.
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go
Always aspiring, always low.

AN ODE

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted[2] her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers[3] mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

1 A mountain in Greece sacred to the Muses. 2 denoted, expressed 3 verses

A BETTER ANSWER*

Dear Cloe, how blubbered is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurled:
Prythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says[4])
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong:
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit:
Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies; but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, Child), the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia,[5] agree:
For thou art a girl so much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

4 See 2 *Henry IV.*, V, iii, 101. 5 Horace addressed many of his odes to "Lydia."

* This poem was preceded by one called *An Answer to Cloe Jealous.* (Prior's "Cloe," perhaps for distinction, has no *h* in her name.)

JOHN GAY (1685-1732)

From FABLES

XLIV. The Hound and the Huntsman

Impertinence at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teased into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase.
Now scattered wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welked,[6] with howling tone
The puppy thus expressed his moan:
"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite?[7] These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."
"When puppies prate," the Huntsman cried,
"They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaimed thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

XLV. The Poet and the Rose

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends.
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the Muse inspired:

"Go Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!

"Know, hapless flower, that thou shall find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy withering head reclined
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."

"Spare your comparisons," replied
An angry Rose who grew beside.
"Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

1

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,

6 covered with ridges
7 Understand "do."

* This ode, composed in 1708, when Pope was but twenty years of age, is interesting chiefly for comparison with the odes written by Dryden for similar occasions. Pope has drawn freely upon classical mythology—the nine Muses, Morpheus, god of dreams, the voyage of the Argonauts with Orpheus drawing the trees of Mt. Pelion down to the sea by the sweetness of his strain, and especially the sad story of Orpheus' descent into Hades to win back his lost Eurydice only to lose her again and wander forlorn until the jealous and enraged Bacchantes stoned him to death and threw his limbs into the Hebrus. It is pointed out by Mr. W. J. Courthope that Dryden, by weaving in history instead of legend, secured greater human interest.

Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

2

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

3

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

4

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

5

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed-shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

6

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters[1] move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;

[1] The three fates.

And calls her ghost.
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's[2] snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus[2] resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

7

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

From AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel.
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

2 A mountain of Thrace.

Yet if we look more closely we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced.

. . . . . .

First follow Nature and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides;
In some fair body thus th' informing[1] soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit* has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife;
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The wingèd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top[2] her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,

1 animating
2 The abode of Apollo and the Muses; figurative for the heights of poetic fame.
* This word has here the rather special 18th century meaning of brilliancy of intellect, talent

And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills[3] to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
Some drily plain without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable,[4] subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.[5]
When first young Maro[5] in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw;
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
As if the Stagirite[6] o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus,[7] a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade;
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame and puts his laws in force.
I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

. . . . . .

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

3 prescriptions
4 story, plot
5 Virgil.
6 Aristotle, the foremost critic of ancient times.
7 The winged horse of the Muses.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:[8]
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt[9] the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight,[10] they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis,[11] of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities;[12] what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.[6]
"Not so, by Heaven" (he answers in a rage),
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts,
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit[13] alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,

[8] At the foot of Mt. Olympus, reputed birthplace of the Muses.
[9] attempt
[10] Don Quixote (in a spurious addition to Cervantes' work).
[11] John Dennis, a critic of the time, the author of unsuccessful tragedies.
[12] Aristotle's three "unities" of time, place, and action. (See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 99.)
[13] extravagant fancy

That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense they humbly take upon content.[14]
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learnèd smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso[15] in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.*

Canto I

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing.—This verse to Caryll, Muse! is due;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view.
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,[1]
And the pressed watch[2] returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest;
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,[3]
(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token,[4] and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

14 on trust
15 A character in Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* who vainly tries to keep up with court fashions.

* This mock-heroic, or, as Pope styled it, "heroi-comical poem," was published first in 1712 and in the present enlarged form in 1714. The subject, proposed to Pope by one Mr. Caryll, was suggested by a trifling feud that had arisen between two families because Lord Petre, a dapper little baron, had cut a lock from the head of Miss Arabella Fermor ("Belinda"). The opening is in imitation of classic epics, more especially of Virgil's *Æneid*. The chief addition in the later form is the machinery of sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, spirits inhabiting air, earth, water, and fire, respectively. Dr. Johnson pronounced the poem "the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful" of all the author's compositions, and De Quincey went so far as to declare it "the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers."

1 Summoning the lady's-maid.
2 A striking-watch.
3 One befitting the royal birthday ball.
4 Silver pieces dropped by fairies into the shoes of tidy maids

Some secret truths, from learnèd pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky.
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box,[5] and hover round the Ring.[6]
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.[7]
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre,[8] after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know further yet: whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced;
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,[9]
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main[10] this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where.
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,

5 At the theater.
6 A fashionable promenade in Hyde Park.
7 sedan-chair
8 A game at cards.
9 gallant
10 sea

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head,[11] and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Canto II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes, we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances,[1] neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,[2]
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;

11 head-dress

1 Ponderous romances, like Mlle. de Scudéry's *Le Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*, then in vogue.

2 gossamer (once supposed to be a product of dew)

His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain;
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops[3] to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

[3] ear-rings

. . . . . .
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum stypties with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled[4] flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,[5]
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxiou and trembling for the birth of fate.

Canto III

Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,[1]
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,

[4] shriveled
[5] chocolate-mill

[1] Hampton Court, at times a royal residence.

And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.[2]
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First, Ariel perched upon a Matadore,[3]
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-coloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-coloured robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam,[4] that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades;
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.[5]
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries[6] crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan[7] they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:

2 Each player holds nine cards.
3 The three best cards—Spadillio, ace of spades; Manillio, a trump; and Basto, ace of clubs—were each called a Matadore (Spanish for the slayer in a bull-fight).
4 Knave of clubs, the highest card in the game of Loo.
5 A term signifying defeat of the lone hand, who loses the pool.
6 coffee berries
7 japanned tables

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's[8] fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex[9] wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again).[10]
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis[11] shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,[12]
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

Canto IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia[1] when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin, for thy ravished hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,

8 King Nisus' daughter, who betrayed her father by sending the enemy one of his hairs.
9 shears (Latin)
10 A parody of *Paradise Lost*, vi., 330.
11 A scandalous novel of the time by Mrs. Manley.
12 fatal day

1 Any frivolous society woman.

Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.[2]
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim[3] at her head.
Two handmaids wait[4] the throne, alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.[5]
Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;[6]
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks.
. . . . . .
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power: "Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex, to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit;
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit;
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game.
. . . . . .
Hear, me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;[7]
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears,
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris'[8] arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?[9]
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,

2 ill humor
3 low spirits
4 Supply "at."
5 stage devices
6 *Iliad*, xviii., 373.
7 *Odyssey* x., 20.
8 For Mrs. Morley, a sister of Sir George Brown, the "Sir Plume" of line 121.
9 leaded curl-papers

And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus[10] grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;[11]
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded[12] cane).
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil?
Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair," he spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much," replied the peer again,
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
"Forever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea![13]

10 The "Ring" mentioned in I., 44.
11 Bow bells, the bells of St. Mary-le-bow in the cockney center of London.
12 mottled
13 A kind of black tea.

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box[14] fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares;
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

Canto V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan[1] could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away,

14 For face-patches.

1 Æneas when repelling Dido's love and the entreaties of her sister Anna. (*Æneid* iv., 440.)

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas,[2] Mars,[3] Latona,[3] Hermes[2] arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's[4] height
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.[5]

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

2 Aider of the Greeks.
3 Aider of the Trojans.
4 chandelier's
5 Ovid's *Epistles*, vii., 1, 2.

The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases;
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder[6] to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks[7] first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies
This the beau monde shall from the Mall[8] survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.[9]
This Partridge[10] soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust:
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

6 Romulus, carried to heaven by Mars, afterwards appeared to Proculus in great glory.
7 "Berenice's Hair," a group of seven stars in the constellation Leo.
8 A fashionable walk in St. James' Park.
9 In St. James' Park.
10 An almanac-maker of the time who yearly prophesied disaster.

From AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Epistle I

Awake, my St. John![1] leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here
From which to reason or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?

1 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, a politician and philosopher to whom Pope was indebted for the substance of this poem. The name is usually pronounced *Sin jun.*

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.
Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:[2]
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes[3] what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, "Here he gives too little, there too much;"
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,[4]
Yet cry, "If man's unhappy, God's unjust;"
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.
V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,

2 Apis, the sacred bull of Egypt.

3 Supply "heaven hides." Pope's verse is full of such ellipses.

4 delight

Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change, since all began:
And what created perfect?—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness, 149
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia,[5] or a Catiline?[6]
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon[7] loose to scourge mankind? 160
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs.
Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit,
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,[8]
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends.
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme, 210
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true

5 Cesare Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., a notorious criminal and tyrant.
6 Roman conspirator.
7 Alexander the Great, who was flatteringly styled the son of Jupiter Ammon.
8 Music, too fine or too mighty for mortal ears, supposed to be made by the revolution of the concentric spheres which, according to the old Ptolemaic system, composed the universe. (See note on *Doctor Faustus*, p. 158.)

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide:
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth
All matter quick,[9] and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might[10] on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;[11]
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Epistle II

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature; mount where science guides,

9 alive
10 Supply "press."
11 universe

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;[1]
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,[2]
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,[3]
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton, as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts[4] the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
Sedate and quiet, the comparing[5] lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'T is real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fixed: 't is fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card,[6] but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,

1 Alluding to the reformation of the calendar, which had fallen some twelve days behind the sun—a reformation then already generally adopted in Europe, though not in England till 1751.
2 Compare note on I. 202. (Bolingbroke held Plato in contempt.)
3 The dancing dervishes.
4 actuates, moves
5 Supply "principle." 6 compass

Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These, mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion, came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favorite still obey;
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong.
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'T is hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds by other passions tossed,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 't is followed, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike find reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'T is thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied;
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.[7]
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:*
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

[7] I. e., the tyrant turns benefactor.
* Decius voluntarily rushed into death because of a vision assuring victory to the side whose general should fall. Curtius is alleged to have made a similar self-sacrifice, leaping into a chasm in the Roman forum.

And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'T is to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where 's the north? at York, 't is on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
'T is but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign:
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, — knowledge, fame, or pelf, —
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist[8] in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters,[9] gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds, with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See, and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'T is this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise!

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

8 alchemist
9 The badge of the highest order of English knighthood.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All nature's incense rise!

DANIEL DEFOE (1659-1731)

From ROBINSON CRUSOE

The Castaway*

Had I continued in the station I was now in, I had room for all the happy things to have yet befallen me for which my father so earnestly recommended a quiet, retired life, and of which he had so sensibly described the middle station of life to be full. But other things attended[1] me, and I was still to be the wilful agent of all my own miseries, and particularly to increase my fault and double the reflections upon myself, which in my future sorrows I should have leisure to make. All these miscarriages were procured by my apparent obstinate adherence to my foolish inclinations of wandering abroad, and pursuing that inclination in contradiction to the clearest views of doing myself good in a fair and plain pursuit of those prospects and those measures of life which Nature and Providence concurred to present me with and to make my duty.

As I had once done thus in my breaking away from my parents, so I could not be content now, but I must go and leave the happy view[2] I had of being a rich and thriving man in my new plantation, only to pursue a rash and immoderate desire of rising faster than the nature of the thing admitted; and thus I cast myself down again into the deepest gulf of human misery that ever man fell into, or perhaps could be consistent with life and a state of health in the world.

To come, then, by the just degrees to the particulars of this part of my story. You may suppose that having now lived almost four years in the Brazils, and beginning to thrive and prosper very well upon my plantation, I had not only learned the language, but had contracted acquaintance and friendship among my fellow-planters, as well as among the merchants at St. Salvador, which was our port, and that in my discourses among them I had frequently given them an account of my two voyages to the coast of Guinea, the manner of

1 awaited 2 prospect

* Crusoe, having run away to sea at the age of nineteen and been wrecked on the English coast, had next embarked on a trading vessel to the coast of Guinea. Upon a second voyage he was captured by the Moors. Escaping after two years of slavery, he was picked up by a Portuguese vessel and taken to the Brazils. There he set up as a planter and sent back to England for half of the two hundred pounds he had saved from his first venture.

trading with the negroes there, and how easy it was to purchase upon the coast for trifles—such as beads, toys, knives, scissors, hatchets, bits of glass, and the like—not only gold-dust, Guinea grains,[3] elephants' teeth, etc., but negroes, for the service of the Brazils, in great numbers.

They listened always very attentively to my discourses on these heads, but especially to that part which related to the buying negroes; which was a trade, at that time, not only not far entered into, but, as far as it was, had been carried on by the *assiento,* or permission, of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and engrossed in the public,[4] so that few negroes were brought, and those excessive dear.

It happened, being in company with some merchants and planters of my acquaintance, and talking of those things very earnestly, three of them came to me the next morning, and told me they had been musing very much upon what I had discoursed with them of, the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to me. And after enjoining me secrecy, they told me that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they had all plantations as well as I, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that as it was a trade that could not be carried on because they could not publicly sell the negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the negroes on shore privately, and divide them among their own plantations; and, in a word, the question was, whether I would go their supercargo in the ship, to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea. And they offered me that I should have my equal share of the negroes without providing any part of the stock.

This was a fair proposal, it must be confessed, had it been made to any one that had not had a settlement and plantation of his own to look after, which was in a fair way of coming to be very considerable, and with a good stock upon it. But for me, that was thus entered and established, and had nothing to do but go on as I had begun, for three or four years more, and to have sent for the other hundred pounds from England; and who, in that time, and with that little addition, could scarce have failed of being worth three or four thousand pounds sterling, and that increasing too—for me to think of such a voyage, was the most preposterous thing that ever man, in such circumstances, could be guilty of.

But I, that was born to be my own destroyer, could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my first rambling designs, when my father's good counsel was lost upon me. In a word, I told them I would go with all my heart, if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my absence, and would dispose of it to such as I should direct if I miscarried. This they all engaged to do, and entered into writings or covenants to do so; and I made a formal will, disposing of my plantation and effects, in case of my death; making the captain of the ship that had saved my life, as before, my universal heir, but obliging him to dispose of my effects as I had directed in my will, one half of the produce being to himself, and the other to be shipped to England.

In short, I took all possible caution to preserve my effects, and keep up my plantation. Had I used half as much prudence to have looked into my own interest, and have made a judgment of what I ought to have done and not to have done, I had certainly never gone away from so prosperous an undertaking, leaving all the probable views of a thriving circumstance, and gone upon a voyage to sea, attended with all its common hazards, to say nothing of the reasons I had to expect particular misfortune to myself.

But I was hurried on, and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason. And accordingly, the ship being fitted out, and the cargo furnished, and all things done as by agreement by my partners in the voyage, I went on board in an evil hour, the [first] of [September 1659], being the same day eight year that I went from my father and mother at Hull, in order to act the rebel to their authority, and the fool to my own interest.

Our ship was about 120 tons burthen; carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself. We had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the negroes—such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast, when they* came about ten or

[3] aromatic seeds (used for spicing liquor)
[4] held as a state monopoly (Possibly some word like "stock" has been omitted.)

* This change of subject need not surprise. Defoe's syntax is often very loose.

twelve degrees of northern latitude; which, it seems, was the manner of their course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessive hot, all the way upon our own coast, till we came the height of[5] Cape St. Augustino;[6] from whence, keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land, and steered as if we were bound for the isle Fernando de Noronha, holding our course N.E. by N., and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were, by our last observation, in 7° 22′ northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge. It began from the south-east, came about to the north-west, and then settled into the north-east, from whence it blew in such a terrible manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and, scudding away before it, let it carry us wherever fate and the fury of the winds directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men died of the calenture,[7] and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about 11 degrees north latitude, but that he was 22 degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon, toward that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; which by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraft of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance, both to our ship and to ourselves.

With this design we changed our course, and steered away N.W. by W. in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined; for being in the latitude of 12 degrees 18 minutes a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that had all our lives been saved, as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!" and we had no sooner ran out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner, that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

It is not easy for any one, who has not been in the like condition, to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances. We knew nothing where we were, or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited; and as the rage of the wind was still great, though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces, unless the winds, by a kind of miracle, should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another, and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly, as preparing for another world; for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this. That which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet, and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now, though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place, she broke away, and either sunk, or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how

5 reached the latitude of
6 Cape Sao Agostinhos, about four degrees north of Sao Salvador (Bahia).
7 A delirious fever.

to get off into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men they got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy, and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon the shore, and might well be called *den wild zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high, that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it: so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation was, if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grâce*.[8] In a word, it took us with such a fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could; and so by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being, that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once 20 or 30 feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body; and

[8] finishing stroke

had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express to the life what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave; and I do not wonder now at that custom, namely, that when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up, and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him,—I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let him blood[9] that very moment they tell him of it, that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him:

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in the contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore?

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done, and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision; and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts at that time was, to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drank, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavoured to place myself so, as that if I should sleep I might not fall; and having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging, and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself the most refreshed with it that I think I ever was on such an occasion.

[9] i. e., bleed him

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.*

From Part I. A Voyage to Lilliput.

Chapter I.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and

*This apparently simple tale is in reality a continuous and sweeping satire. Says Sir Walter Scott: "No word drops from Gulliver's pen

applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him, and my uncle John and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year, to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to *The Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant,[1] and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry;[2] and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs.[3] Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master, Bates, dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of *The Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour, while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and, in about half an hour, the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

1 The Orient, especially the east coast of the Mediterranean.
2 A street in the heart of London.
3 Mistress, a title then given to both married and unmarried women.

in vain. Where his work ceases for a moment to satirize the vices of mankind in general, it becomes a stricture upon the parties, politics, and court of Britain; where it abandons that subject of censure, it presents a lively picture of the vices and follies of the fashionable world, or of the vain pursuits of philosophy, while the parts of the narrative which refer to the traveller's own adventures form a humorous and striking parody of the manner of old voyagers." Of Part I., the Voyage to Lilliput, the same writer says: "The satire is here levelled against the court and ministry of George I. In some points the parallel is very closely drawn, as where the parties in the church and state are described, and the mode in which offices and marks of distinction are conferred in the Lilliputian court." See also *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 174-175.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but, when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and, by this time, the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for, when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice—*Hekinah degul!* The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin,[4] which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried

[4] leather waistcoat

out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words, and the former, were afterwards repeated, and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side, to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods[5] of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught; which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small[6] wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating, several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola;* and, when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul.*

I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound, by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and, producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture

5 sentences 6 weak

to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing, likewise, that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility, and cheerful countenances.

Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and so get a little ease. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine foot long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea.* Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus in less than three hours I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast.

All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked, by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked, when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off, unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part

* Swift has been admired for the correctness of his figures. Compare the length of these men-of-war with the height of the Lilliputians.

of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

Chapter II.

When I found myself on my feet I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty foot square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,[1] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre. . . .

The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet. But that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount.

When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept without the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs;[2] but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious.

1 half a rood (one-eighth of an acre)
2 sedan-chairs

For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off. However, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description.

His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits[3]), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were, High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca;[4] but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night, I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight, during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds, of the common measure, were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships as I.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without license from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the meantime, the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me: but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom.

In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of

[3] costumes

[4] A commercial jargon compounded then chiefly of Italian and Oriental languages.

his majesty and the whole board in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in, every morning, six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons, to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door.

It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo;* that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom; however, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects.

He desired I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words, and part in signs.

He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I should set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse.

These gentlemen having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows: *

Imprimis,[5] In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*), after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left, there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the

5 first

* This report may possibly satirize the reports of the committees of secrecy on the Jacobite plots.

large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures, circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly), that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFREN FRELOC,
MARSI FRELOC.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars.

He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime, he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six foot from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the em-

peror not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air.

The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time.

I delivered up both my pistols, in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern (for their sight is much more acute than ours), and asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them.

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective,[6] and several other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover; and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

Chapter III

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap,* the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have

[6] telescope

* Flimnap stands for Sir Robert Walpole, at that time Lord of the Treasury, who, when Swift was a Whig—before 1710—had failed to aid Swift to gain promotion.

infallibly broke† his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.‡

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is purple, the other yellow, and the third white.§ These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world.

The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the purple coloured silk; the yellow is given to the next, and the white to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each.

I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two foot and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two foot from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage: and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance.

It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with

† The preterit form for the participle was freely used in the eighteenth century. Note also below "these kind of feats."

‡ In 1717 Walpole was dismissed from office, but was probably saved from disastrous consequences through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, favorite of George I.

§ In some editions these colors are given as blue, red, and green, the colors of the badges of the Orders of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle. The second named order, says Walpole's biographer, William Coxe, was revived by Walpole as "a cheap means of gratifying his political adherents."

these kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of the army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner.* He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old, experienced leader and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. . . . .

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself.

These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them, first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

First. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our

* George I. was especially fond of reviews.

metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within their doors.

3d. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our said subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six-days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man-mountain shall at his times of leisure be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly. That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfalorac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not as honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the high admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the Emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgements by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my liberty the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

From THE SEASONS

Spring

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,

* The freshness of Thomson's poetry, derived from direct contact with nature, was recognized as early as 1756 by Joseph Warton, who wrote: "His descriptions have a distinctness and truth which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves." Of the four sections of this poem, *Spring* was published last, in 1728; the Countess of Hertford, to whom it is dedicated, was a patroness of poetry whose interest in the author had been aroused by the publication of the preceding parts.

Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,[1]
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs: and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share[2]
The Master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds[3] the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these last themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro[4] sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some,[5] with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and, greatly independent, scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

. . . . . .

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.
When first the soul of Love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But so sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers[6] that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela[7] deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out[8] profusely, silent. Joined to these,
Innumerous[9] songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis Love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of Love.

1 Passing from Aries, the first sign of the zodiac, to Taurus, the second (April 20).
2 plowshare
3 directs
4 Virgil, in his *Georgics*.
5 e. g., Cincinnatus.
6 choristers
7 the nightingale
8 spread about
9 innumerable

From THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE*

1

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil[1]
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;[2]
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

2

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt[3] with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

3

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,[4]
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

4

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant[5] shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain[6] amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil[7] the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all the sounds yblent[8] inclinèd all to sleep.

5

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless[9] fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

6

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed[10] it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky.
There èke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smackt of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

7

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight[11])
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

8

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten[12] with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

1 labor
2 *Genesis* iii., 19.
3 adorned
4 cast
5 care-free
6 mourn

* "This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect." (Thomson's note.) The influence of the poem in turn upon Tennyson's *The Lotos-Eaters* is also to be observed.

7 a noise, a stir
8 blended
9 idleness
10 drowsiness
11 was named
12 melted

9

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

10

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove;
Ten thousand throats that, from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove!
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

11

"Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry[13] pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa[14] left the plain;
Guile, Violence, and Murder, seized on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

12

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up-hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
Forever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!"

[13] sultry
[14] The goddess of justice, who in the golden age lived among men.

RULE, BRITANNIA

From the Masque of "Alfred."

1

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

2

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

3

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

4

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

5

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

6

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)

A SONG FROM SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE*

1

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds[1] shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

2

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

3

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved, till life could charm no more;
  And mourned, till Pity's self be dead.

1 rustics, peasants

* This song, which flows almost like an improvisation, Collins constructed from the scene in *Cymbeline* IV. ii, 215-229, in which Guiderius and Arviragus speak over the body of their sister Imogen, who is disguised as Fidele and whom they suppose to be dead:

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill, . . . bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

ODE †

1

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING ‡

1

If ought of oaten stop,[2] or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
  Like thy own solemn springs,
  Thy springs and dying gales,

2

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
  With brede[3] ethereal wove,
  O'erhang his wavy bed:

2 musical pipe 3 embroidery

† "Written," says Collins, "in the beginning of the year 1746." The British troops had lately suffered losses in the War of the Austrian Succession, e. g., at Fontenoy in 1745, and Falkirk, January, 1746.

‡ "Although less popular than *The Deserted Village* and Gray's *Elegy*, the *Ode to Evening* is yet like them in embodying in exquisite form sights, sounds, and feelings of such permanent beauty that age cannot wither them nor custom stale."—W. C. Bronson. See also *Eng Lit.*, 219-220.

3
Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

4
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

5
Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

6
For when thy folding-star[4] arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

7
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

8
Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

9
But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

10
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

11
While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

12
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

13
So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

[4] Marking the time for folding the flocks.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

1
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.[1]
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11

Can storied urn[2] or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke[3] the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

12

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

13

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial[4] current of the soul.

14

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village Hampden,[5] that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

16

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

17

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.[6]

19

Far[7] from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,[8]
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

1 Subject of "awaits."
2 A burial urn, pictorially decorated.
3 call forth
4 natural
5 A Puritan leader who resisted Charles I.
6 I. e., write flattering verses to win favor
7 I.e., being far
8 untaught poet

* Until a comparatively recent time Cromwell was very generally regarded as a man who sacrificed everything to his own inordinate ambition. In the first draft of this stanza, Gray had written the names of Romans—Cato, Tully (Cicero), and Caesar

24

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance,[9] by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

29

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

30

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

31

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

32

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

9 perchance

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Pindaric Ode*

I. 1

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell![1] the sullen cares,
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War[2]
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king[3]
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green[4]

1 The lyre, said to have been made by Hermes from a tortoise shell.
2 Mars
3 Jove's eagle
4 In Cyprus, sacred to Venus (Cytherea).

* The odes of Pindar, the most renowned lyric poet of ancient Greece, were mostly constructed in symmetrical triads, each triad containing a strophe, antistrophe, and epode, or turn, counter-turn, and after-song. Metrically the strophes and antistrophes all corresponded exactly throughout, and likewise the epodes. The livelier odes were written in what was known as the Æolian mood, in contrast to the graver Dorian mood and the more tender Lydian measures. Gray has borrowed freely from Pindar, even translating a portion of the first Pythian Ode. The following is a condensation of Gray's notes to his own poem: I. 1. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches.—I. 2. Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul.—I. 3. Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. II. 1. Poetry given to mankind to compensate the real and imaginary ills of life.—II. 2. Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations.—II. 3. Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England.—III. 1. 2. 3. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden.

The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime,[5] that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II. 1

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond[6] complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,[7]
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,[8]
With necks in thunder clothed,[9] and long-resounding pace.

III. 3

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more ———
O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle[10] bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:

5 uplifted 6 foolish

7 *Ezekiel* i. 26
8 "Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes." (Gray).
9 *Job* xxxix. 19
10 Pindar

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

"OSSIAN"

JAMES MACPHERSON
(1736-1796)

OINA-MORUL.*

As flies the inconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old, along my soul by night! When bards are removed to their place: when harps are hung in Selma's hall;[1] then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me, with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song? We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Concathlin,[2] on high, from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails; I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells.[3] He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought; I denied the maid! for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

"I come not," I said, "to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land."

"Descendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda,[4] when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds; but no white sails were seen. But steel resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuarfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in flight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuarfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles!

"Son of Fingal," began Mal-orchol, "not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings!"

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear: it was like the rising breeze, that whirls,

1 The royal residence of Fingal.
2 A star, perhaps the pole-star.
3 See note 1 to Gray's ode just preceding.
4 Odin.

* The rhythmical prose pieces published by James Macpherson in 1760-1763 as translations from the ancient Gaelic bard Ossian (Oisin), son of Fingal (Finn), were apparently based upon genuine Gaelic, though probably not Ossianic, remains, with liberal additions by Macpherson himself. See *Eng. Lit.* 223. In the poem here given, Ossian, addressing his daughter-in-law Malvina, "maid of Lutha," relates a generous deed of his youthful days. Sent by his father to the assistance of the king of Fuarfed, he defeated the foe, Ton-thormod, and was promised the king's daughter, Oina-morul. But discovering that she loved Ton-thormod, he yielded his claim and brought about a reconciliation of the foes. The rather excessive punctuation of the piece is meant to emphasize its rhythmical character.

at first, the thistle's beard; then flies, dark shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuarfed wild! she raised the nightly song; she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds. "Who looks," she said, "from his rock on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant far; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids?"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! Within this bosom is a voice; it comes not to other ears: it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of Fuarfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda.[5] Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young: though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

From CARTHON

Ossian's Address to the Sun

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth: Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

[5] The Hall of Odin.

THOMAS CHATTERTON*
(1752-1770)

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE

Thys Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysynge Raie,
A True Man, Good of Mynde, and Canynge hyghte,[1]
Benethe thys Stone lies moltrynge ynto Claie,
Untylle the darke Tombe sheene an aeterne Lyghte.
Thyrde from hys Loyns the present Canynge came;†
Houton[2] are wordes for to telle his doe;[3]
For aie shall lyve hys Heaven-recorded Name,
Ne shalle ytte die whanne Tyme shall be ne moe;[4]
Whan Mychael's Trompe shall sounde to rize the Soulle,

[1] named
[2] hollow
[3] deeds
[4] no more

* The "Rowley poems" of Chatterton, ascribed by him to a fictitious priest called Rowley, of the fifteenth century, are written in a spurious archaic dialect, not a few of the forms being pure inventions, sometimes merely for convenience of rhyme. In the selections here given (except the *Epitaph*, which is left unaltered) the spelling and some words are modernized, in accordance with Professor Skeat's edition, the better to show what genuine powers the youthful poet possessed. Chatterton wrote after this fashion:

"In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene," etc.

This Spenserian manner, as in the poetry of Thomson a generation earlier, is in marked contrast to the prevailing classicism of the age. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 223.

† William Canning, an actual mayor of Bristol in the time of Edward IV., who with his grandfather rebuilt the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe ("Radcleves rysynge Raie"). It does not appear that the great-grandfather, Robert, had any share in it. William Canning was asserted by Chatterton to have been Rowley's patron.

He'lle wynge toe heaven with kynne, and
happie be ther dolle.[5]

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

(As Written by the Good Priest Thomas Rowley, 1464)

1

In Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
The apple reddened from its paly green,
And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
The pied chelandry[6] sang the livelong day;
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was decked in its most
deft aumere.[7]

2

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered
up apace.

3

Beneath a holm,[8] fast by a pathway-side,
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,[9]
Long brimful of the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent
nigh.

4

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
Haste to thy church-glebe-house, accursèd man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and
themselves.

5

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the
rain;
The coming ghastness[10] doth the cattle 'pall,[11]
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashings
dies.

6

List! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then full-swollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended,
drowned,
Still on the frighted ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in
stony showers.

7

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette[12] was drenchèd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bederoll[13] at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm
to bide.

8

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,
His autremete[14] was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
Full well it shewèd he thought cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse-milliner his head with roses
dight.[15]

9

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim
said,
"Oh! let me wait within your convent-door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver
crouche."[16]

10

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your
din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None touch my ring who not in honour live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did
strive,
And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons
rode away.

11

Once more the sky was black, the thunder
rolled,
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;

5 their dole (lot)
6 goldfinch
7 Misused for "apparel"; properly "a purse."
8 holm oak
9 rustic in his dress
10 For "ghastliness."
11 appal
12 small round hat
13 backward told his beads, i. e., cursed (Chatterton)
14 loose white robe
15 arrayed
16 cross

Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape[17] were grey, and eke were clean;
A Limitor[18] he was of order seen;
And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holman tree.

12

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
The Limitor then loosened his pouch-thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take;
The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
"Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

13

"But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scarce any give a rentroll to their lord;
Here, take my semicope,[19] thou 'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.[20]
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,[21]
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!

From THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS*

17

And now Duke William marèshall'd his band,
And stretched his army out, a goodly row.
First did a rank of arcublastries[1] stand,
Next those on horseback drew th' ascending flo;[2]
Brave champions, each well learnèd in the bow,
Their asenglave[3] across their horses tied;
Or[4] with the loverds[5] squires behind did go,
Or waited, squire-like, at the horse's side.
When thus Duke William to a monk did say,
"Prepare thyself with speed, to Harold haste away.

18

"Tell him from me one of these three to take:
That he to me do homage for this land,
Or me his heir, when he deceaseth, make,
Or to the judgment of Christ's vicar[6] stand."
He said; the monk departed out of hand,
And to King Harold did this message bear,
Who said, "Tell thou the duke, at his likand,[7]
If he can get the crown, he may it wear."
He said, and drove the monk out of his sight,
And with his brothers roused each man to bloody fight.

19

A standard made of silk and jewels rare,
Wherein all colours, wrought about in bighes,[8]
An armèd knight was seen death-doing there,
Under this motto—"He conquers or he dies."[9]
This standard rich, endazzling mortal eyes,
Was borne near Harold at the Kenters' head,
Who charged his brothers for the great emprise,
That straight the hest[10] for battle should be spread.
To every earl and knight the word is given,
And cries "*a guerre!*"[11] and slogans shake the vaulted heaven.

20

As when the earth,[12] torn by convulsions dire,
In realms of darkness hid from human sight;
The warring force of water, air and fire,
Bursts from the regions of eternal night,
Through the dark caverns seeks the realms of light;
Some lofty mountain, by its fury torn,
Dreadfully moves, and causes great affright;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,[13]
And awful shakes, moved by th' almighty force;
Whole woods and forests nod, and rivers change their course.

21

So did the men of war at once advance,
Linked man to man, appeared one body light;
Above, a wood, y-formed of bill and lance,
That nodded in the air, most strange to sight;
Hard as the iron were the men of might,
No need of slogans to enrouse their mind;
Each shooting spear made ready for the fight,
More fierce than falling rocks, more swift than wind;
With solemn step, by echo made more dire,
One single body all, they marched, their eyes on fire.

22

And now the grey-eyed morn with violets drest,
Shaking the dewdrops on the flowery meads,

17 A short surplice (?).
18 licensed begging friar
19 short cape
20 For "pursued."
21 For "glory."

1 cross-bowmen
2 arrow
3 lance? (Skeat)
4 either
5 lords
6 the Pope
7 pleasure
8 jewels
9 See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 35.
10 command
11 "To battle!"
12 Sentence grammatically defective
13 For "cliff."

* There are two versions of this poem, one of which Chatterton admitted to be his own. The other, from which the stanzas above are taken, he declared to be Rowley's. There are seventy-two stanzas in all, but the battle is not brought to an end.

Fled with her rosy radiance to the west.
Forth from the eastern gate the fiery steeds
Of the bright sun awaiting spirits leads.[12]
The sun, in fiery pomp enthroned on high,
Swifter than thought along his journey gledes,[14]
And scatters night's remains from out the sky.
He saw the armies make for bloody fray,
And stopped his driving steeds, and hid his lightsome ray.

23

King Harold high in air majestic raised
His mighty arm, decked with a manchyn[15] rare;
With even hand a mighty javelin peised,[16]
Then furious sent it whistling through the air.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer.
In vain did brass or iron stop its way;
Above his eyes it came, the bones did tear,
Piercing quite through, before it did allay.[17]
He tumbled, screeching with his horrid pain,
His hollow cuishes[18] rang upon the bloody plain.

24

This William saw, and, sounding Roland's song,
He bent his iron interwoven bow,
Making both ends to meet with might full strong;
From out of mortal's sight shot up the flo.
Then swift as falling stars to earth below,
It slanted down on Alfwold's painted shield,
Quite through the silver-bordured cross did go,
Nor lost its force, but stuck into the field;
The Normans, like their sovereign, did prepare,
And shot ten thousand floes uprising in the air.

25

As when a flight of cranes that take their way
In household armies through the archèd sky,
Alike[19] the cause, or company or prey,
If that perchance some boggy fen is nigh,
Soon as the muddy nation[20] they espy,
In one black cloud they to the earth descend;
Fierce as the falling thunderbolt they fly,
In vain do reeds the speckled folk defend;
So prone to heavy blow the arrows fell,
And pierced through brass, and sent many to heaven or hell.

26

Ælan Adelfred, of the stow[21] of Leigh,
Felt a dire arrow burning in his breast;
Before he died, he sent his spear away,
Then sank to glory and eternal rest.
Neville, a Norman of all Normans best,
Through the joint cuishè did the javelin feel,
As he on horseback for the fight addressed,
And saw his blood come smoking o'er the steel;
He sent the avenging flo into the air,
And turned his horse's head, and did to leech repair.

27

And now the javelins, barbed with deathès wings,
Hurled from the English hands by force aderne,[22]
Whizz drear along, and songs of terror sings,
Such songs as always closed in life eterne.
Hurled by such strength along the air they burn,
Not to be quenchèd but in Normans' blood.
Where'er they came, they were of life forlorn,
And always followed by a purple flood.
Like clouds the Norman arrows did descend,
Like clouds of carnage full, in purple drops did end.

14 For "glides."
15 sleeve
16 poised
17 For "stop."
18 armour for the thighs
19 whatever
20 frogs (a manifest 18th century paraphrase)
21 place
22 [illegible]

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

From the PLAN OF AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY*

To the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

My Lord,

When first I undertook to write an English Dictionary, I had no expectation of any higher patronage than that of the proprietors of the copy, nor prospect of any other advantage than the price of my labour. I knew that the work in which I engaged is generally considered as drudgery for the blind, as the proper toil of artless industry; a task that requires neither the light of learning, nor the activity of genius, but may be successfully performed without any higher quality than that of bearing burthens with dull patience, and beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution.

Whether this opinion, so long transmitted,

* Johnson's ponderous diction may have been in some measure due to his labors in the field of lexicography, though doubtless much more to his habit of thinking in general and abstract terms. It was jestingly said in his time that he used hard words in the *Rambler* papers on purpose to make his forthcoming Dictionary indispensable. Yet the diction confers a not unpleasing dignity upon the wisdom it clothes; and it grew more chastened with time, as is shown by the admirable style of his *Lives of the Poets*. See *Eng. Lit.*, 208-209.

and so widely propagated, had its beginning from truth and nature, or from accident and prejudice; whether it be decreed by the authority of reason, or the tyranny of ignorance, that of all the candidates for literary praise, the unhappy lexicographer holds the lowest place, neither vanity nor interest incited me to enquire. It appeared that the province allotted me was, of all the regions of learning, generally confessed to be the least delightful, that it was believed to produce neither fruit nor flowers; and that, after a long and laborious cultivation, not even the barren laurel† had been found upon it.

Yet on this province, my Lord, I entered, with the pleasing hope that, as it was low, it likewise would be safe. I was drawn forward with the prospect of employment, which, though not splendid, would be useful; and which, though it could not make my life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no passion, engage me in no contention, nor throw in my way any temptation to disturb the quiet of others by censure, or my own by flattery.

I had read indeed of times in which princes and statesmen thought it part of their honour to promote the improvement of their native tongues; and in which dictionaries were written under the protection of greatness. To the patrons of such undertakings I willingly paid the homage of believing that they, who were thus solicitous for the perpetuity of their language, had reason to expect that their actions would be celebrated by posterity, and that the eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their praise. But I consider such acts of beneficence as prodigies, recorded rather to raise wonder than expectation; and content with the terms that I had stipulated, had not suffered my imagination to flatter me with any other encouragement, when I found that my design had been thought by your Lordship of importance sufficient to attract your favour.

How far this unexpected distinction can be rated among the happy incidents of life, I am not yet able to determine. Its first effect has been to make me anxious lest it should fix the attention of the public too much upon me, and, as it once happened to an epic poet of France,‡ by raising the reputation of the attempt, obstruct the reception of the work. I imagine what the world will expect from a scheme prosecuted under your Lordship's influence; and I know that expectation, when her wings are once expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain; and when she has mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the pursuit.

Not therefore to raise expectation, but to repress it, I here lay before your Lordship the Plan of my undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend; and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new method, I may be advertised of its defects or superfluities. Such informations I may justly hope, from the emulation with which those, who desire the praise of elegance or discernment, must contend in the promotion of a design that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to share your attention with treaties and with wars. . .

[Then follows the plan, with many details of vocabulary, orthography, pronunciation, etc.]

When I survey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confess that I am frighted at its extent, and, like the soldiers of Cæsar, look on Britain as a new world, which it is almost madness to invade. But I hope that though I should not complete the conquest, I shall at least discover the coast, civilize part of the inhabitants, and make it easy for some other adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to subjection, and settle them under laws.

We are taught by the great Roman orator, that every man should propose to himself the highest degree of excellence, but that he may stop with honour at the second or third: though therefore my performance should fall below the excellence of other dictionaries, I may obtain, at least, the praise of having endeavoured well; nor shall I think it any reproach to my diligence that I have retired, without a triumph, from a contest with united academies and long successions of learned compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmest moments, to preserve so much caution through so long a work, as not often to sink into negligence, or to obtain so much knowledge of all its parts as not frequently to fail by ignorance. I expect that sometimes the desire of accuracy will urge me to superfluities, and sometimes the fear of prolixity betray me to omissions: that in the extent of such variety, I shall be often bewildered; and in the mazes of such intricacy, be frequently entangled: that in one part refinement will be subtilized beyond exactness, and evidence dilated in another beyond perspicuity. Yet I do not despair of approbation from those

† The actual laurel is not barren, whatever be thought of the triumphs it symbolizes.

‡ Chapelain's *La Pucelle*, heralded for many years, was coldly received after publication.

who, knowing the uncertainty of conjecture, the scantiness of knowledge, the fallibility of memory, and the unsteadiness of attention, can compare the causes of error with the means of avoiding it, and the extent of art with the capacity of man; and whatever be the event of my endeavours, I shall not easily regret an attempt which has procured me the honour of appearing thus publicly,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD*

(Feb. 7, 1755)

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

MY LORD:

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*[1]—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.[2]

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

1 "The conqueror of the conqueror of the world" (Boileau).

* "Johnson told me," says Boswell, "that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that his Lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him. When the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted . . . to conciliate him, by writing two papers in 'The World,' in recommendation of the work." "Upon which," commented Johnson, "I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." Boswell later obtained a copy of this celebrated letter, and gave it to the world. Carlyle, in his essay on *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, speaks of it as "that far-famed Blast of Doom, proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more." See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 208.

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, 1755

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has

2 *Eclogue* VIII, 43.

been lost under the pressure of disease; much has been trifled away;* and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.[3]

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself: a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter and harden ignorance into contempt;† but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he, whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger[4] compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory, at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the "English Dictionary" was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.‡ It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni;§ if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy,[5] and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

3 Robert Boyle, the natural philosopher, 1627-1691.
4 A European scholar of the 16th century.
* Boswell reports Johnson as saying: "I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it."
† Johnson spoke prophetically. Among amusing entries, some of course intentional, Boswell has noted the following:
Lexicographer. A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.
Pension. An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.
Oats. A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.
Network. Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

From the PREFACE TO AN EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, 1765-1768

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life

5 system
‡ Johnson's wife died March 17, 1752, and the anniversary of her death he spent "in prayer and self-examination."
§ He objected to their basing their lexicon on Tuscan usage.

afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible, and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion, it is proper to inquire by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual: in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable,[6] and the tenor of his dialogue: and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles,[7] who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into a fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered,—is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

6 story, plot

7 An Alexandrian philosopher to whom were attributed certain jests which Johnson once translated.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to any other claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

From the LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS

The Character of Addison

The end of this useful life was now approaching. Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy; and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates, a message by the Earl of Warwick[8] to Mr. Gay,[9] desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered: Addison told him that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but supposed that some preferment designed for him, had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried: when he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called; and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." What effect this awful scene had on the earl I know not; he likewise died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's[10] excellent elegy on his friend are these lines:

> He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

In which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young,[11] to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland House, leaving no child but a daughter.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death; for his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, that if he had proposed himself for king, he would hardly have been refused.[12]

His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents: when he was Secretary in Ireland he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift.*

8 Addison's step-son.
9 John Gay, the poet (*Eng. Lit.*, 182).
10 Thomas Tickell, a contributor to the *Spectator*.
11 Edward Young, the poet (*Eng. Lit.*, 182).
12 Addison was elected to Parliament in 1708.

* Addison, a Whig, and Swift, a Tory, took opposite sides in political controversy.

Of his habits, or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness "that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit;" and tells us, that "his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed." Chesterfield affirms, that "Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." And Addison, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself, that, with respect to intellectual wealth, "he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, every testimony concurs to prove; but Chesterfield's representation is doubtless hyperbolical. That man cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became Secretary of State; and who died at forty-seven, after having not only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of State.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; for "he was," says Steele, "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us by a rival. "Addison's conversation," says Pope, "had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern wit;[13] and, with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope's poetical reputation; nor is it without strong reason suspected, that by some disingenuous acts he endeavoured to obstruct it; Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid.

His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his *Dialogue on Medals* show that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

What he knew he could easily communicate. "This," says Steele, "was particular in this writer, that, when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated."

Pope, who can be less suspected of favouring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his *Spectators* were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revisal.

"He would alter," says Pope, "anything to please his friends, before publication; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards: and I believe not one word in *Cato*, to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand."

The last line of *Cato* is Pope's, having been originally written

> And, oh! 'twas this that ended Cato's life.

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines.† In the first couplet the words *from hence* are improper; and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse being included in the second, is therefore useless; and in the third *Discord* is made to produce *Strife*.

[13] Used in the 18th century sense of "polite learning."

† "From hence let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life."

The rather trivial verbal criticism is characteristic of the time.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to Button's.

Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.‡

From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville,[14] who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tie-wig,[15] can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners, the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the public a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

One slight lineament of his character Swift has preserved. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity. This artifice of mischief was admired by Stella;[16] and Swift seems to approve her admiration.

His works will supply some information. It appears from his various pictures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. There are, says Steele, in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age. His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation, and he detects follies rather than crimes.

If any judgment be made, from his books, of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will show that to write, and to live, are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies: of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem, but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, *above all Greek, above all Roman fame.*[17] No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers

14 Bernard Mandeville, a poet and somewhat of a cynic.

15 I. e., in the latest court-fashion (tie-wigs having just come in; moreover, the learned professions affected the loose, flowing wigs)

‡ Addison married the countess in 1716.

16 Swift's inamorata.

17 Quoted from Pope, *To Augustus.*

to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*[18]

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

From THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Johnson at School

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding, with a smile, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive." His next instructor in English was a master whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, "published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the Universe; but I fear no copy of it can now be had."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school—"a man" (said he) "very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master, who, according to his account, "was very severe and wrongheadedly severe. He used" (said he) "to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

However, . . . Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which I believe he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would rather" (said he) "have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't: whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other." . . .

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters, is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tiptoe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning *anax andrōn*, a king of men. His schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature; and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same through the whole course of life. His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him, and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.

[18] *Daniel*, xii, 3.

Johnson's Friends, 1752-53*

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, in Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon after the conclusion of his *Rambler;* which that gentleman, then a youth, had read with so much admiration, that he came to London chiefly with the view of endeavouring to be introduced to its author. By a fortunate chance he happened to take lodgings in a house where Mr. Levet[1] frequently visited; and having mentioned his wish to his landlady, she introduced him to Mr. Levet, who readily obtained Johnson's permission to bring Mr. Langton to him; as, indeed, Johnson, during the whole course of his life, had no shyness, real or affected, but was easy of access to all who were properly recommended, and even wished to see numbers at his *levee,* as his morning circle of company might, with strict propriety, be called. Mr. Langton was exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He had not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or manner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should see a decent, well-drest, in short, a remarkably decorous philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed-chamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved. . . .

One night when Beauclerk[2] and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop,*[3] which Johnson had always liked: while, in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

> "Short, O short, then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!"

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls." Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle.*" Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him!"

He entered upon this year, 1753, with his usual piety, as appears from the following prayer, which I transcribed from that part of his diary which he burned a few days before his death:

"Jan. 1, 1753, N. S.,* which I shall use for the future.

"Almighty God, who hast continued my life to this day, grant that, by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, I may improve the time which thou shalt grant me, to my eternal salvation. Make me to remember, to thy glory, thy judgments and thy mercies. Make me so to consider the loss of my wife, whom thou hast taken from me, that it may dispose me by thy grace, to lead the residue of my life in thy fear. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Johnson and Goldsmith, 1773

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to The Club,[4] where we found Mr. Burke, Mr.

1 A surgeon, and odd character, inmate of Dr. Johnson's house.

2 A gentleman of elegant tastes but rather free manners and opinions.

* These dates indicate the period of Johnson's life under which the particular records, are made. See any edition of Boswell's *Johnson.*

3 Mulled wine, oranges and sugar

4 The Literary Club. See *Eng. Lit.,* p. 207

* New style; referring to the change to the Gregorian calendar, which was adopted in England in 1752, when the dates between September 2nd and 14th were omitted.

Garrick, and some other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner.† Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me;" and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith—something passed to-day where you and I dined: I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit: and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but nine-pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but not content with that, was always taking out his purse. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse!"

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. "Sir, (said he,) you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

He was still more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to say something." This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan,[5] Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies[6] was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry*."

CRITICAL OPINIONS

1775. Johnson was in high spirits this evening at the club, and talked with great animation and success. He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. "The 'Tale of a Tub' is so much superior to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he was the author of it: there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life." I wondered to hear him say of "Gulliver's Travels," "When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest." I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of "the Man Mountain," particularly the description of his watch, which it was conjectured was his GOD, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed, that "Swift put his name to but two things (after he had a name to put), 'The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language,' and the last 'Drapier's Letter.'"

1775. Next day I dined with Johnson at Mr. Thrale's. He attacked Gray, calling him "a dull fellow." BOSWELL. "I understand he was reserved, and might appear dull in company; but surely he was not dull in poetry." JOHNSON. "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him GREAT. He was a mechanical poet." He then

† After one of Johnson's long discourses, Goldsmith had begged that somebody else might be heard; whereupon Johnson called him impertinent.

5 Thomas Sheridan, father of the dramatist.

6 A bookseller and publisher who published a pirated edition of Johnson's writings but was forgiven by him.

repeated some ludicrous lines, which have escaped my memory, and said, "Is not that GREAT, like his Odes?" Mrs. Thrale maintained that his Odes were melodious; upon which he exclaimed,

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof;'"

I added, in a solemn tone,

"'The winding-sheet of Edward's race.'

There is a good line."—"Ay, (said he,) and the next line is a good one (pronouncing it contemptuously),

"'Give ample verge and room enough.'

No, Sir, there are but two good stanzas in Gray's poetry, which are in his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'" He then repeated the stanza,

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c.,

mistaking one word; for instead of *precincts* he said *confines*. He added, "The other stanza I forget."

1776. Talking of *The Spectator*, he said, "It is wonderful that there is such a proportion of bad papers in the half of the work which was not written by Addison; for there was all the world to write that half, yet not a half of that half is good."

TALK AT THE CLUB, 1778

On Friday, April 3, I dined with him in London, in a company where were present several eminent men, whom I shall not name, but distinguish their parts in the conversation by different letters.*

F. "I have been looking at this famous antique marble dog of Mr. Jennings,† valued at a thousand guineas, said to be Alcibiades's dog." JOHNSON. "His tail then must be docked. That was the mark of Alcibiades's dog." E. "A thousand guineas! The representation of no animal whatever is worth so much. At this rate a dead dog would indeed be better than a living lion." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not the worth of the thing, but of the skill in forming it, which is so highly estimated. Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose; Johnson who rode upon three horses at a time; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited." BOSWELL. "Yet a misapplication of time and assiduity is not to be encouraged. Addison, in one of his *Spectators*, commends the judgment of a King, who as a suitable reward to a man that by long perseverance had attained to the art of throwing a barley-corn through the eye of a needle, gave him a bushel of barley." JOHNSON. "He must have been a King of Scotland, where barley is scarce." F. "One of the most remarkable antique figures of an animal is the boar at Florence. JOHNSON. "The first boar that is well made in marble, should be preserved as a wonder. When men arrive at a facility of making boars well, then the workmanship is not of such value, but they should however be preserved as examples, and as a greater security for the restoration of the art, should it be lost." . .

E. "From the experience which I have had —and I have had a great deal—I have learnt to think *better* of mankind." JOHNSON. "From my experience I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat than I had **any** notion of; but more disposed to do one another good than I had conceived." J. "Less just and more beneficent." JOHNSON. "And really it is wonderful, considering how much attention is necessary for men to take care of themselves, and ward off immediate evils which press upon them, it is wonderful how much they do for others. As it is said of the greatest liar, that he tells more truth than falsehood; so it may be said of the worst man, that he does more good than evil." BOSWELL. "Perhaps from experience men may be found *happier* than we suppose." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; the more we enquire we shall find men the less happy." P. "As to thinking better or worse of mankind from experience, some cunning people will not be satisfied unless they have put men to the test, as they think. There is a very good story told of Sir Godfrey

* "It appears, by the books of the Club, that the company on that evening consisted of Dr. Johnson, president, Mr. Burke, Mr. Boswell, Dr. George Fordyce, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Upper Ossory, and Mr. R. B. Sheridan. In Mr. Boswell's account the letter E. no doubt stands for Edmund Burke; F., in allusion to his family name of Fitzpatrick, probably means Lord Upper Ossory; but the appropriation of the other letters is very difficult."—Croker.

† Henry C. Jennings, a collector of antiques. The marble dog was at this date an object of great curiosity in London. Johnson had in mind the story in Plutarch's *Lives:* "Alcibiades had a dog of uncommon size and beauty, which cost him seventy minae, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off."

Kneller,[7] in his character of a justice of the peace. A gentleman brought his servant before him, upon an accusation of having stolen some money from him; but it having come out that he had laid it purposely in the servant's way in order to try his honesty, Sir Godfrey sent the master to prison." JOHNSON. "To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt."

JOHNSON'S CHARACTER

The character of SAMUEL JOHNSON has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work, that they who have honoured it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper[8] which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament,[9] that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis*[10] is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency, in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and, therefore, we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church-of-England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality; both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the GREAT SOURCE of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience

7 Portrait painter to Charles II. and William III.
8 Scrofula, or King's Evil. On the "royal touch," see Evelyn's *Diary*, July 6, 1660 (p. 274).
9 so sickly was his constitution
10 living force, spiritual energy

and passion at any time; especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance, or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered that "amidst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable DICTIONARY of our language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, "Of him to whom much is given much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labours and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable."

He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction: for they are founded on the basis of common sense and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment, and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was SAMUEL JOHNSON, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD*

LETTER I

To Mr. ——, Merchant in London.

Amsterdam.

SIR,—Yours of the 13th instant, covering two bills, one on Messrs. R. and D., value £478 10s., and the other on Mr. —, value £285, duly came to hand, the former of which met with honour, but the other has been trifled with, and I am afraid will be returned protested.

* These "Chinese Letters," as they were commonly called, 123 in number, were written for *The Public Ledger* in 1760 and 1761. The source of their popularity lay in the amusing social satire obtained by viewing the customs of one country through the eyes of a citizen of another. Lien Chi Altangi is of course fictitious, as are the other Chinese characters mentioned.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a native of Honan in China, and one who did me signal services, when he was a mandarin, and I a factor, at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though entirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher; I am sure he is an honest man: that to you will be his best recommendation, next to the consideration of his being the friend of, Sir,

Yours, etc.

Letter II

From Lien Chi Altangi to ——, Merchant in Amsterdam.

London.

Friend of my Heart,—May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery! For all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return. Sure, fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required. Even half your favours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money, therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity; I am perfectly content with what is sufficient. Take therefore what is yours: it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it; my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies: I have had my repose a hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen, without shrinking, the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me. Against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear—to see our ship mount the waves, swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow—to hear the wind howling through the cordage—to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave,—these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me, unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people, therefore, am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tipartala,[1] and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest!

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine its opulence, buildings, sciences, arts, and manufactures, on the spot. Judge, then, my disappointment on entering London, to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad: wherever I turn I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf; very different are those of London: in the midst of their pavement a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy-laden machines, with wheels of unwieldy thickness, crowd up every passage: so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting hung out at their doors or windows,[2] at once a proof of their indigence and vanity: their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to

1 Unidentified.

2 House or door signs were formerly extensively used in London in place of numbers.

get them better painted. In this respect the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colours are nowhere to be found, except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Persians, they make a splendid figure everywhere but at home. The proverb of Xixofou is, that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes: if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under the sun.

I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions. Such letters as I shall write to Fipsihi in Moscow I beg you will endeavor to forward with all diligence; I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell.

Letter III

From Lien Chi Altangi to the care of Fipsihi, resident in Moscow; to be forwarded by the Russian caravan to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin, in China.

Think not, O thou guide of my youth, that absence can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken. By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find aught worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but, instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination. I consider myself here as a newly created being introduced into a new world. Every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination, still unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me, then, in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me. It seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I never been from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs: but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature. I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Tonguese;[3] and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures[4] dress their heads with horns. The Ostiacs[5] powdered with red earth, and the Calmuck[6] beauties, tricked out in all the finery of sheepskin, appeared highly ridiculous. But I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure, therefore, in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character: it is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon, but approve it. A desire to be more excellent than others is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, teeth-stainers, eyebrow-pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman or a fine lady here, dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman several trades are

3 The Tunguses, Mongolians of eastern Siberia.
4 The Daurians, in Manchuria.
5 A tribe of western Siberia.
6 Western Mongols.

required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion[7] whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own. The distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have now been describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then, with a composition of meal and hog's-lard, plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to the place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin; thus betailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.

Yet when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he. To speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horridly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China: the Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us. When I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long? I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nangfew. How very broad their faces! how very short their noses! how very little their eyes! how very thin their lips! how very black their teeth! the snow on the tops of Bao[8] is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eyebrows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful. Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve *some* for walking!

Yet, uncivil as nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness: they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder for their hair, and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki,[8] frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You'll have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots when I have finished a map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to increase your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprises more than all the rest is what I have just now been credibly informed of by one of this country. "Most ladies here," says he, "have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to show in company. The first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home; the other put on to please strangers abroad. The family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toad-eater[9] sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day."

I cannot ascertain the truth of this remark: however, it is actually certain that they wear more clothes within doors than without; and I have seen a lady, who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked in the streets. Farewell.

Letter IV

To the Same

The English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which, I now find, has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity: but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more

7 Samson (*Judges* xvi, 17)

8 Unidentified; possibly invented.

9 flattering attendant

than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies: and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the Moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery may this be my poison (and he held the goblet in his hand), may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties, as our religion, that would suffer by such a change: ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone!" So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman,[10] who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with. This gives a formality to their amusements: their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation: though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours; their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking, a few days ago, between an English and a French man, into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed

10 valet

to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Pshaw, man, what dost shrink at? Here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? You see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection. Farewell.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE *

SWEET AUBURN![1] loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's[2] hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

1 Probably Lissoy, where Goldsmith spent his childhood.

* This poem was inspired by Goldsmith's conviction of the steady depopulation of Ireland. In the letter in which he inscribed the poem to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he wrote: "In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect a shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages. Still, I must continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone."

2 A certain English landlord who evicted many tenants.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences, ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made;
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,[3]
And passing[4] rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,

[3] A description drawn from the poet's father or brother.
[4] surpassingly

Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood.[5] At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master[6] taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.[7]
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules,[8] the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

5 A striking metaphor, taken from the tourney.
6 Probably Thomas Byrne, Goldsmith's teacher, was the model for this portrait.
7 estimate the capacity of casks
8 "Urge no healths," "Pick no quarrels," etc. Commonly hung in public houses, and attributed to Charles I. The game mentioned in this line was played with counters and dice.

Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a place that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe;
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There, the pale artist[9] plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pompe display,
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square;
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama[10] murmurs to their woe.

[9] artisan
[10] The Altamaha, a river of Georgia.

Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing;
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers[11] wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last—
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's[12] cliffs, or Pambamarca's[13] side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

A Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare

Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;

11 Here Goldsmith's imagination played him false, unless tigers may stand for panthers.

12 The Tornea, a river in Sweden.

13 A mountain peak in Ecuador.

The haunch was a picture for painters to study,—
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;—
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?[1]
Well, suppose it a bounce; sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my Lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn
It's a truth—and your Lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.[2]
To go on with my tale: as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds[3] undrest,
To paint it or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:[4]
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's Howard, and Coley, and H—rth, and Hiff,
I think they love venison,—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it!—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centered,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce;
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three;
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you—a pasty? It shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter! this venison with me to Mile-end;[5]
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus, snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine
(A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come:

1 Impudent falsehood
2 Lord Clare's nephew.
3 Sir Joshua Reynolds.
4 Dorothy Monroe, a celebrated beauty.
5 In East London, where the poorer classes lived.

"For I knew it," he cried: "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.[6]
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew;
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the 'Snarler,' the other the 'Scourge;'
Some think he writes 'Cinna'—he owns to 'Panurge.'"*
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing[7] tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vexed me most was that d—d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue,
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek;
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"Oho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice;
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty."—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.[8]
But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop;
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning,
A relish, a taste—sickened over by learning;[9]
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own.
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

6 Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend.
7 immense
* These were signatures to contemporary letters addressed to the *Public Advertiser* in support of the government.

8 See *2 Henry IV.*, I, 1. 72.
9 See *Hamlet*, III., 1. 85.

From RETALIATION*

Of old, when Scarron[1] his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;

1 A French burlesque poet.
* Goldsmith, because of his vanity and frequently empty talk, was the occasion of much diversion among his friends, and sometimes a butt of ridicule. At a gathering at St. James's coffee-house, he desired to try with David Garrick, the actor, his skill at epigram, and each was to write the other's epitaph. Garrick immediately composed the well-known couplet:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith took his time to reply, and the

If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish.
Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavour,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour;
Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.[2]
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend[3] to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

. . . . . .

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence[4] of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizened her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.[5]
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

. . . . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread.
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;

result was *Retaliation,* a poem which he left unfinished, and which was published after his death. The characters whom he imagines gathered about the table are Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry; Edmund Burke, with William Burke, a kinsman, and Richard, a younger brother; Richard Cumberland, the dramatist; John Douglas, a Scotch canon; David Garrick; John Ridge and Tom Hickey, two Irish lawyers; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter; and himself. A kindlier satire—if satire it may be called—has scarcely been written.

2 A dish of crushed gooseberries.

3 An M. P., afterwards Lord Sydney.

4 A Roman comic writer.

5 gay party

'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,[6]
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street[7] re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused[8] and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens[9] be his Kellys above.

. . . . . .

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
By flattery unspoiled—*

6 Dramatists and critics of the time.
7 Hackwriterdom.
8 Roscius was the greatest Roman comic actor.
9 "Rare Ben" Jonson.
* Here Death took the pen from the poet's hand before he could write his own epitaph.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794)

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE†

After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon; many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches, with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the Christian strength; the Genoese and Venetian auxiliaries asserted the preeminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the great Duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced; and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabours*[1] the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure; but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolu-

1 Giaours, "infidels"
† From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter LXVIII. Long after Rome had fallen before the incursions of the barbarians, Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern Empire, "the decrepit daughter of ancient Rome, alone remained standing, and for ten centuries, like a rocky island, defied the fury of the waves." (Victor Duruy.) The last Christian emperor was a Greek, Constantine Palæol'ogus; and when the city was finally besieged, in 1453, by the Ottoman Turks under Mahomet II., the defence was conducted by an alliance of Greeks, Venetians, and Genoese, sadly divided by their own religious differences. Their foremost general was Justiniani, a Genoese nobleman. On the significance of this event to western literature, see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 77, and on Gibbon, see the same, p. 213.

tion of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honour and the fear of universal reproach forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans; and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the sultan in the preparations of the assault; and a respite was granted by his favourite science of astrology, which had fixed on the twenty-ninth of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, he issued his final orders; assembled in his presence the military chiefs; and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first principle of a despotic government; and his menaces were expressed in the Oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape from his inexorable justice. The greatest part of his bashaws[2] and Janizaries[3] were the offspring of Christian parents; but the glories of the Turkish name were perpetuated by successive adoption; and, in the gradual change of individuals, the spirit of a legion, a regiment, or an *oda*[4] is kept alive by imitation and discipline. In this holy warfare, the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with seven ablutions; and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents, to instil the desire of martyrdom, and the assurance of spending an immortal youth amidst the rivers and gardens of paradise and in the embraces of the black-eyed virgins.[5] Yet Mahomet principally trusted to the efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops: "The city and the buildings," said Mahomet, "are mine; but I resign to your valour the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire: the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honours and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes." Such various and potent motives diffused among the Turks a general ardour, regardless of life and impatient for action; the camp re-echoed with the Moslem shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God;" and the sea and land, from Galata[6] to the seven towers,[7] were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires.

Far different was the state of the Christians; who, with loud and impotent complaints, deplored the guilt, or the punishment, of their sins. The celestial image of the Virgin had been exposed in solemn procession; but their divine patroness was deaf to their entreaties; they accused the obstinacy of the emperor for refusing a timely surrender; anticipated the horrors of their fate; and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire: he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy; and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their prince and the confinement of a siege had armed these warriors with the courage of despair; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza,[8] who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor, and some faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque; and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.[9]

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised

2 ministers and generals
3 Ottoman infantry, especially the Sultan's bodyguard.
4 company
5 houris
6 A northern suburb of Constantinople.
7 The southern gate.
8 Chamberlain of Palæologus.
9 i. e., the Emperors of the East.

him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannon, and the fascines[10] were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which, in many parts, presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his fourscore galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbour. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labour of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamours, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks,[11] the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In th t fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour; he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs;[12] and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skillful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary though pernicious science. But, in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;" and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honours of a military life; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to

10 bundles of sticks for filling ditches
11 provincial governors
12 kettle-drums

that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins; in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded; and, if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan, the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimetar in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification; of the thirty Janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit: the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible: the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained, till their last breath, the honourable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene:[13] his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amidst the tumult, he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled towards the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and, as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbour. In the first heat of the pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter, if the valour of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. In was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroës,[14] the Chagan,[15] and the caliphs,[16] was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

13 The names of several Byzantine emperors.
14 A Persian king, who in the seventh century besieged Constantinople for ten years.

15 Title of the king of the Avars, ally of Chosroes.
16 Ottoman sovereigns.

GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793)

From THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE

Selborne,* Nov. 23, 1773.

To the Honourable Daines Barrington.

Dear Sir,

In obedience to your injunctions I sit down to give you some account of the house martin or martlet; and, if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the British *Hirundines*—the swallow, the swift, and the bank martin.

A few house martins begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the *Hirundines* in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own

* A parish in Hampshire, England, where White lived and made the observations in natural history which were communicated to his friends, Thomas Pennant and Daines Barrington.

weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen when they build mud walls (informed at first perhaps by this little bird) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist; lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed an hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work full of knobs and protuberances on the outside: nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool. In this nest the hen lays from three to five white eggs. . .

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their *hēlikia*, or full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it.

As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood: while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregatings usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes all together, but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These, approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house get the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to a north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests: but instances are also remembered where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard, against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation: but in this neighbourhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary at a house without eaves in an exposed district where some martins build year by year in the corners of the windows. But, as the corners of these windows (which face to the south-east and south-west) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them labouring when half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt—"*generis lapsi sarcire ruinas.*"[1] Thus is instinct a most wonderful unequal faculty, in some instances so much above reason, in other respects so far below it! Martins love to frequent towns, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough,[2] but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious from the dinginess of their aspect that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty atmosphere. Martins are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and

1 "To repair the wreck of the fallen house." Virgil: *Georgics*, iv. 249.

2 A street extending north from London Bridge.

therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns and quick and glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind; in 1772 they had nestlings on to October the 21st, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.[3]

As the summer declines, the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily, by the constant accession of the second broods; till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits[4] of that river where they roost. They retire (the bulk of them, I mean) in vast flocks together, about the beginning of October: but have appeared of late years in a considerable flight in this neighbourhood, for one day or two, as late as November the 3rd and 6th after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They therefore withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, and somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

House martins are distinguished from their congeners by having their legs covered with soft downy feathers down to their toes. They are no songsters; but twitter in a pretty inward soft manner in their nests. During the time of breeding, they are often greatly molested with fleas.—*Letter XVI* (or *LV*).

Selborne, April 21, 1780.

Dear Sir,

The old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentment by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that, when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden: however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities; and perceive already that, towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of the summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower; and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead; and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence! a very amusing occurrence! to see such a similarity of feelings between the two *phereoikoi*! for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.—*Letter L* (or *XCII*).

More Particulars Respecting the Old Family Tortoise.

Because we call this creature an abject reptile, we are too apt to undervalue his abilities, and depreciate his powers of instinct. Yet he is, as Mr. Pope says of his lord,*

'Much too wise to walk into a well:'

and has so much discernment as not to fall down a haha;[5] but to stop and withdraw from the brink with the readiest precaution.

Though he loves warm weather, he avoids the hot sun; because his thick shell, when once heated, would, as the poet says of solid armour, 'scald with safety.' He therefore spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a

3 Sept. 29.

4 islets

5 A hedge in a ditch.

* *Imitations of Horace*, II, ii, 191.

large cabbage leaf, or amidst the waving forests of an asparagus bed.

But as he avoids heat in the summer, so, in the decline of the year, he improves the faint autumnal beams, by getting within the reflection of a fruit-wall: and, though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile; to be cased in a suit of ponderous armour, which he cannot lay aside; to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell, must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and disposition for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning; and, traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field.—*The Antiquities of Selborne.*

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

From the SPEECH AT BRISTOL, 1780*

Since you have suffered me to trouble you so much on this subject, permit me, gentlemen, to detain you a little longer. I am indeed most solicitous to give you perfect satisfaction. I find there are some of a better and softer nature than the persons with whom I have supposed myself in debate, who neither think ill of the Act of Relief, nor by any means desire the repeal; yet who, not accusing but lamenting what was done, on account of the consequences, have frequently expressed their wish that the late Act had never been made. Some of this description, and persons of worth, I have met with in this city. They conceive that the prejudices, whatever they might be, of a large part of the people ought not to have been shocked; that their opinions ought to have been previously taken, and much attended to; and that thereby the late horrid scenes might have been prevented.

I confess my notions are widely different, and I never was less sorry for any action of my life. I like the bill the better on account of the events of all kinds that followed it. It relieved the real sufferers; it strengthened the state; and, by the disorders that ensued, we had clear evidence that there lurked a temper somewhere which ought not to be fostered by the laws. No ill consequences whatever could be attributed to the Act itself. We knew beforehand, or we were poorly instructed, that toleration is odious to the intolerant; freedom to oppressors; property to robbers; and all kinds and degrees of prosperity to the envious. We knew that all these kinds of men would gladly gratify their evil dispositions under the sanction of law and religion if they could; if they could not, yet, to make way to their objects, they would do their utmost to subvert all religion and all law. This we certainly knew; but, knowing this, is there any reason, because thieves break in and steal, and thus bring detriment to you, and draw ruin on themselves, that I am to be sorry that you are in the possession of shops, and of warehouses, and of wholesome laws to protect them? Are you to build no houses because desperate men may pull them down upon their own heads? Or, if a malignant wretch will cut his own throat because he sees you give alms to the necessitous and deserving, shall his destruction be attributed to your charity, and not to his own deplorable madness? If we repent of our good actions, what, I pray you, is left for our faults and follies? It is not the beneficence of the laws, it is the unnatural temper, which beneficence can fret and sour, that is to be lamented. It is this temper which, by all rational means, ought to be sweetened and corrected. If froward men should refuse this cure, can they vitiate anything but themselves? Does evil so react upon good as not only to retard its motion, but to change its nature? If it can so operate, then good men will always be in the power of the bad; and virtue, by a dreadful reverse of order, must lie under perpetual subjection and bondage to vice.

As to the opinion of the people, which some think, in such cases, is to be implicitly obeyed. —Nearly two years' tranquillity which followed the Act, and its instant imitation in Ireland, proved abundantly that the late horrible spirit was, in a great measure, the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry, and gross misrepresentation. But suppose that the dislike had been much more deliberate and much more general than I am persuaded it was.

* In 1699 a most tyrannical law against Roman Catholics had been passed. The abolition of this law in 1778, by the Act of Relief, aroused some fanatical opposition expressed in cries of "No Popery" and in the Lord George Gordon riots. Burke is defending before his constituents his support of the repeal. Sir Samuel Romilly called the entire speech "perhaps the first piece of oratory in our language."

When we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience; but if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such *things* as they and I are possessed of no such power. No man carries further than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people; but the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humours. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or formal in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffooneries to divert them; but I never will act the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports, I shall never consent to throw them any living sentient creature whatsoever, no, not so much as a kitling, to torment.

"But, if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into Parliament." It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service; but I wish to be a member of Parliament to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life hidden in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalized with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good-will of his countrymen; if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book—I might wish to read a page or two more, but this is enough for my measure—I have not lived in vain.

And now, gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind: that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

From REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE*

Yielding to reasons, at least as forcible as those which were so delicately urged in the compliment on the new year,† the king of France will probably endeavour to forget these events and that compliment. But history, who keeps a durable record of all our acts, and exercises her awful censure over the proceedings of all sorts of sovereigns, will not forget either those events, or the era of this liberal refinement[1] in the intercourse of mankind. History will record, that on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the king and queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight—that this was the last proof of

[1] Spoken sarcastically; see beginning of third paragraph.

* These reflections grew out of a correspondence which Burke had with "a very young gentleman of Paris," and they retain the tone of a personal letter. They were published in 1790.

† An address from the Assembly had been presented to the King and Queen Jan. 3, 1790, felicitating them upon the new year and begging them to forget the past in view of the good they might do in the future.

fidelity he could give—that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed, from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children, (who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people,) were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcases. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom. Two had been selected from the unprovoked, unresisted, promiscuous slaughter, which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the king's body guard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession; whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells, and shrilling screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard, composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris now converted into a bastile for kings.

Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars? to be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving? to be offered to the divine humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation?—These Theban and Thracian orgies,[2] acted in France, and applauded only in the Old Jewry,[3] I assure you, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds but of very few people in this kingdom: although a saint and apostle, who may have revelations of his own, and who has so completely vanquished all the mean superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a holy temple by a venerable sage, and not long before not worse announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds.

At first I was at a loss to account for this fit of unguarded transport. I knew, indeed, that the sufferings of monarchs make a delicious repast to some sort of palates. There were reflections which might serve to keep this appetite within some bounds of temperance. But when I took one circumstance into my consideration, I was obliged to confess, that much allowance ought to be made for the society, and that the temptation was too strong for common discretion; I mean, the circumstance of the Io Pæan[4] of the triumph, the animating cry which called "for *all* the BISHOPS to be hanged on the lamp-posts," might well have brought forth a burst of enthusiasm on the foreseen consequences of this happy day. I allow to so much enthusiasm some little deviation from prudence. I allow this prophet to break forth into hymns of joy and thanksgiving on an event which appears like the precursor of the Millennium, and the projected fifth monarchy,[5] in the destruction of all church establishments. There was, however, (as in all human affairs there is,) in the midst of this joy, something to exercise the patience of these worthy gentlemen, and to try the long-suffering of their faith. The actual murder of the king and queen, and their child, was wanting to the other auspicious circumstances of this "*beautiful day.*" The actual murder of the bishops, though called for by so many holy ejaculations, was also wanting. A group of regicide and sacrilegious slaughter, was indeed boldly sketched, but it was only sketched. It unhappily was left unfinished, in this great history-piece of the massacre of innocents. What hardy pencil of a great master, from the school of the rights of men,* will finish it, is to be seen hereafter. The age has not yet the complete benefit of that diffusion of knowledge that has undermined superstition and error; and the king of France wants another object or two to consign to oblivion, in consideration of all the good which is to

2 Bacchanalian orgies of ancient Greece.

3 A London street, where Dr. Richard Price, of the Revolution Society, had preached a sermon in approbation of the Revolution in France.

4 Ancient shout of victory.

5 The dream of a Puritan sect of Cromwell's time, to establish a monarchy rivalling ancient Assyria, Persia, Macedonia and Rome.

* Ironically alluding to the philosophers who upheld revolutionary doctrines in the name of humanity. Burke's extreme conservatism on this subject must not be forgotten.

arise from his own sufferings, and the patriotic crimes of an enlightened age.

Although this work of our new light and knowledge did not go to the length that in all probability it was intended it should be carried, yet I must think that such treatment of any human creatures must be shocking to any but those who are made for accomplishing revolutions. But I cannot stop here. Influenced by the inborn feelings of my nature, and not being illuminated by a single ray of this new sprung modern light, I confess to you, Sir, that the exalted rank of the persons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty, and the amiable qualities of the descendant of so many kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal infants, insensible only through infancy and innocence of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed, instead of being a subject of exultation, adds not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy occasion.

I hear that the august person, who was the principal object of our preacher's triumph, though he supported himself, felt much on that shameful occasion. As a man, it became him to feel for his wife and his children, and the faithful guards of his person, that were massacred in cold blood about him; as a prince, it became him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation of his civilized subjects, and to be more grieved for them than solicitous for himself. It derogates little from his fortitude, while it adds infinitely to the honour of his humanity. I am very sorry to say it, very sorry indeed, that such personages are in a situation in which it is not becoming in us to praise the virtues of the great.

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day, (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well,) and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign[6] distinguished for her piety and her courage; that, like her, she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace;[7] and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into

[6] Maria Theresa

[7] By poison, self-administered.

companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* academy,* at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states:—*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.*[8] There ought to be a system of manners in every nation, which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

* The Athenian philosophers conducted their instruction walking in the groves of the Academe. See Newman, *Site of a University*, in the present volume.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

From OLNEY HYMNS

XXXV. Light Shining Out of Darkness

1

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

[8] "It is not enough that poems be beautiful, they must have sweetness." Horace: *Ars Poetica*, 99.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE *

1

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

2

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

3

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset:
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

4

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

5

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

6

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

7

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes:

8

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

9

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

* A man-of-war which, in 1782, while undergoing repairs, turned over, filled, and sank, with Admiral Kempenfelt and over eight hundred men on board. This poem takes a place among the great poems written about the British navy, like Campbell's *Ye Mariners of England* and Tennyson's *The Revenge*.

THE JACKDAW †

1

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

2

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him;
He chooses it the rather.

3

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show[1]
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

4

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

5

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—"Caw."

6

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

1 A show that can be carried about in a box.

† Translated from the Latin of Cowper's teacher, Vincent Bourne.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE, OUT OF NORFOLK; THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell. Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

TO MRS. UNWIN *

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

THE CASTAWAY †

1

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

2

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

3

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

4

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

5

Some succour yet they could afford;
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow;
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

6

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

7

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled;
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

8

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

9

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalise the dead.

10

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme

* The friend and constant companion of Cowper for thirty-four years.

† The last poem that Cowper wrote; founded on an incident in Admiral Anson's *Voyages*. It portrays imaginatively his own melancholy condition.

A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

11

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832)

From THE BOROUGH*

Letter I

"Describe the Borough."—Though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet, moved by your request,
A part I paint—let fancy form the rest.
Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen.
Could he, who sang so well the Grecian fleet,[1]
So well have sung of alley, lane, or street?
Can measured lines these various buildings show,
The Town-Hall Turning, or the Prospect Row?
Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
And lengthen out my lays from door to door?
Then, let thy fancy aid me.—I repair
From this tall mansion of our last-year's mayor,
Till we the outskirts of the Borough reach,
And these half-buried buildings next the beach;
Where hang at open doors the net and cork,
While squalid sea-dames mend the meshy work;
Till comes the hour, when, fishing through the tide,
The weary husband throws his freight aside—
A living mass, which now demands the wife,
The alternate labours of their humble life.

Can scenes like these withdraw thee from thy wood,
Thy upland forest or thy valley's flood?
Seek, then, thy garden's shrubby bound, and look,
As it steals by, upon the bordering brook:
That winding streamlet, limpid, lingering, slow,
Where the reeds whisper when the zephyrs blow;
Where in the midst, upon her throne of green,
Sits the large lily as the water's queen;
And makes the current, forced awhile to stay,
Murmur and bubble as it shoots away;
Draw then the strongest contrast to that stream,
And our broad river will before thee seem.
With ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide;
Flowing, it fills the channel vast and wide;
Then back to sea, with strong majestic sweep
It rolls, in ebb yet terrible and deep;
Here sampire-banks and salt-wort bound the flood;
There stakes and sea-weeds, withering on the mud;
And, higher up, a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place.
Thy gentle river boasts its pigmy boat,
Urged on by pains, half grounded, half afloat;
While at her stern an angler takes his stand,
And marks the fish he purposes to land,
From that clear space, where, in the cheerful ray
Of the warm sun, the scaly people play.
Far other craft our prouder river shows,
Hoys, pinks and sloops; brigs, brigantines and snows:
Nor angler we on our wide stream descry,
But one poor dredger where his oysters lie:
He, cold and wet, and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side,
Then drains the remnant of diluted gin,
To aid the warmth that languishes within;
Renewing oft his poor attempts to beat
His tingling fingers into gathering heat.
He shall again be seen when evening comes,
And social parties crowd their favourite rooms;
Where on the table pipes and papers lie,
The steaming bowl or foaming tankard by.
'Tis then, with all these comforts spread around,
They hear the painful dredger's welcome sound;
And few themselves the savoury boon deny,
The food that feeds, the living luxury.
Yon is our quay! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various wares, for country-use, bring down;

1 Homer, *Iliad* II.

* This poem was inscribed to the Duke of Rutland, to whom Crabbe had been chaplain, and takes the form of Letters from a resident of a sea-port (Crabbe was a native of Aldeburgh, Suffolk) to the owner of an inland country-seat. The date of the poem is 1810. Crabbe's reputation, however, was established by *The Village* in 1783, and his place is with those later 18th century poets who clung to the 18th century forms, though reacting against the artificiality and frigid conventionalism that had so long reigned. In homeliness of themes and naked realism of treatment, the poet of *The Village* and *The Borough* stands quite alone. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 226.

Those laden waggons, in return, impart
The country-produce to the city mart;
Hark to the clamour in that miry road,
Bounded and narrowed by yon vessel's load;
The lumbering wealth she empties round the place,
Package, and parcel, hogshead, chest, and case;
While the loud seaman and the angry hind,
Mingling in business, bellow to the wind.
Near these a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks:
See the long keel, which soon the waves must hide;
See the strong ribs which form the roomy side;
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks which curve and crackle in the smoke.
Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling tar.
Dabbling on shore half-naked sea-boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon the shroud;
Or, in a boat purloined, with paddles play,
And grow familiar with the watery way.
Young though they be, they feel whose sons they are;
They know what British seamen do and dare;
Proud of that fame, they raise and they enjoy
The rustic wonder of the village boy.

. . . . . .

Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint—the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid[2] now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.
Be it the summer-noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends);
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud, to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awakened giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.
View now the winter-storm, above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud.
The unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid, and sometimes showed, his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells.
But, nearer land, you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.
Far off, the petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry;
Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him, whom evening and the spray

2 rough

In part conceal—yon prowler on his way.
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he feared companion in the chase;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"'Was your search in vain?'"
Gruffly he answers, " 'Tis a sorry sight!
A seaman's body; there'll be more to-night!"
Hark to those sounds! they're from distress at sea;
How quick they come! What terrors may there be!
Yes, 'tis a driven vessel: I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern;
Others behold them too, and from the town
In various parties seamen hurry down;
Their wives pursue, and damsels urged by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall;
They feel their kinds of power, and when they meet,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.
See one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
Has fondly seized upon her lover's arm;
"Thou shalt not venture;" and he answers, "No!
I will not"—still she cries, "Thou shalt not go."
No need of this; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float;
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope, whom help can never reach,
From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour! gloom in glory dressed!
This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.
But hear we now those sounds? Do lights appear?
I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
And lo! the sailors homeward take their way;
Man must endure—let us submit and pray.
Such are our winter-views; but night comes on—
Now business sleeps, and daily cares are gone;
Now parties form, and some their friends assist
To waste the idle hours at sober whist;
The tavern's pleasure or the concert's charm
Unnumbered moments of their sting disarm;
Play-bills and open doors a crowd invite,
To pass off one dread portion of the night;
And show and song and luxury combined
Lift off from man this burthen of mankind.
Others adventurous walk abroad and meet
Returning parties pacing through the street;
When various voices, in the dying day,
Hum in our walks, and greet us in our way;
When tavern-lights flit on from room to room,
And guide the tippling sailor, staggering home:
There as we pass, the jingling bells betray
How business rises with the closing day:
Now walking silent, by the river's side,
The ear perceives the rippling of the tide;
Or measured cadence of the lads who tow
Some entered hoy, to fix her in her row;
Or hollow sound, which from the parish-bell
To some departed spirit bids farewell!
Thus shall you something of our BOROUGH know.
Far as a verse, with Fancy's aid, can show;
Of sea or river, of a quay or street,
The best description must be incomplete;
But when a happier theme succeeds, and when
Men are our subjects and the deeds of men;
Then may we find the Muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

SONG

1

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

2

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
And led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

3

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

4

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

TO THE MUSES

1

Whether on Ida's[1] shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

2

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

3

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

4

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE

1

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

2

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

3

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

4

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

5

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE TIGER *

1

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

2

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

3

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

4

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

5

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

6

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

AH, SUNFLOWER

1

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

2

Where the Youth, pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin, shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!

[1] A mountain of the Troad; also one in Crete. Helicon, in Bœotia, is more properly the mountain of the Muses.

* The Text is that of Malkin, 1806.

SCOTTISH LYRICS

ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-1774)

Elegy on the Death of Scots Music*

1

On Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and lasses tartan wore,
Saft music rang on ilka[1] shore,
In hamely weid;[2]
But harmony is now no more,
And music dead.

2

Round her the feathered choir would wing,
Sae bonnily she wont to sing,
And sleely[3] wake the sleeping string,
Their sang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs o' the spring;
But now she's dead.

3

Mourn, ilka nymph and ilka swain,
Ilk sunny hill and dowie[4] glen;
Let weeping streams and Naiads drain
Their fountain head;
Let Echo swell the dolefu' strain,
Sin' music's dead.

4

Whan the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-haired winter's fogs awa',
Naebody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter[5] or on aiten straw,[6]
Sin' music's dead.

5

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
Will lilt[7] at bleaching o' their claes;
Nae herds[8] on Yarrow's bonny braes,[9]
Or banks o' Tweed,
Delight to chaunt their hameil[10] lays,
Sin' music's dead.

6

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owsen[11] hameward come;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,[12]
And pibrochs[13] skreed;[14]
We never hear its weirlike[15] hum,
For music's dead.

7

Macgibbon's[16] gane: Ah! wae's my heart!
The man in music maist expert,
Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
And tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee and pawky[17] art;
But now he's dead.

8

Ilk carline[18] now may grunt and grane,
Ilk bonny lassie make great mane;
Sin' he's awa, I trow there's nane
Can fill his stead;
The blythest sangster on the plain,
Alack, is dead!

9

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,[19]
And crabbit[20] queer variety
O' sounds fresh sprung frae Italy,
A bastard breed!
Unlike that saft-tongued melody
Whilk[21] now lies dead.

10

Cou'd lav'rocks[22] at the dawning day,
Cou'd linties chirming[23] frae the spray,
Or todling burns[24] that smoothly play
O'er gowden[25] bed,
Compare wi' *Birks of Invermay?*[26]
But now they're dead.

11

O Scotland! that cou'd yence[27] afford
To bang the pith[28] o' Roman sword,
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
To battle speed,
And fight till Music be restor'd,
Whilk now lies dead!

1 every
2 homely garb
3 skillfully
4 gloomy
5 finger-pipe (of a bagpipe)
6 oaten reed
7 sing cheerily
8 shepherds
9 slopes
10 homely
11 oxen

* Native Scottish music and poetry were for a long time eclipsed by the popularity of English and foreign modes. But they never died out completely; and at the very time when Fergusson wrote his lament (about 1773) they were experiencing a revival which reached its culmination some fifteen years later in the poems and songs of Burns.

12 drone
13 martial tunes
14 quaver forth
15 warlike
16 Wm. Macgibbon, a musician of Edinburgh.
17 cunning
18 old woman
19 victory
20 crabbed
21 which
22 sky-larks
23 linnets chirping
24 loitering brooks
25 golden
26 A popular song.
27 once
28 surpass the might

LADY ANNE LINDSAY (1750-1825)

Auld Robin Gray

1

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,

The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

2
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside;
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

3
He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown[29] awa';
My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

4
My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

5
My heart it said nay; I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me!

6
My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

7
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

8
O sair, sair did we greet,[30] and mickle[31] say of a';
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang awa';
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

9
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

29 stolen
30 cry
31 much (or possibly "little")

ISOBEL PAGAN (*d.* 1821)

Ca' the Yowes

1
As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed[1] me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the yowes[2] to the knowes,[3]
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,[4]
My bonnie dearie.

2
"Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly."

Ca' the yowes, etc.

3
"I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
And a' the day to sit in dool,[5]
And naebody to see me."

4
"Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se[6] lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie."

5
"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie."

6
"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift[7] sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye shall be my dearie."

1 rolled
2 ewes
3 knolls
4 brook flows
5 sorrow
6 ye shall
7 sky

LADY NAIRNE (1766—1845)

The Land o' the Leal

1

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.[8]
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

2

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-coming fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

3

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening e'e, John!
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

4

Oh, haud[9] ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,[10]
In the land o' the leal.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT *

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

1

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;†
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

2

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[1]
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter[2] frae his labour goes,—
This night his weekly moil[3] is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

3

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher[4] through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin[5] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,[6] blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh[7] and care beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

4

Belyve,[8] the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca'[9] the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[10] rin

8 loyal, faithful
9 hold
10 happy

1 sough
2 cottager
3 labor
4 stagger
5 fluttering
6 fire-place or fire
7 anxiety
8 by and by
9 drive
10 heedful

* Of this poem, Gilbert Burns, Robert's brother, writes: "Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. The cotter is an exact copy of my father, in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'. Instead of our depositing our 'sairwon penny-fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home." Mr. J. L. Robertson, commenting on the fact that more than half the poem is in English, says: "An unusually elevated or serious train of thought in the mind of a Scottish peasant seems to demand for its expression the use of a speech which one may describe as Sabbath Scotch."

† Aiken was not only a patron, but a genuine friend, of Burns.

A cannie[11] errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw[12] new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

5

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:[13]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos[14] that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars[15] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

6

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent[16] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

7

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[17] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

8

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,[18]
A strappin youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks[19] of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[20] and laithfu',[21] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[22]

9

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

10

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child;
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

11

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe[1] their only hawkie[2] does afford,
That yont[3] the hallan[4] snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck,[5] fell;[6]
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.[7]

12

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace
The big ha's Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[9] wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[10] a portion with judicious care;

---

11 careful
12 handsome
13 asks
14 strange things
15 makes
16 diligent
17 partly
18 into the parlor
19 talks
20 shamefaced
21 bashful
22 rest

1 sup. portion (of milk)
2 cow
3 beyond
4 partition
5 well saved cheese
6 biting
7 a twelve-month old, since flax was in flower
8 hall (In ancient usage, the "hall" was the general assembly room of the house, as opposed to the private "bowers.")
9 grey temples
10 chooses

And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

13

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble 'Elgin' beets[11] the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame:
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

14

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard[12] did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

15

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he,[13] who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

16

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"[14]
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

17

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

18

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

19

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"[15]
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

20

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

21

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

11 adds fuel to, fans
12 David
13 John
14 Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 112.
15 Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 248.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL *

"O Prince! O chief of many thronéd pow'rs
That led th' embattled seraphim to war."
MILTON.

1

O THOU! whatever title suit thee—
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie[1]—
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges† about the brunstane[2] cootie,
To scaud[3] poor wretches!

2

Hear me, auld Hangie,[4] for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp[5] an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

3

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin[6] heugh's[7] thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag[8] nor lame,
Nor blate[9] nor scaur.[10]

4

Whyles,[11] rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey a' holes and corners tryin;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirlin[12] the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

5

I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
In lanely[13] glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch[14] croon.[15]

6

When twilight did my graunie summon
To say her pray'rs, douce[16] honest woman!
Aft yont[17] the dyke she's heard you bummin,[18]
Wi' eerie[14] drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees[19] comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

7

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin[20] light,
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright
Ayont[17] the lough;[21]
Ye like a rash-buss[22] stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

8

The cudgel in my nieve[23] did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor[24] "Quaick, quaick,"
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd[25] like a drake,
On whistlin wings.

9

Let warlocks[26] grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs[27] an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howket[28] dead.

10

Thence, countra wives wi' toil and pain
May plunge an' plunge the kirn[29] in vain;
For oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin skill;
An' dawtet,[30] twal[31]-pint hawkie's[32] gaen
As yell's[33] the bill.[34]

11

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;[35]

1 From *cloot*, one of the divisions of a cloven hoof.
2 brimstone
3 scald
4 hangman
5 slap
6 blazing
7 pit
8 slow
9 bashful
10 timid
11 sometimes
12 unroofing
13 lonely
14 ghostly
15 moan
16 grave
17 beyond
18 buzzing
19 elders
20 slanting
21 lake
22 bush of rushes
23 fist
24 harsh
25 fluttered
26 wizards
27 moors
28 dug up
29 churn
30 doted on, dear
31 twelve
32 cow
33 dry as
34 bull
35 spirited

* "The humorous satire of the piece is at the expense of popular Scottish Calvinism."—J. L. Robertson.

† "*Spairges* is the best Scots word in its place I ever met with. The deil is not standing flinging the liquid brimstone on his friends with a ladle, but we see him standing at a large boiling vat, with something like a golf-bat, striking the liquid this way and that way aslant, with all his might, making it fly through the whole apartment, while the inmates are winking and holding up their arms to defend their faces." (James Hogg.) This interpretation admirably fits the word *spairges* (Latin, *spargere*, to sprinkle; English, *asperge, asperse*); if it is correct, the word *cootie*, which properly means a wooden kitchen dish of any size from a ladle to a small tub, is used rather boldly for the contents of the cootie.

When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip[1] wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.[2]

12

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy boord,
Then water-kelpies[3] haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

13

And aft your moss-traversing spunkies[4]
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin,[5] curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

14

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brither ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

15

Lang syne,[6] in Eden's bonie* yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r;

16

Then you, ye auld snick[7]-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursèd brogue,[8]
(Black be your fa'![9])
An' gied the infant warld a shog,[10]
'Maist ruin'd a'.

17

D'ye mind that day when, in a bizz,[11]
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz,[12]
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,

1 magic
2 nick of time
3 spirits
4 will-o'-the-wisps
5 blazing
6 since
7 latch
8 trick
9 lot
10 shock
11 bustle
12 smoked garments and singed face

* This spelling represents the broad Scotch pronunciation rather better than the spelling *bonny*.

An' sklented on the man of Uz[1]
Your spitefu' joke?

18

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an hal',
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw;
An' lows'd[2] his ill-tongu'd wicked scaul',[3]
Was warst ava?

19

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin[4] fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,[5]
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan[6] tongue, or Erse,[7]
In prose or rhyme.

20

An' now, auld Cloots,[8] I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin[9]
To your black pit;
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,[10]
An' cheat you yet.

21

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins[11] might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae[12] to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID† OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
An' lump them aye thegither;
The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,
The *Rigid Wise* anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight[13]
May hae some pyles o' caff[14] in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.[15]
SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii, 16.

1

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,

1 Job
2 loosed
3 scold
4 fighting
5 *Par. Lost* vi, 325
6 baffle a lowland
7 Gaelic
8 hoofs (Satan)
9 tripping
10 dodging
11 perhaps
12 sad
13 dressed, winnowed
14 grains of chaff
15 merriment

† The word *unco* (for *uncouth*, "unknown") is used both as an adjective, meaning "unusual, strange," and as an adverb, meaning "extremely, wonderfully."

Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibours' fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun[1] mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water;
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
An' still the clap[2] plays clatter,—

2

Hear me, ye venerable core,[3]
As counsel for poor mortals
That frequent pass douce[4] Wisdom's door
For glaiket[5] Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone[6] defences—
Their donsie[7] tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

3

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer;[8]
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?[9]
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in;
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin.

4

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse
That still eternal gallop!
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

5

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified,[10] they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or—your more dreaded hell to state—
Damnation of expenses! . . . .

7

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin[11] wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,—
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

1 well-going
2 clapper
3 corps, company
4 grave
5 giddy
6 propose
7 mischievous
8 exchange
9 difference
10 transformed
11 a little

8

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.*

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

1

Wee, sleekit,[1] cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering[2] brattle![3]
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'rin pattle![4]

2

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

3

I doubt na, whyles,[5] but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen[6] icker[7] in a thrave[8]
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,[9]
An' never miss't!

4

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big[10] a new ane,
O' foggage[11] green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell[12] an' keen!

5

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter[13] past
Out thro' thy cell.

1 sleek
2 hastening
3 scamper
4 plough-staff, or scraper
5 sometimes
6 occasional
7 ear of corn
8 twenty-four sheaves
9 rest
10 build
11 herbage
12 sharp
13 plough

6

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But[1] house or hald,[2]
To thole[3] the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch[4] cauld!

7

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane[5]
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,[6]
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy.

8

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me;
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

1

Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin[7] ferlie?[8]
Your impudence protects you sairly;[9]
I canna say but ye strunt[10] rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

2

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit[11] wonner,[12]
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit[13] upon her—
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

3

Swith![14] in some beggar's haffet[15] squattle;[16]
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle.[17]
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whaur horn[18] nor bane[19] ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

4

Now haud[20] you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels,[21] snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it—
The vera tapmost, tow'rin height
O' Miss's bonnet.

5

My sooth![22] right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' grey as ony grozet[23]
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,[24]
Or fell, red smeddum,[25]
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum.[26]

6

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;[27]
Or aiblins some bit duddie[28] boy,
On's wyliecoat;[29]
But Miss's fine Lunardi![30] fye!
How daur ye do't?

7

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks an' finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

8

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun[31] crush amang the stoure[32]
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

1 without
2 abode
3 endure
4 hoar-frost
5 alone
6 awry
7 crawling
8 wonder
9 greatly
10 strut
11 blasted, "confounded"
12 marvel
13 foot
14 quick
15 temple
16 sprawl
17 struggle
18 horn-comb
19 poison
20 hold
21 ribbon-ends
22 truth
23 gooseberry
24 rosin
25 powder
26 back
27 flannel cap
28 ragged
29 flannel vest
30 A bonnet named for an aeronaut.
31 must
32 flying dust

2

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

3

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

4

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods an' wa's[1] maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield[2]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[3] stibble field
Unseen, alane.

5

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

6

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

7

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card[4]
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

8

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink;
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He ruin'd sink!

1 walls
2 shelter
3 barren
4 compass-card

9

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

"Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke."
—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman[1] billies[2] leave the street,
And drouthy[3] neibors neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousin[4] at the nappy,[5]
An' getting fou[6] and unco[7] happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[8] and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand[9] honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,[10]
A bletherin,[11] blusterin, drunken blellum;[12]
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder[13] wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd[14] a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found, deep drown'd in
Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks[15] in the mirk,[16]
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,[17]
To think how mony counsels sweet,

1 pedlar
2 fellows
3 thirsty
4 drinking
5 ale
6 full
7 very
8 gates
9 found
10 rascal
11 idly-talking
12 babbler
13 every grinding of corn
14 driven
15 wizards
16 dark
17 make me weep

How mony lengthen'd', sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezin finely,
Wi' reamin swats[1] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter[2] Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls[3] in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit[4] on thro' dub[5] and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets[1] nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;[2]
And past the birks[3] and meikle[4] stane,
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins,[5] and by the cairn,[6]
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze,[7]
Thro' ilka bore[8] the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny,[9] we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae,[10] we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,[11]
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco[12] sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent[13] new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels[14]
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker[15] in the east,
There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke,[16] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,[17]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.[18]
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip[19] sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,[20]

1 frothing ales
2 shoemaker
3 Supply "that."
4 hurried
5 puddle

1 owls
2 smothered
3 birches
4 great
5 furze
6 heap of stones
7 blaze
8 chink
9 two-penny ale
10 whiskey
11 a small coin
12 strange
13 bright (new)
14 All Scottish dances.
15 window-seat
16 shaggy cur
17 made them shriek
18 rattle
19 magic
20 rope

Wi' his last gasp his gab[1] did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled:
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd,[2] amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,[3]
Till ilka carlin[4] swat[5] and reekit,[6]
And coost[7] her duddies[8] to the wark,[9]
And linket[10] at it in her sark![11]

Now, Tam, O Tam; had thae been queans,[12]
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie[13] flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!*
Thir[14] breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,[15]
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies![16]
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie[17] hags wad spean[18] a foal,
Lowping[19] an' flinging on a crummock,[20]
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam ken'd what was what fu' brawlie:[21]
There was ae winsome wench and walie[22]
That night enlisted in the core[23]
(Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore:
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,[24]
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,[25]
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.[26]

1 mouth
2 stared
3 joined hands
4 old woman
5 sweated
6 steamed
7 cast off
8 clothes
9 work
10 tripped
11 smock
12 girls
13 greasy
14 these
15 hips
16 lasses
17 bony
18 that would wean (by disgust)
19 leaping
20 staff
21 well
22 goodly
23 company
24 barley
25 short shirt, of Paisley yarn
26 proud

* Very fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions, or 46 to the inch.

Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft[1] for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots† ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een[2] enrich'd:
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd[3] fu' fain,
And hotch'd[4] and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne[5] anither,
Tam tint[6] his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[7]
When plundering herds assail their byke;[8]
As open pussie's[9] mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch[10] skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin![11]
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;[12]
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient[13] a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[14]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,

1 bought
2 eyes
3 fidgeted
4 squirmed
5 then
6 lost
7 fuss
8 hive
9 the hare's
10 ghostly
11 reward
12 bridge
13 devil
14 intent

† A pound Scots is one shilling, eight pence—about forty cents.

Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Chor.—Green grow the rashes,[1] O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The war'ly[2] race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie[3] hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie,[4] O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce,[5] ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And auld lang syne![6]

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp![7]
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,[1]
And pu'd the gowans[2] fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,[3]
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,[4]
From mornin' sun till dine;[5]
But seas between us braid[6] hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fier![7]
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,[8]
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo,[9] John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;[10]
But now your brow is beld,[11] John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,[12]
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty[13] day, John
We've had wi' ane anither::
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air,
Now we're married—speir[14] nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave[15] o't!
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child—
Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,

1 rushes
2 worldly
3 quiet
4 topsy-turvy
5 grave
6 old long since (old times)
7 be good for (stand for) your three-pint measure

1 slopes
2 daisies
3 foot
4 brook
5 dinner-time
6 broad
7 comrade
8 hearty draught
9 sweetheart (joy)
10 smooth
11 bald
12 head
13 merry
14 ask
15 rest

I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN*

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart i
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing th
deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following th
roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd wit
snow;
Farewell to the straths[1] and green valleys be
low;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart i
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing th
deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following th
roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw[2] my rose
But left the thorn wi' me.

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,[3]
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;

* Mary Campbell, who died in 1786; Burns's "Highland Mary."

1 broad vales
2 stole
3 hills, slopes

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair. 8

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk[1] shades my Mary and me. 16

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. 24

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie![2]
There simmer first unfald[3] her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary. 8

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary. 16

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary! 24

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary. 32

BANNOCKBURN

Robert Bruce's Address to His Army

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's' power—
Chains and slavery! 8

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's' grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me! 16

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die! 24

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR

Contented wi' little, and cantie[1] wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather[2] wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp[3] as they're creeping alang,

1 birch
2 muddy
3 i. e., may summer unfold

1 merry
2 meet
3 slap

Wi' a cog[1] o' gude swats[2] and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw[3] the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond[4] o' trouble, should that be my fa'[5]
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers[6] it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte[7] on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again!"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there,[8] for honest poverty,
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd[9] for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey,[10] an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

1 cup
2 ale
3 scratch
4 twelve month
5 lot
6 solders, mends
7 stumble and stagger
8 Supply "a man."
9 gold
10 coarse cloth

Ye see yon birkie,[1] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[2] for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa'[3] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree,[4] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLA[S]

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,[5]
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield[6] should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and ba[re]
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

1 fellow
2 fool
3 may not accomplish
4 prize
5 to the windy quarte[r]
6 shelter

THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

DEAR NATIVE REGIONS*

Dear native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

WE ARE SEVEN†

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

*Wordsworth thought it worth while to print this "extract from the conclusion of a poem" which was written, at the age of sixteen, just before he left his school at Hawkshead. It both reveals his strong local attachment and anticipates his reliance upon what became for him a chief source of poetic inspiration, namely, "emotion recollected in tranquillity."

†This, and the two poems that follow it, were among those contributed by Wordsworth to the joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads* which he and Coleridge published in 1798 (see p. 428; also *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 232-235). This poem was written to show "the obscurity and perplexity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion."

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING*

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.†

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur.‡—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,

* This is one of the earliest and most definite expressions of Wordsworth's faith in the essential oneness of man and nature, and of his sorrow over man's apostasy from that faith.

† Note by Wordsworth: "I have not ventured to call this poem an Ode: but it was written with a hope that in the transitions, and the impassioned music of the versification would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition." Professor Dowden remarks upon the four stages of the poet's growth to be found described in the poem: First, animal enjoyment of nature in boyhood; second, passion for beauty and sublimity; third, perception of nature's tranquillizing and elevating influence on the spirit; and fourth, deep communion with a spiritual presence; stages which he further describes as the periods of the blood, of the senses, of the imagination and of the soul.

‡ For the effect of the tides on the Wye near its mouth, see Tennyson's *In Memoriam* XIX.

With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform[1]
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,

[1] give form to, animate

When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN*

Strange fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!

And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

* This little group of five poems upon an unknown and perhaps imaginary Lucy were written in Germany in the year 1799. Without titles or notes, or any ornament beyond two or three of the simplest figures, they convey absolutely their contained emotion, illustrating that poetry which, in moments of deepest feeling, is the natural language of man. The fifth poem appears to sum up the preceding four; in its two brief stanzas it presents the two opposing and inscrutable mysteries of life and death, and leaves them to the imagination, without further comment.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,[1]
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;

[1] The name of several streams in England; one has been made famous by Izaak Walton, the angler.

She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A Slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

THE PRELUDE; OR, GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND

From Book I. Childhood

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale[1] to which erelong
We were transplanted;—there were we let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
O'rpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less, when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange, that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she would use
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then

[1] Esthwaite, Lancashire, where, at the village of Hawkshead, Wordsworth attended school.

The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye, through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed, upon all forms, the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth,
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea?
Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every change
Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

From Book V

There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander![2]—many a time

[2] Winandermere, now Windermere, a lake in Westmoreland.

At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; the grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school,
And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.[3]

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

[3] religious regard for nature

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT*

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe:
From vain temptations dost set free:
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

* Written of Mrs. Wordsworth.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

TO A SKY-LARK

(1805)

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

TO A SKY-LARK

(1825)

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD*

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

* "To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. . . . A pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy."—Extract from Wordsworth's note. Compare Henry Vaughan's *The Retreat*, p. 223.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous[1] stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation

1 humorsome

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:

This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child![1] dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom[2] all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC*

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.†
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

1 Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy.
2 See *Luke* xvi, 22.
* Venice threw off the yoke of the Eastern Empire as early as 809 and remained a republic or an oligarchy until conquered by Napoleon in 1797. At one time she had extensive possessions and colonies in the Levant.
† The ancient Doges annually, on Ascension Day, threw a ring into the Adriatic in formal token of this espousal, or of perpetual dominion.

LONDON, 1802‡

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

AFTER-THOUGHT§

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

‡ Written in despondency over the inert attitude of England toward the hopes and ideals of the revolutionists and the opponents of Napoleon.
§ The conclusion of a series of sonnets to the river Duddon.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834)

KUBLA KHAN*

In Xanadu[1] did Kubla Khan[2]
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

* Coleridge says this poem was composed when he had fallen asleep just after reading from Marco Polo in *Purchas's Pilgrimage* how "In Xandu did Cublai Can build a stately palace," etc. There were more lines which he failed to record. Charles Lamb spoke of the poem as "a vision which he [Coleridge] repeats so enchantingly that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour when he sings or says it."

1 A region in Tartary. 2 Kubla the Cham, or Emperor.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER†

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the Tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

1-12. An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

† From the publication, in 1798, of the *Lyrical Ballads*, the joint production of Coleridge and Wordsworth, may be dated very definitely the recognition of the new spirit in English literature which is commonly spoken of as the Romantic Revival. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 232-235. Coleridge, in the fourteenth chapter of his *Biographia Literaria*, writes of the occasion of the *Lyrical Ballads* as follows:

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons[1] his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads;* in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand. With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner.*"

The poem is here given in the revised text of 1829. As first printed in the *Lyrical Ballads,* the diction and spelling were considerably more archaic, as the Argument, which was not retained in the later edition, shows. Wordsworth gives the following information: "Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterward delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages* a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly." Wordsworth also furnished several lines of the poem, especially 15-16, 226-227.

1 at once

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

13-21. The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

21-30. The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

31-40. The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

41-50. The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

51-62. The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like voices in a swound![2]

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,[3]
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;[4]
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.''

''God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?''—''With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

Part II.

''The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:

For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:[5]
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere.
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

63-70. Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.
71-78. And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.
79-82. The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.
83-96. His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.
97-102. But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.
103-106. The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.
107-118. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.
119-130. And the Albatross begins to be avenged.
131-138. A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

2 swoon. dream
3 "The marineres gave it biscuit-worms" (1798 ed.)
4 nine evenings
5 Properly a present tense; cp. p. 61, note 16.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

Part III.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!—
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.[6]

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh, nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy![7] they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'See! see!' (I cried) 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare, Life-in-Death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out.
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

139-142. The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

143-156. The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

157-163. At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

164-166. A flash of joy.

167-176. And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

[6] I knew (but apparently confused in form and meaning with the old participial adverb *y-wis*, "surely").

[7] great thanks

177-186. It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship. And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

187-194. The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew!

195-198. Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

199-202. No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

203-223. At the rising of the Moon, one after

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!''—

PART IV.

''I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.''—
''Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lips, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse.
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free

another his shipmates drop down dead. But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

224-235. The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him: but the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

236-252. He despiseth the creatures of the calm, and envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

253-262. But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

263-271. In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward: and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

272-281. By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

282-283. Their beauty and their happiness.

284-287. He blesseth them in his heart.

288-291. The spell begins to break.

The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly[8] buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear:
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew:
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me."—

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"—
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

292-308. By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.
309-326. He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.
327-376. The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on; but not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

[8] Perhaps "useless"; but the original meaning "blessed" will fit very well.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

Part VI.

FIRST VOICE

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

377-392. The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

393-409. The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

410-429. The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

430-441. The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

442-463. The curse is finally expiated.

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood![9]
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

464-479. The ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.
480-499. The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies and appear in their own forms of light.
9 cross

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer:
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part VII.

'This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod[10] is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
(The Pilot made reply)
'I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

513-545. The Hermit of the Wood approacheth the ship with wonder.
10 ivy-bush

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: The Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray.
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.''

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

546-549. The ship suddenly sinketh.
550-573. The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.
574-581. The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.
582-625. And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

CHRISTABEL*

Part the First

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
To—whit!——Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

* Written in 1797, and published in 1816, when a second part was added, though "three parts yet to come" were never written. The first part circulated in manuscript and had considerable influence, especially in the matter of form, on Scott and other poets. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 243, 262.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the woods so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
One the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone;
The neck that made the white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.*

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court; right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet;
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine![1]
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

* Thresholds were often blessed to keep out evil spirits. The malign character of the supernatural Geraldine is clearly hinted at here and in the lines that follow.

[1] Cp. *Macbeth* I, iii, 23.

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, " 'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
"All they who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:

"In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still,
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes! and tears she sheds—

Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

FRANCE: AN ODE*

I

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream![1]
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun[2] was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarred and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan;
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own."

* Written in 1798; called forth by the French invasion of Switzerland.

[1] Alluding to the excesses that attended the French Revolution.

[2] Liberty

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's[3] icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

3 Switzerland's

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?

* This rather Ossianic poem has been perhaps unduly admired. Coleridge never was at Chamouni; his immediate model was a poem by the German poetess Frederike Brun.

Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,[1]
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year.
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SONG

From Zapolya, Act II, Scene I

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay;
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far far away!
Today! today!

YOUTH AND AGE*

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woeful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

[1] A mountain in Cumberland.

* A first rough draft of this poem was called "Area Spontanea," and the whole still reads like a musical improvisation.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe*, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist;
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE†

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

† Written in 1827; the mournful *Ay de mi* of a man confronted by age and sickness and looking back over a life of defeated hopes and wasted opportunities.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
(1771-1832)

LOCHINVAR*

From Marmion, Canto V

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
'Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'—

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway,[1] but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

1 Solway Firth, noted for its swift tides.

* Compare *Katharine Jaffray*, p. 79, upon which Scott "in a very slight degree founded" the present ballad.

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard[2] did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet[3] and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered ' 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;[4]
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SOLDIER, REST!

From The Lady of the Lake, Canto I

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

CORONACH[5]

From The Lady of the Lake, Canto III

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,[6]
Sage counsel in cumber,[7]

2 A brisk dance. 3 cap 4 cliff

5 A Highland dirge.
6 A hollow hillside, resort of game.
7 trouble

Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE*

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE, CANTO VI

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
—"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,
In yon lone isle,—again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear!—
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race[1] our victory,—
Strike it!—and then, (for well thou canst,)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon[2] might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling Bard with awe obeyed,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram[3] told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;—
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,[4]
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?—
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,[5]
I see the Moray's[6] silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune[6] for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded[7] horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia[8] crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward[9] scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs'[10] rugged jaws:
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,

* Roderick Dhu, a marauding chieftain of the Highland Clan-Alpine, having been wounded in combat with the disguised King of Scotland, lies dying in prison, while the Minstrel, Allan-bane, recites to him the story of the conflict between his clan and the forces of the king. The Minstrel's tale begins at line 369; he speaks of himself in the third person.

1 The Campbells.
2 Lowland
3 One of the king's men.
4 eagle
5 A Lowland leader.
6 prepared
7 armed with plate-armor
8 battle array
9 vanward
10 The rough mountains and pass in the Highlands between Lochs Katrine and Achray.

As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!'—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel[11] cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

"Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,—
'My banner-man, advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'—
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,[12]
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.—
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—'Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;—

[11] A circle of hunters surrounding game.

[12] waterfall

My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,[13]
To him will[14] swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'—
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.[15]—
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;—
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,[16]
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—
It darkened,—but amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord,[17] and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.''—

But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!

Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen''—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen''—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed[1] hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen.''—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

13 gold coins (stamped with the king's head) in plenty.
14 who will
15 Highlander
16 Widow of the Duncan mourned for in the Coronach on p. 444.
17 Douglas, an exile, to whom Roderick Dhu had given shelter.

1 trained

PROUD MAISIE

From The Heart of Midlothian

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw[2] gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

COUNTY GUY

From Quentin Durward

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who thrilled all day
Sits hushed his partner nigh:
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

BONNY DUNDEE*

To the Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward,[3] the drums they are beat;
But the Provost,[4] douce[5] man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,[6]
Ilk carline[7] was flyting[8] and shaking her pow;[9]
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,[10]
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket[11] was crammed
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock[12] had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies[13] to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads[14] and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,[15]
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg[16] and her marrows[17] speak twa words or three,

2 brave, fine

* John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, in support of James II. withstood the Scotch Covenanters, defied the Convention, or Scotch Parliament, which had accepted King William, and marched out of Edinburgh with a few faithful followers in 1689, thus creating the "Jacobite" party. He met the government forces at Killiecrankie and defeated them, but was killed in the battle. See Macaulay's account of that battle in the present volume.

3 reversing the chimes (as an alarm)
4 Mayor
5 sedate
6 windings of Bow street
7 each old woman
8 scolding
9 head
10 gracious and sly
11 The place of execution (see *Midlothian*, chap. II).
12 hoods made at Kilmarnock (here used for the wearers, Presbyterians)
13 knives
14 blind alleys
15 The site of Edinburgh Castle, then held by the Duke of Gordon.
16 nickname of a cannon
17 mates

For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose![18]
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals[19] three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barkened[20] bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates and let me gae free,
For its up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

FROM WOODSTOCK

Bring the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 't is under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honour and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles.

[18] A royalist executed in 1650.

[19] gentlemen of minor degree

[20] tanned

LORD BYRON
(1788-1824)

FROM ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS*

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obeyed by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every Clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their Justice in a Golden Scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from Ridicule, though not from Law.

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,

* This satire is in part a retort which Byron was stung into making by the ridicule with which the *Edinburgh Review* in January, 1808, received his youthful volume of verses, *Hours of Idleness;* though he had before planned a satirical poem upon contemporary English poets. In later years he regretted his severity, and especially his treatment of Francis Jeffrey, the editor of the journal, whom he had wrongly suspected of writing the offending article. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 246.

And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and small,
Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed—older children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A Book's a Book, altho' there's nothing in't.
Not that a Title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lamb[1] must own, since his patrician name
Failed to preserve the spurious farce from shame.
No matter, George continues still to write,
Tho' now the name is veiled from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him will be
Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save Censure—Critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller,[2] got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to find, or forge a fault;
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt;[3]
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a *sharper* hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a Critic, hated yet caressed.

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in Critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lamb's Bœotian head.[4]
To these young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste;
To these, when Authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law;
While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;

While such are Critics, why should I forbear?
. . . . . .
Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And Tales of Terror[5] jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;*
For simpering Folly loves a varied song,
To strange, mysterious Dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,
While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,[6]
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace—
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller[7] may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade;
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,[8]
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."[9]

1 George (son of Sir Peniston) Lamb, author of an unsuccessful farce.
2 "Joe" Miller, an 18th century actor and the reputed author of a famous compilation of jests.
3 wit
4 The Bœotians were proverbial for dulness.
5 By "Monk" Lewis (*Eng. Lit.*, 204).
6 Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) grew out of a suggestion for a ballad derived from an absurd old Border legend of Gilpin Horner.
7 Publishers.
8 i. e., this bought Orpheus (Scott)
9 *Marmion*, line 869.
* This is a sneer at the new anapestic metres. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 243.

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallowed Bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro[10] sung,
An Epic[11] scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name:
The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years.
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor Bards, content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.[12]
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford[13] for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;
Domdaniel's[14] dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb![15]
Since startled Metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique[16] in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's,[17] and not so true.
Oh, Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chaunt too often and too long;
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley-Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,[18]
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend[19] "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double";
Who, both by precept[20] and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy",
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid Ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still Obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,[21]
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass:
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the Laureate of the long-eared kind.

. . . . . .

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω[1]

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!

10 Virgil
11 Object of "claim."
12 Southey's *Joan of Arc*, 1796; *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 1801; *Madoc* (in two parts: *Madoc in Wales, Madoc in Aztlan*), 1805.
13 John Plantagenet, the general of the English forces in France.
14 In Arabian tales, a cavern where magicians were schooled.
15 The hero of a farce by Fielding.
16 chieftain
17 See p. 63.
18 In Southey's ballad, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, the old woman is carried off by the Devil.
19 In *The Tables Turned.*
20 In his preface to *Lyrical Ballads.*
21 In *Songs of the Pixies*, containing "Lines to a Young Ass."

1 "My life, I love you"

Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,[2]
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.

2 Constantinople
* II *Kings*, xix, 35.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory!

Oh, Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

TO THOMAS MOORE*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

* The first stanza of this poem was written in 1816, when Byron left England for the last time.

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon![†] thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON[‡]

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil.
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,

† This French word has no very marked accent on either syllable. Byron usually accents the first.

‡ François de Bonivard was a republican of Geneva who resisted the domination of the Duke of Savoy and was imprisoned for six years (1530-1536) in the castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva (Leman). When the castle was captured by his republican friends, he was released. Byron has greatly idealized the character and has invented the circumstance of the imprisonment and death of the brothers. The poem was composed in two days. Of it Dr. F. I. Carpenter writes: "There is very little action; there is very little ornament; the narrative evolves from within, and is presented with high dramatic fidelity, and with subtle gradation and progression. The situation in itself is bare and simple; the art with which the poet develops it is masterly. Who else, except Dante perhaps, as in the Ugolino episode [*Inferno* 33], could do so much with so little?"

Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay:
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,

And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed, and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright;
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear:
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him:—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
The accursèd breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;

There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,—
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
  It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
  Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
    The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
    Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain

I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

From CHILDE HAROLD

Waterloo. From Canto III*

21

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

22

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

23

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain;[1] he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

24

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

25

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe, they come! they come!"

* Three days before the battle of Waterloo, on the eve of the battle of Quatre-Bras, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels, which was attended by Wellington and other British officers.

1 The Duke of Brunswick, nephew of George III. His father was killed in Auerstädt in 1806.

26

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel,[2] which Albyn's[3] hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon[4] foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

27

And Ardennes[5] waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

28

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Night on Lake Leman. From Canto III

85

Clear, placid Leman![6] thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

86

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

87

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

88

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

89

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

90

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,

2 Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Cameron clan.
3 Scotland's
4 Lowland and English (Sir Evan Cameron fought against Cromwell).
5 A forest, properly Soignies.
6 The Lake of Geneva (Latin *Lemannus*).

The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,[7]
Binding all things with beauty:—'t would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

91

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

92

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

93

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

94

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage:

95

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

96

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

97

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

98

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,

[7] The cestus of Venus, which inspired Love.

Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

Venice. From Canto IV

1

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;[1]
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me,[2] and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's[3] marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

2

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers[4]
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

3

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,[5]
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

4

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto;[6] Shylock and the Moor,[7]
And Pierre,[8] cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

5

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

. . . . . .

13

Before St. Mark still glow his Steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?[9]
Are they not *bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

14

In youth she was all glory, a new Tyre,
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;—
Witness Troy's rival, Candia![10] Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight![11]
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

15

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;

1 The gallery spanning the canal between the ducal palace and the prison.
2 See note on Wordsworth's sonnet, p. 427.
3 The Lion of St. Mark, surmounting one of the two pillars in the square in front of the palace. The Lion was also the standard of the republic; see st. 14.
4 In ancient art, the goddess Cybele wore a turreted crown.
5 Stanzas of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* were once sung by the gondoliers.
6 Here evidently meaning the Bridge of the Rialto across the Grand Canal.
7 Othello
8 A character in Otway's *Venice Preserved.*
9 This Genoese admiral once threatened to put a bridle on the bronze steeds that adorn St. Mark's.
10 Crete, once possessed by Venice, but lost again to the Turks.
11 The battle of Lepanto, 1571, a victory over the Turks in which Venice took a leading part.

Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthralls,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

16

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,[12]
Her voice their only ransom from afar;
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

17

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice, think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

18

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe,[13] Schiller,[14] Shakespeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show.

Rome. From Canto IV

78

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

79

The Niobe of nations![15] there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

80

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

81

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The Ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" "it is clear"—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

82

Alas! the lofty city! and, alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs; and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's[16] voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page;—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

. . . . . .

[12] It is said that the Athenian prisoners who could recite Euripides were set free. Cp. page 233, note 5.
[13] In *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*
[14] In *The Ghost-Seer.*
[15] The twelve children of Niobe were slain by Apollo. They are the subject of a famous ancient group of statuary.
[16] Cicero's

96

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion, and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

97

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime;
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,*
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

98

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

THE COLISEUM. FROM CANTO IV

139

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man,
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

* The Congress of Vienna, the "Holy Alliance" (into which Wellington would not enter), and the Second Treaty of Paris.—E. H. Coleridge.

140

I see before me the Gladiator lie:[17]
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

141

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

142

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam:
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays:
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd!
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed, walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

143

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man have reft away.

17 Suggested by the statue of The Dying Gaul once supposed to represent a dying gladiator.

144

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;[18]
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

145

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
"When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall;
"And when Rome falls—the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

THE OCEAN. FROM CANTO IV

178

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

179

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

180

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.*

181

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

182

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

183

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

184

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

[18] Cæsar was glad to cover his baldness with the wreath of laurel which the senate decreed he should wear.

* This grammatical error, occurring in so lofty a passage, is perhaps the most famous in our literature. It is quite characteristic of Byron's negligence or indifference.

From DON JUAN

The Shipwreck. From Canto II*

38

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lulled: the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seemed all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pumped, the weaker thrummed[1] a sail.

39

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 't is best to struggle to the last,
'T is never too late to be wholly wrecked:
And though 't is true that man can only die once,
'T is not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

40

There winds and waves had hurled them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast, or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam,—though not exactly like a duck.

41

The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,
But the ship laboured so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appeared in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

42

Again the weather threatened,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appeared; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she rolled,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings' during civil war.

43

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering;

44

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some looked o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begged Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damned—in his confusion.

45

Some lashed them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the Sun,
And gnashed their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

46

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'T was difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less:
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress:
Two casks of biscuit and a keg of butter
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter

[1] wove in bits of rope-yarn (usually done to prevent chafing)

* Don Juan, with his servants and his tutor Pedrillo, meets with shipwreck in the Mediterranean.

47

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;
Six flasks of wine; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

48

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

49

'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

50

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laughed
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaffed,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

51

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

52

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

53

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

THE ISLES OF GREECE. FROM CANTO III*

78

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it;
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirize or flatter,
As the psalm says, "inditing a good matter."

79

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin[1] at last
He turned, preferring pudding to *no* praise[2]—
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.[3]

80

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His polar star being one which rather ranges,

1 Anti-revolutionary, anti-democratic.
2 See Pope *The Dunciad*, 52.
3 Southey, as poet laureate, flattered royalty. The name of Crashaw serves chiefly for a rhyme.

* Juan and Haidée, the daughter of Lambro, a pirate, and lord of one of the Grecian isles, hold a feast in Lambro's halls during his absence.

And not the fixed—he knew the way to wheedle;
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earned his laureate pension.

. . . . . .

85

Thus, usually, when he was asked to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
'Twas all the same to him—"God save the King,"
Or, "Ca ira,"[4] according to the fashion all:
His Muse made increment of anything,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar[5] sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar.

86

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's (see what says De Staël[6]);
In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"[7]
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye:

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos[8] rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,[9]
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."[10]

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance[11] as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx[12] gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?

4 A song of the French revolutionists, "It will succeed."
5 An ancient Greek poet who composed songs in honor of the victors in the national games, for which he was doubtless well remunerated.
6 Madame de Staël had lately written a book on Germany.
7 Writers in the Italian style of the 14th century.
8 The birth-place of Phœbus Apollo.
9 Homer was sometimes said to have been born on the isle of Chios (Italian name, Scio). Anacreon was born at Teios in Asia Minor.
10 The fabled Western Isles, lying somewhere in the Atlantic.
11 A war-dance.
12 The Greek phalanx as employed by the great general, Pyrrhus.

You have the letters Cadmus[13] gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates[14]—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese[15]
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,[16]
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan[17] blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's[18] marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

87

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:

His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.[19]

88

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!

. . . . . .

101

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired:
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

102

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

103

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 't is but a pictured image?—strike—
That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

104

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,

[13] Cadmus was said to have introduced the Greek alphabet from Phœnicia.
[14] Tyrant (ruler) of Samos, who gave refuge to Anacreon.
[15] A Thracian peninsula.
[16] In western Greece.
[17] i. e., ancient Greek
[18] The southernmost promontory of Attica.
[19] Shakespeare: Sonnet 111.

And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

105

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian[20] wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,[21]
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

106

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's eye.

107

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

108

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely, nothing dies but something mourns!

20 The Adriatic.

21 Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria* is a translation from Boccaccio of the tale of a spectre huntsman who haunted this region. Byron lived for some time at Ravenna and frequently rode in the adjoining forest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

ALASTOR, OR THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE*

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare.†—*Confes. St. August.*

PREFACE

The poem entitled *Alastor* may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover, could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influ-

* The word *Alastor* means "the spirit of solitude," which is treated here as a spirit of evil, or a spirit leading to disaster; it must not be mistaken for the name of the hero of the poem. In the introduction (lines 1-49) Shelley speaks in his own person; but the Poet whose history he then proceeds to relate bears very markedly his own traits, and the whole must be considered as largely a spiritual autobiography. It is difficult to resist calling attention to some of the features of this impressive poem; to its quiet mastery of theme and sustained poetic power; to its blank-verse harmonies subtler than rhymes; to the graphic descriptions, as in lines 239-369, whence Bryant, Poe, and Tennyson have manifestly all drawn inspiration; to occasional lines of an impelling swiftness (612, 613), or occasional phrases of startling strength (676, 681); to the fervent exaltation of self-sacrifice in the prayer that one life might answer for all, and the pangs of death be henceforth banished from the world (609-624); or to the unapproachable beauty of the description of slow-coming death itself—a euthanasia in which life passes away like a strain of music or like an "exhalation." There can be no higher definition of poetry than is implicit in these things.

† "Not yet did I love, yet I yearned to love; I sought what I might love, yearning to love." In this vain pursuit of ideal loveliness, said Mrs. Shelley, is the deeper meaning of *Alastor* to be found.

ences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

"The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket!"

December 14, 1815.

Earth, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood!
If our great Mother has imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety[1] to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs;
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses,—have been dear to me;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred; then forgive
This boast, belovèd brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favour now!

Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins,[2] where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings[3]
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
Like an inspired and desperate alchemist
Staking his very life on some dark hope,
Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmèd night
To render up thy charge: and, though ne'er yet
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought,
Has shone within me, that serenely now
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forests and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

There was a Poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness:—
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:—
Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses,
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had passed, he left
His cold fireside and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness
Has lured his fearless steps; and he has bought

[1] Wordsworth's phrase; see his *My Heart Leaps Up*, p. 422.
[2] According to Hogg, Shelley had actually done this.
[3] Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, line 142.

With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps
He like her shadow has pursued, where'er
The red volcano overcanopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder; he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery,[1] and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

[1] Figures on the temple of Denderah in Upper Egypt.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,
Her daily portion, from her father's tent,
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole
From duties and repose to tend his steps:—
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love:—and watched his nightly sleep,
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
Of innocent dreams arose: then, when red morn
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.

The Poet wandering on, through Arabie
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,[2]
And o'er the aërial mountains which pour down
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,
In joy and exultation held his way;
Till in the vale of Cashmire,[3] far within
Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine
Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,
Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched
His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep
There came, a dream of hopes that never yet
Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veilèd maid
Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
A permeating fire: wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs
Subdued by its own pathos: her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
The beating of her heart was heard to fill
The pauses of her music, and her breath
Tumultuously accorded with those fits
Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,
As if her heart impatiently endured
Its bursting burthen: at the sound he turned,
And saw by the warm light of their own life
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil
Of woven wind, her outspread arms now bare,
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips

[2] The desert of Kirman, Persia.
[3] In central Asia; poetically regarded as an earthly paradise.

Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.
His strong heart sunk and sickened with excess
Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs and quelled
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet
Her panting bosom:—she drew back a while,
Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.
Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night
Involved and swallowed up the vision; sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock he started from his trance—
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled
The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his sleep,
The mystery and the majesty of Earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gazed on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has sent
A vision to the sleep of him who spurned
Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues
Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade;
He overleaps the bounds. Alas! alas!
Were limbs, and breath, and being intertwined
Thus treacherously? Lost, lost, for ever lost,
In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,
And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,
Lead only to a black and watery depth,
While death's blue vault, with loathliest vapours hung,
Where every shade which the foul grave exhales
Hides its dead eye from the detested day,
Conducts, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms?
This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart;
The insatiate hope which it awakened stung
His brain even like despair.

While daylight held
The sky, the Poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came,
Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness.—As an eagle, grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide aëry wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,
Shedding the mockery of its vital hues
Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on
Till vast Aornos[1] seen from Petra's steep,
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;
Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs
Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind
Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,
Day after day, a weary waste of hours,
Bearing within his life the brooding care
That ever fed on its decaying flame.
And now his limbs were lean; his scattered hair
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering
Sung dirges in the wind: his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,
Who ministered with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,
Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In its career: the infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after-times; but youthful maidens, taught
By nature, would interpret half the woe
That wasted him, would call him with false names
Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore[2]
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged

[1] Aornos was a city in Bactria (Balk).
[2] The Aral Sea; apparently meant for the Caspian (Woodberry).

His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approached, and with strong wings
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight.—"Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts?" A gloomy smile
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he looked around.
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.
A little shallop floating near the shore
Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.
It had been long abandoned, for its sides
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.
A restless impulse urged him to embark
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and sky
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.
Following his eager soul, the wanderer
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
Through the white ridges of the chafèd sea.
The waves arose. Higher and higher still
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven
With dark obliterating course, he sate:
As if their genii were the ministers
Appointed to conduct him to the light
Of those belovèd eyes, the Poet sate
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars. On every side
More horribly the multitudinous streams
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat
Still fled before the storm; still fled, like foam
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river;
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave;
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass
That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely fled—
As if that frail and wasted human form,
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight
The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, and around
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves
Bursting and eddying irresistibly
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save?—
The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,
The shattered mountains overhung the sea,
And faster still, beyond all human speed,
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,
The little boat was driven. A cavern there
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths
Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on
With unrelaxing speed.—"Vision and Love!"
The Poet cried aloud, "I have beheld
The path of thy departure. Sleep and death
Shall not divide us long!"

The boat pursued
The windings of the cavern. Daylight shone
At length upon that gloomy river's flow;
Now, where the fiercest war among the waves
Is calm, on the unfathomable stream

The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain, riven,
Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,
Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell
Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound
That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass
Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm;
Stair above stair the eddying water rose,
Circling immeasurably fast, and laved
With alternating dash the gnarlèd roots
Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms
In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,
Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,
A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm.
Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,
With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,
Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,
Till on the verge of the extremest curve,
Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,
The waters overflow, and a smooth spot
Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides
Is left, the boat paused shuddering.—Shall it sink
Down the abyss? Shall the reverting stress
Of that resistless gulf embosom it?
Now shall it fall?—A wandering stream of wind,
Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,
And, lo! with gentle motion, between banks
Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,
Beneath a woven grove it sails, and hark!
The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar
With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.
Where the embowering trees recede, and leave
A little space of green expanse, the cove
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,
Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay
Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet longed
To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,
But on his heart its solitude returned,
And he forebore. Not the strong impulse hid
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame
Had yet performed its ministry: it hung
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods
Of night close over it.

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of their aëry rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt some bank,
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain: as the human heart,

Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel
An unaccustomed presence, and the sound
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs
Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed
To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,
Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that was; only—when his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness—two eyes,
Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him.

Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell.—The rivulet
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood laughing as it went:
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.—"O stream!
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course
Have each their type in me: and the wide sky,
And measureless ocean may declare as soon
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud
Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
I' the passing wind!"

Beside the grassy shore
Of the small stream he went; he did impress
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch
Of fever, he did move; yet not like him
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,
He must descend. With rapid steps he went
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow
Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now
The forest's solemn canopies were changed
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.
Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed
The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestrae[1]
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,
And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs:—so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued
The stream, that with a larger volume now
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell, and there
Fretted a path through its descending curves
With its wintry speed. On every side now rose
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles
In the light of evening, and, its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,
Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and yawning caves,
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues
To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast
Yielding one only response, at each pause
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

[1] withered grass-stalks

Yet the gray precipice and solemn pine
And torrent were not all;—one silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity
The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor, and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,
In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity. One step,
One human step alone, has ever broken
The stillness of its solitude:—one voice
Alone inspired its echoes;—even that voice
Which hither came, floating among the winds,
And led the loveliest among human forms
To make their wild haunts the depository
Of all the grace and beauty that endued
Its motions, render up its majesty,
Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,
Commit the colours of that varying cheek,
That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.
The dim and hornèd moon hung low, and poured
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank
Wan moonlight even to fulness: not a star
Shone, not a sound was heard; the very winds,
Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice
Slept, clasped in his embrace.—O, storm of Death!
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night:
And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still
Guiding its irresistible career
In thy devastating omnipotence,
Art king of this frail world! from the red field
Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed
Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls
His brother Death. A rare and regal prey
He hath prepared, prowling around the world;
Glutted with which thou mayst repose, and men
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms.
Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green recess
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul
To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place
His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
Of that obscurest chasm;—and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impulses
The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,
The torturers, slept; no mortal pain or fear
Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,
And his own being unalloyed by pain,
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there
At peace, and faintly smiling:—his last sight
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line
Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed
To mingle. Now upon the jaggèd hills
It rests, and still as the divided frame
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still:
And when two lessening points of light alone
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night:—till the minutest ray
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.
It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained
Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame—
No sense, no motion, no divinity—
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings
The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream
Once fed with many-voicèd waves—a dream
Of youth, which night and time have quenched forever,

Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,[1]
Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance! O, that God,
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice
Which but one living man[2] has drained, who now
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels
No proud exemption in the blighting curse
He bears, over the world wanders for ever,
Lone as incarnate death! O, that the dream[3]
Of dark magician in his visioned cave,
Raking the cinders of a crucible
For life and power, even when his feeble hand
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law
Of this so lovely world! But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation; which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled!
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but thou art fled;
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee
Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes
That image sleep in death, upon that form
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear
Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those hues
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain
To weep a loss that turns their lights to shade.
It is a woe too "deep for tears,"[4] when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

1 magic decoction (For example of Medea's witchcraft, see the story of Jason.)
2 Ahasuerus, the legendary Wandering Jew, said to have been condemned by Christ, for his insolence, to wander till Christ's second coming.
3 i. e., immortal youth, the *elixir vitae*
4 Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, last line.

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.[5]
And on the pedestal these words appear—
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

5 That is, they survived both him who imaged them and him who nursed them.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND*

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

* Note by Shelley: "This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence. . . . The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

The poem has something of the impetuosity of the wind—a breathless swiftness which seems almost to scorn rhyme, and which is characteristic of many of Shelley's longer poems. Characteristically, too, it breathes his intense "passion for reforming the world," the combination of which with lyric delicacy, as here, is exceedingly rare.

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad,[1] even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing[2] night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystàlline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,[3]
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

1 A frenzied priestess of Bacchus.
2 closing in
3 Near Naples; the site of many ruins of ancient luxury.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak[1] odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
Oh, belovèd as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain

1 An Indian tree of the Magnolia family.

On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

From PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

Song*

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost forever.

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia's Response

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.

And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided;
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray;
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;*
A paradise of vaulted bowers
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously!

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

* This is the song of an unseen spirit to *Asia*, who is the dramatic embodiment of the spirit of love working through all nature.

* In imagination reversing the course of nature, she passes back through the portals of earthly being to the spirit's condition of primordial immortality.

The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,[1]
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,

[1] An empty tomb.

Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From ADONAIS*

The Grave of Keats

49

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

* "John Keats died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth [twenty-sixth] year, on the [22d] day of [February], 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—From Shelley's Preface. "Adonais" is of course a poetical name for Keats. The elegy was the outcome of Shelley's noble indignation over a death which he somewhat mistakenly supposed was immediately due to the savage criticism of Keats's reviewers—"Wretched men," as he characterized them, who "know not what they do," murderers who had "spoken daggers but used none." See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 258. The especially beautiful concluding stanzas, which are given here, are almost purely personal; Shelley is communing with himself, and thinking of his own troubled life.

And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

50

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

51

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

52

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak,
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

53

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

54

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

55

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

From HELLAS*

Chorus

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds[1] outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires[2] gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. 6

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains

1 robes
2 creeds and monarchies (to which, as such, Shelley was devotedly hostile)
* Shelley's drama of the modern Greeks' struggle for independence concludes with this Chorus, prophesying the return of that Golden Age when Saturn was fabled to have reigned over a universe of peace and love. Of the fulfillment of this prophecy Shelley had at times an ardent hope, which reaches perhaps its highest expression in this Chorus (with which compare Byron's *Isles of Greece*), and at other times a profound despair, which can easily be read in some of the lyrics that are given on subsequent pages.

Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,†
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell,[3] than One who rose,[4]
Than many unsubdued:[5]
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

TO ————

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TO ————

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more!

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

[3] Pagan gods.
[4] Christ.
[5] Objects of heathen idolatry.

† The more or less historic Trojan War, and the woes of the Theban house of Laius and his son Œdipus, belong of course to a time succeeding the Golden Age of fable.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

From ENDYMION*

Proem. From Book I

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow,[1] are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms[2]
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough[3] flowers and weed.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

1

St. Agnes' Eve[4]—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

1 morning 2 destinies
* See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 258.
3 through 4 The night preceding Jan. 21.

2

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

3

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

4

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

5

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows, haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

6

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

7

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train[1]
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

8

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked[2] with faery fancy; all amort,[3]
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,*
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

9

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

10

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

1 i. e., of robes (Keats)
2 blinded (to all else)
3 dead
* St. Agnes was a Roman virgin who suffered martyrdom. At Mass, on the day sacred to her, while the Agnus Dei (Lamb of God) was chanted, two lambs were dedicated to her, and afterwards shorn and the wool woven (stanza 13).

11

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

12

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-brand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip[4] dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

13

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

14

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

15

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.

But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook[5]
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

16

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

17

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

18

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

19

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.*

[4] godmother

[5] Misused for "check".

* Merlin, the famous wizard, became himself a victim of magic. See Tennyson's *Merlin and Vivien.*

20

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame;
"All cates[1] and dainties shall be storèd there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame[2]
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

21

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

22

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

23

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

24

A casement high and triple arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

25

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules[3] on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

26

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

27

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal[4] where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

28

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,

1 delicacies

2 A drum-like embroidery frame.

3 red color (a heraldic term)

4 mass-book (which pagans would have no occasion to unclasp)

And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! how fast she slept.

29

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

30

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother[5] than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

31

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

32

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoiled in woofèd phantasies.

33

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called, "La belle dame sans mercy:"[6]

[5] Apparently used here for "smoother."

[6] "The beautiful lady without pity."

Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

34

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

35

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

36

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

37

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unprunèd wing."

38

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

39

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassaillers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

40

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

41

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

42

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ash cold.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drun
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the tree
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath be
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song,[1] and sun-bur
mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,[2]
With beaded bubbles winking at the bri
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world u
seen,
And with thee fade away into the fore
dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast new
known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each oth
groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hai
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-th
and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorr
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous ey
Or new Love pine at them beyo
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,*
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retar

1 Of southern France, the home of the troubadours.

2 A fountain of Muses on Mt. H con.

* The sources of Keats's classical knowledge interesting. The suggestion for this part lar metaphor came, doubtless, from Titia painting of Ariadne (with Bacchus and leopards), which was brought to England 1806 and of which Keats must at least h seen a print, for he describes it in his *S and Poetry*, line 335. The painting was in the National Gallery in 1826.

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd[3] darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for[4] many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;[5]
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

3 balmy
4 inasmuch as, while
5 *Ruth*, II.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN*

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian,[1] who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

1 historian of sylvan scenes

* "There is some reason for thinking that the particular urn which inspired this beautiful poem is a somewhat weather-beaten work in marble still preserved in the garden of Holland House, and figured in Piranesi's *Vasi e Candelabri*." —H. B. Forman.

And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede[2]
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought[3]
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche,[1] nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN*

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,

[2] embroidery (cp. Collins's *Ode to Evening*, line 7, p. 346)

[3] draw us from our anxieties

[1] Psyche, the soul, was conventionally symbolized by the butterfly.

* The Mermaid Tavern was a favorite resort of Shakespeare, Jonson, and their friends.

lappy field or mossy cavern,
hoicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
han mine host's Canary wine?
r are fruits of Paradise
weeter than those dainty pies
f venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
up and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
n astrologer's old quill
o a sheepskin gave the story,
aid he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
ipping beverage divine,
nd pledging with contented smack
he Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
lappy field or mossy cavern,
hoicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER

n a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
hy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
he north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
or frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

n a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
hy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
ut with a sweet forgetting,
hey stay their crystal fretting,
ever, never petting
About the frozen time.

h! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
ut were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
o know the change and feel it,
hen there is none to heal it,
or numbèd sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI*

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.—

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw, all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed, ah woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried, "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

* "The Fair Lady without Pity." Cp. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, st. 33. Keats obtained the title from an old French poem, a translation of which was once attributed to Chaucer. There are two versions of Keats's poem, but the second is hardly an improvement over the first, which is the more familiar, and which is given here. The reply of the knight begins at the fourth stanza. The story has some resemblance to that of Tannhäuser and the Venusberg.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide—
And I awoke, and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing. 48

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER*

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET†

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

* This sonnet of discovery was written after Keats had spent a night with a friend reading in Chapman's translation (*Eng. Lit.*, p. 97). Keats could not read Greek, but had to content himself mainly with "western islands" of poetry and romance. It should be noted that it was not Cortez, but Balboa, who discovered the Pacific.

† Written in a friendly competition with Leigh Hunt. See Hunt's sonnet, p. 496.

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES‡

My spirit is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rud
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spe
Of Hecate[1] leaves them their old shadow
sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometim
fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed an
tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproa
rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and bro
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MA CEASE TO BE

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain
When I behold, upon the night's starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

[1] The moon.

‡ These marbles are mainly sculptures from the Parthenon which were transferred from Athens to London by Lord Elgin in 1803.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEDFAST AS THOU ART*

Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

LATE GEORGIAN BALLADS AND LYRICS†

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)

The Battle of Blenheim‡

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he;
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"

* This sonnet was composed on the Dorsetshire coast just as Keats was sailing for Italy the autumn before his death. It was written in a copy of Shakespeare's poems on a blank page facing *A Lover's Complaint*.

† Under this general title are given here some minor poems of the early decades of the nineteenth century, though one or two are really post-Georgian. Hunt's *Abou ben Adhem*, for instance, is as late as 1844; but Hunt was himself a contemporary of Shelley and Keats. The poems have been selected partly for their real value as shown by their continued popularity, and partly to illustrate the character and range of the minor verse of the period.

‡ At Blenheim, in Bavaria, in 1704, the British and their German allies, under the Duke of Marlborough and the Austrian Prince Eugene, defeated the French and Bavarians with great loss.

Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)

Ye Mariners of England

A Naval Ode*

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep,
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

* This poem was written, it is said, in 1800, on the prospect of a war with Russia (see line 5); but it must have undergone some later revision, for Nelson (line 15) fell at Trafalgar in 1805. Admiral Robert Blake died at sea in 1657.

Hohenlinden†

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow.
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night.
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

† At the Bavarian village of Hohenlinden, not far from Munich, the Austrian army (referred to in this poem as the "Hun") was defeated by the French (the "Frank") in December, 1800. Campbell did not witness the battle, as a pleasing tradition relates, but he was on the continent at the time and witnessed at least one skirmish. Scott greatly admired this ballad, though the author himself spoke somewhat contemptuously of its "drum and trumpet lines."

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823)

The Burial of Sir John Moore‡

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

‡ Sir John Moore, a British general, was killed at Corunna in January, 1809, just as the British troops, retreating from the French, were about to embark, though he lived long enough to hear that the French were beaten back. He was buried at night in the citadel.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done
When the clock struck the note for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls§

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

§ Tara Hill, some twenty miles from Dublin, is said to have been the seat of the ancient kings of Ireland.

The Minstrel Boy

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Oft, in the Stilly Night
(Scotch Air)

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834

The Old Familiar Faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)

Rose Aylmer*

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket†

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts: and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Rondeau

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Abou Ben Adhem

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."‡

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

* Rose, a daughter of Baron Aylmer, and a youthful companion of Landor, died in India in 1800.

† Written in competition with Keats, whose sonnet may be seen on p. 492.

‡ This line is carved on Hunt's monument in Kensal Green Cemetery.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
(1802-1839)

LETTERS FROM TEIGNMOUTH. I.—OUR BALL§

ou'll come to our ball;—since we parted
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
deed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
nd fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
nd echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
know the romance, since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall;—
know you're a terrible rover;
But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball! 12

's only a year since, at College,
You put on your cap and your gown;
ut, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown;
he voice that was best when it faltered,
Is fuller and firmer in tone:
nd the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own;
our cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
nd why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball. 24

've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup;
've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up.
n spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke;
nd I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak:
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;
nd I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball. 36

You'll find us all changed since you vanished;
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished;
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout;
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball. 48

You'll meet all your beauties;—the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;
Miss Manners, who always abused you,
For talking so much about Hock;
And her sister, who often amused you,
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal:—
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball. 60

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth;
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees.
Time treads o'er the graves of affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball. 72

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads—
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many;
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or inthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball. 84

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng;
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral—

This is a specimen of the half gay, half grave *vers de société* of which Praed was a master. Teignmouth is a watering-place in Devonshire. The various places named belong to the locality. The Ness is a promontory. The Den is a promenade formed by a sand-bank between the town and the sea. Haldon is a range of hills; Shaldon, a village just across the river Teign; Dawlish, another seaside resort three miles away. As for the other allusions, Sir Thomas Lawrence was a famous portrait painter of that date (1829); National Schools (line 38) had lately been established at various places by a national society for the education of the poor; "Captain Rock" was a fictitious name signed to public notices by one of the Irish insurgents of 1822; "Hock" is a kind of wine —Hochheimer; a "Blue" is a "blue-stocking" —a woman affecting literature and politics.

Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you;
And you'll come, WON'T you come? to our Ball?

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1849)

DREAM-PEDLARY*

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing-bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down:
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell
Ill didst thou buy;
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die.
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call,
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways;
Vain is the call.

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue,
No love thou hast.
Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

* This poem is somewhat obscure, but to paraphrase it into perfect lucidity would be to destroy an element of its charm.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845)

THE DEATH-BED

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt".

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal.

'Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!''

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this ''Song of the Shirt!''

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER (1803-1875)

The Song of the Western Men*

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
''If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

''We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

''And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!

''Trelawny he's in keep and hold.
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!''

* In 1688, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, a native of Cornwall, was, with six other bishops, thrown into the Tower of London for resisting James the Second's Declaration of Indulgence. He was soon released. It was long supposed that this ballad, which was first printed anonymously, dated from that time. The refrain is ancient, but the ballad was written by Hawker in 1825. The Tamar and Severn (lines 13 and 14) are rivers of southwestern England. Michael (line 11) is the archangel to whom was given the task of overthrowing Satan and consigning him to hell.

The Silent Tower of Bottreau†

Tintadgel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel side;
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith their pealing chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreau's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill;
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Should be her answering chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea:
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreau bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Rung out Tintadgel chime;
Youth, manhood, old age past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells;
"Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time!"
It was his marriage chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale:
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time!"
Sad grew the boding chime:
"Come to thy God at last!"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea! as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal-word:
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time!"
Swung deep the funeral chime:
Grace, mercy, kindness past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell—
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep—
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time!"
He read his native chime:
Youth, manhood, old age past,
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime:
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
"Come to thy God at last!"

* "The rugged heights that line the sea-shore in the neighborhood of Tintadgel Castle and Church [on the coast of Cornwall] are crested with towers. Among these, that of Bottreau, or, as it is now written, Boscastle, is without bells. The silence of this wild and lonely churchyard on festive or solemn occasions is not a little striking. On enquiry I was told that the bells were once shipped for this church, but that when the vessel was within sight of the tower the blasphemy of her captain was punished in the manner related in the Poem. The bells, they told me, still lie in the bay, and announce by strange sounds the approach of a storm."—R. S. Hawker.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

From OLD MORTALITY*

Chapter I. Preliminary

"Most readers," says the Manuscript of Mr. Pattieson, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of

* Old Mortality is a story of the rising of the Scotch Covenanters about 1677-9 against the English church and throne. Scott had once met, in the churchyard of Dunnottar, one Robert Paterson, familiarly known as "Old Mortality," and he chooses to make him responsible for the substance of the tale. It is one of the "Tales of My Landlord"; and the Landlord of Wallace Inn, Mr. Cleishbotham the schoolmaster, and the manuscript of his assistant, the frail Mr. Pattieson, are all a part of the fictitious background.

ntellect have been confounded by hearing the ame dull lesson repeated a hundred times by ote, and only varied by the various blunders f the reciters. Even the flowers of classic enius, with which his solitary fancy is most ratified, have been rendered degraded, in his magination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the *Eclogues* of Virgil and *Odes* of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know, that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments, when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a 'lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleugh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the harebell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

"Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read, at the pleasure of the decipherer, *Dns. Johan - - - de Hamel, - - -* or *Johan - - - de Lamel - - -*. And it is also true, that of another tomb, richly sculptured with an ornamental cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver, that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor. In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when

they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

"Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden[1] with the suffering zeal of a Hooper or Latimer.[2] On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biased in its mode of growth, even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

"One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, on this occasion, distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel, the letters of the inscription which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematised the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin grey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, feeding among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks,[3] a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last mon-

1 John Hampden, who refused to pay taxes levied by Charles I.

2 John Hooper and Bishop Latimer were both burned for heresy in 1555.

3 curbs, or bridle

archs of the Stewart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian[4] of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

"The character of such a man could have in it little connexion even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers.[5] Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face, which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which school-boys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then, replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation,—'*we* are the only true whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill-side to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw[6] them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shamena to take upon themsells the persecuting name of bludethirsty tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd[7] and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Peden[8] (that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground), that the French monzies[9] sall rise as fast in the

4 An austere sect of Presbyterians. 5 *Matthew* iii, 7.

6 disgust 7 suffered
8 Alexander Peden, an eloquent minister who was supposed to have prophetic gifts.
9 monsieurs (referring to a possible invasion from France)

glens of Ayr, and the kenns[10] of Galloway, as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken covenant.'

"Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality, which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk[11] who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the Prophet's Chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones, to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay."

[10] From Gaelic *ceann*, head, headland, mountain.
[11] The Scotch, or Presbyterian Church.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

From ELIA*

Dream-Children: A Reverie

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than

* "Elia," the signature under which Lamb published his essays in the London Magazine, was the name of an Italian clerk at the South-Sea House where Lamb had been employed nearly thirty years before. The essay entitled *Dream-Children* was written some time after the death of his brother John, late in the year 1821, when he and his sister Mary ("Bridget Elia") were left alone. "Alice W——n" or "Alice Winterton" may have stood, in part at least, for one Ann Simmons (later Mrs. Bartrum) for whom Lamb seems to have felt some attachment. The "great house in Norfolk" was a manor-house in Hertfordshire where his grandmother, Mary Field, had for many years been housekeeper.

that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene (so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country) of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey,† and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and

† Lamb was fond of visiting Westminster Abbey, and he wrote an essay in protest against the charge for admittance which had lately been imposed.

spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name"——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript,* which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder-brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely

* The manuscript, and the Chinese names (except that of Confucius the great philosopher), are fictitious, but the tradition itself, which Lamb obtained from the traveller Thomas Manning, is an ancient one.

sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!*[1] Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The

[1] The crisp skin of roast pork.

thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,[2] who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,[3] I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.[4]

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys[5]—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,[6] the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars[7]—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely cares[8]—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors.[9] Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudg-

2 John Locke, a British philosopher.
3 world of edibles
4 chief of tidbits
5 youths at the awkward age
6 love of dirt
7 Ancient superstition regarded certain jelly-like fungi as fallen shooting-stars. Compare, moreover, Cornwall's "Out, vile jelly" (*King Lear*, III, vii, 83).
8 Coleridge: *Epitaph on an Infant.*
9 savors

ingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic[10] fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn,[11] barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything."[12] I make my stand upon[13] pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself and not another—would eat her nice cake— and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!— and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice[14] in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,[15] and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

From THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA

Old China

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured

10 farm-yard (Milton: *Samson Agonistes*, line 1695)

11 pickled boar's flesh

12 *King Lear*, II, iv, 253.

13 halt at

14 particular

15 A Jesuit College (Lamb was never a student there).

grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right[1] angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.[2]

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant and coextensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.[3]

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson[4] (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon). some of these *speciosa miracula*[5] upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.[6]

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher* which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden?[7] Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington,[8] fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau[9]—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo,[10] which we christened the 'Lady Blanche;' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness[11] of Lionardos. Yet do you?

1 properly calculated
2 An old English dance.
3 Chinese Tartary (used loosely for China)
4 green tea
5 radiant wonders
6 See introductory note on "Elia."
7 A square in the heart of London, best known for its fruit and flower markets.
8 In northern London.
9 black coat
10 Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian painter.
11 *Merchant of Venice*, III, i, 128.

* This particular volume, with notes in it by Coleridge, is now in the British Museum.

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham,[12] when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone, now we are rich—and the little handbasket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator[13] his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexam and the Surrender of Calais,[14] and Bannister[15] and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood[16]—when we squeezed out our shilling a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the court of Illyria?[17] You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people, living together as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*,[18] as you called

12 London suburbs.

13 See Walton's *The Complete Angler*, p. 264.

14 Plays by George Colman the younger.

15 John Bannister, a pupil of Garrick.

16 A comedy by Thomas Morton.

17 In *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.

18 Charles Cotton: *The New Year*.

him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor —— hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus[19] had, or the great Jew R——[20] is supposed to have, to purchase it.

"And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester,[21] over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madona-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

19 King of Lydia.
20 Rothschild
21 bed canopy

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)

From IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

Metellus and Marius*

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the gods in secrecy; they have sounded the horn once only, —and hoarsely and low and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the fig-tree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that.

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

Metellus. How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire, then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent.

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! Dost thou not hear?

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the bean-field of Cereaté;[1] for the sun is hot, and the ground is thirsty. When will it

1 The rustic home of Marius's childhood, near Arpinum.

* The siege and capture, in 132 B. C., of the Numantians, struggling with 8,000 men against the whole power of Rome, was one of the stages in the disgraceful third Punic war, which was conducted by Scipio Africanus the Younger. Caius Cæcilius Metellus, the tribune, was a comparatively unimportant personage. Marius, the centurion, of obscure birth, rose later to be seven times consul. Plutarch tells us that Scipio had marked the youth's good qualities, and when asked who should succeed himself in case of accident, had touched the shoulder of Marius, saying, "Perhaps this man;" which saying "raised the hopes of Marius like a divine oracle." On this slight historical foundation Landor constructs his dramatic scene. The Numantians, in all probability, had no regular walls; and Appian says that some of them preferred surrender to death and were led in a Roman Triumph.

have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

Metellus. How! We have not fought for many days; what bodies, then, are fresh ones?

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls; in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

Metellus. Mark rather the living,—what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good,—it burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel.

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians; no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

Metellus. Did they want, then, all the wood for the altar?

Marius. It appears so—I will return anon.

Metellus. The gods speed thee, my brave, honest Marius!

Marius (*returned*). The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe, however. Here a man may walk securely, and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless; but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion? what more? Speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld, then, all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? hast thou descried nothing of the inhabitants but those carcasses under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered, although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens—of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused—were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it?

Marius. It blazed under them, and over them, and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius? Thy visage is scorched: thy speech may wander after such an enterprise; thy shield burns my hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers.

Marius. 'Twere better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time.

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should I say it? there was another: there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him, for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in height almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak: rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him, however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some, too, I can imagine, from robuster arms—things of joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate upward from among them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck hung the trumpet felt this, and started.

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet, both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled knees, that smote each other audibly,

tottered into the civic[2] fire. It—like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe—panted once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus, what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now, and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her,—a Numantian.

Metellus. We shall feast to-morrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune: trust in fortune.

Marius. Auguries are surer: surest of all is perseverance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius.

Marius (*alone*). The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile[3] may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

Leofric and Godiva*

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds[4] have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odour.

Leofric. And now, Godiva, my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light, laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish,—what he can do like God?

Leofric. How! what is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving Lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth!—Shall none enjoy them; not even we, my Leofric? The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words: they are better than mine.[5] Should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them?

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have, then, drawn the sword against you? Indeed, I knew it not.

2 citizens' (perhaps after the analogy of the "civic" crown, conferred for distinction)

3 The Temple of Jupiter, whither the leader of a Triumph went to offer sacrifice.

4 peasants.

* According to legend, Leofric, Earl of Mercia in the 11th century, acceded to his wife's plea, that he remit a certain burdensome tax on the people, on the harsh condition that she should ride through the street naked at noonday. She fulfilled the condition with modesty, owing to her luxuriant hair.

5 *Ephesians*, iv. 26.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving, as they said they were——

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much! May you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave me, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst; and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must, indeed.

Leofric. Well, then?

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals?—are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hireling praises from parti-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden, and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready; we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us:[6] it flows from heaven; and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have, indeed, lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the Bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honour and rank among men are humbled by this. Earl Godwin will hear of it. Up! up! the Bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward. Dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax —this tax on hard labour, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages.—Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir Bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir Bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets!

Godiva. O my dear, cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me? It was not so: can mine have hardened it?

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale, and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my Lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And, now, what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon

6 Honey, nectar, and wine are the constituents of mead.

the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer, thou hast heard it! save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs. Let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward; to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments, then, to-morrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence; my prayers are heard; the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric (aside). Ay, ay—they shall smart, though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn. Beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing: there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair. Take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment —I *will* say it—now, then, for worse—I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (to herself). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten, and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when will the noon be over?

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
(1785-1859)

From CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER*

The Pains of Opium

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp;

* De Quincey says: *"The Opium Confessions* were written with some slight secondary purpose of exposing the specific power of opium upon the faculty of dreaming, but much more with the purpose of displaying the faculty itself." And again: "The machinery for dreaming planted in the human brain was not planted for nothing. That faculty, in alliance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy. And the dreaming organ, in connection with the heart, the eye, and the ear, compose the magnificent apparatus which forces the infinite into the chambers of the human brain, and throws dark reflections from eternities below all life upon the mirrors of that mysterious *camera obscura*—the sleeping mind." Such, in substance, is De Quincey's account of what may very well be regarded as an almost unique contribution to the literature of the world. To English literature he has made, moreover, the important contribution of a style of "impassioned prose" which has no counterpart. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 275. Late in life, he revised his *Confessions*, but the early text of 1821-1822 is from a rhetorical point of view generally the superior and is here retained.

friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam—before Tyre—before Memphis.[1] And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and, in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however,[2] of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived; I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true—viz., that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of,[3] is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king—sultan—regent, etc., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had

1 Greece, Phoenicia, Egypt, form a climax of antiquity.

2 at any rate.

3 *Revelation,* xx, 12.

less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history—viz., the period of the Parliamentary War—having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642,[4] never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dreams, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus;* and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments,[5] Paulus or Marius,[6] girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear,[7] and followed by the *alalagmos*[8] of the Roman legions.

. . . . . .

And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries:—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

May, 1818.

The Malay[9] has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium.*[10] Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, in which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than

4 Charles's standard was raised, giving the signal for civil war, August 22, 1642.
5 military cloaks
6 For this latter Consul, see note to Landor's *Metellus and Marius,* p. 512.
7 A signal of battle.
8 "A word expressing collectively the gathering of the Roman war-cries— *Alála, Alála.*"—De Quincey.
9 A Malay, as related in an earlier part of the Confessions, once knocked at De Quincey's door.
10 laboratory of nations

I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me.[11] I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

11 Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, constitute the great triad of Hindu mythology. Osiris the creator, and Isis, his sister and wife, were Egyptian deities, and the ibis and crocodile were regarded as sacred animals.

From SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS*

Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as

* *Suspiria de Profundis* (Sighs from the Depths) is the title under which De Quincey began in 1845 to publish a series of articles which were to have closed with a crowning succession of "some twenty or twenty-five dreams and noonday visions." Most of the articles were either never written or were destroyed. Of *Levana*, one of the earliest, Professor Masson has said that "it is a permanent addition to the mythology of the human race," typifying as it does "the varieties and degrees of misery that there are in the world." As for De Quincey's own education through initiation into these several degrees of sorrow, it is to be remembered that in childhood he lost by death his father and two sisters, in youth he ran away from an uncongenial school and wandered like an outcast in Wales and London, and in manhood his body, intellect, and will became enslaved to opium.

proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana, and hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now the word *ēdŭco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word *ēdūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this word, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation*[1] should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ*[2] are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom, always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "One of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not, as they talked with Levana; *they* whispered not; *they* sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in

[1] holding a scholarship provided by the foundation, or endowment

[2] Fates

heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed[3] from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence: if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted.[4] She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal[5] at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her;* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar,[6] bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna!"

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum* —Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah,[7] of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; and of the English criminal in Norfolk Island,[8] blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shel-

3 The word was formerly used of various methods of signalling, as by beacon-fires.
4 *Jeremiah*, xxxi, 15; *Matthew*, ii, 16-18.
5 St. Peter's keys, emblem of papal power. Cp. Milton's *Lycidas*, l. 110.
6 Nicholas I., whose daughter Alexandra had lately died.
7 social outcast (Hindu term)
8 A penal colony in the south Pacific. 1825-1845.

ter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace,—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem,[9] and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest ——! Hush, whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele,[10] rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance; but, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles, and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*,[11] or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:—

"Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished[12] in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies, and so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

Savannah-la-Mar*

God smote Savannah-la-mar, and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said,—"Pompeii did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries: this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas." This city, therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths

9 Son of Noah, reputed ancestor of the Semitic races—the Hebrews, Arabs, etc. For the phrase, see *Genesis*, ix, 27.

10 See note on *Childe Harold*, IV, 2.

11 A euphemistic name for the Furies.

12 perfected.

* "Plain (of) the Sea"—a fanciful name adopted by De Quincey for this vision of a sunken city. The "Dark Interpreter" mentioned here gives name to another of the Suspiria papers.

of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucid atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches. She is one ample cemetery, and *has* been for many a year; but, in the mighty calms that brood for weeks over tropic latitudes, she fascinates the eye with a *Fata-Morgana*† revelation, as of human life still subsisting in submarine asylums sacred from the storms that torment our upper air.

Thither, lured by the loveliness of cerulean depths, by the peace of human dwellings privileged from molestation, by the gleam of marble altars sleeping in everlasting sanctity, oftentimes in dreams did I and the Dark Interpreter cleave the watery veil that divided us from her streets. We looked into the belfries, where the pendulous bells were waiting in vain for the summons which should awaken their marriage peals; together we touched the mighty organ-keys, that sang no *jubilates*[1] for the ear of heaven, that sang no requiems for the ear of human sorrow; together we searched the silent nurseries, where the children were all asleep, and *had* been asleep through five generations. "They are waiting for the heavenly dawn," whispered the Interpreter to himself: "and, when *that* comes, the bells and organs will utter a *jubilate* repeated by the echoes of Paradise." Then, turning to me, he said,—"This is sad, this is piteous; but less would not have sufficed for the purpose of God. Look here. Put into a Roman clepsydra[2] one hundred drops of water; let these run out as the sands in an hour-glass, every drop measuring the hundredth part of a second, so that each shall represent but the three-hundred-and-sixty-thousandth part of an hour. Now, count the drops as they race along; and, when the fiftieth of the hundred is passing, behold! forty-nine are not, because already they have perished, and fifty are not, because they are yet to come. You see, therefore, how narrow, how incalculably narrow, is the true and actual present. Of that time which we call the present, hardly a hundredth part but belongs either to a past which has fled, or to a future which is still on the wing. It has perished, or it is not born. It was, or it is not. Yet even this approximation to the truth is *infinitely* false. For again subdivide that solitary drop, which only was found to represent the present, into a lower series of similar fractions, and the actual present which you arrest measures now but the thirty-sixth-millionth of an hour; and so by infinite declensions the true and very present, in which only we live and enjoy, will vanish into a mote of a mote, distinguishable only by a heavenly vision. Therefore the present, which only man possesses, offers less capacity for his footing than the slenderest film that ever spider twisted from her womb. Therefore, also, even this incalculable shadow from the narrowest pencil of moonlight is more transitory than geometry can measure, or thought of angel can overtake. The time which *is* contracts into a mathematic point; and even that point perishes a thousand times before we can utter its birth. All is finite in the present; and even that finite is infinite in its velocity of flight towards death. But in God there is nothing finite; but in God there is nothing transitory; but in God there *can* be nothing that tends to death. Therefore, it follows, that for God there can be no present. The future is the present of God, and to the future it is that he sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that he works by earthquake. Therefore it is that he works by grief. O, deep is the ploughing of earthquake! O, deep"—(and his voice swelled like a *sanctus*[3] rising from the choir of a cathedral)—"O, deep is the ploughing of grief. But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake he builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant he raises oftentimes from human intellects glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil. The one is needed for Earth, our planet,—for Earth itself as the dwelling-place of man; but the other is needed yet oftener for God's mightiest instrument,—yes" (and he looked solemnly at myself), "is needed for the mysterious children of the Earth!"

1 hymns of rejoicing (specifically the 100th Psalm)
2 water-clock
† Here "mirage-like"; from the *fata morgana* of the Sicilian coast—a phenomenon attributed to Morgan le Fay, or Morgana the Fairy.

From JOAN OF ARC*

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew

3 The anthem "Holy, Holy, Holy."
* De Quincey's venture into this particular field of history, which is so obscure and so acrimoniously debated, was inspired by Michelet's *Histoire de France*, then (1847) appearing, and his avowed object was to do justice to the maligned Maid, defending her even against her own countrymen. The body of his article, which is narrative and argumentative, is here omitted, only the introduction and conclusion being given. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 274.

shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny.[1] But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.[2] The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs[3] which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once —no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors[4] to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*.[5] When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen,† shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life, that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; le me use that life, so transitory, for the glory o those heavenly dreams destined to comfort th sleep which is so long! This pure creature— pure from every suspicion of even a visionar self-interest, even as she was pure in senses mor obvious—never once did this holy child, as re garded herself, relax from her belief in th darkness that was travelling to meet her. Sh might not prefigure the very manner of he death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aëria altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectator without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volley ing flames, the hostile faces all around, the pity ing eye that lurked but here and there, unti nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France,[7] and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her!*

. . . . . .

Bishop of Beauvais![8] thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France —she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting

1 The killing of Goliath; *I. Samuel*, xvii.
2 *Genesis*, xlix, 10.
3 A village near Domrémy.
4 court summoners
5 A legal term signifying failure to appear in court.
† Joan has lately been canonized by the church.
6 The place of Joan's martyrdom.
7 The royal device of the fleur-de-lis.
8 The presiding judge at Joan's trial. He had played traitor to the French and abetted the English in this execution.

t the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she ntered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the ountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests n which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her anguishing heart—that resurrection of spring-ime, which the darkness of dungeons had inter-epted from *her*, hungering after the glorious iberty of forests—were by God given back into ier hands as jewels that had been stolen from ier by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the ninutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, n this farewell dream, a second childhood, inno-ent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This nission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she vas to reckon for had been exacted; the tears hat she was to shed in secret had been paid to he last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaf-fold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amid the tears of ten thou-sand enemies—died amid the drums and trum-pets of armies—died amid peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-bur-dened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are re-flected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the wit-nesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Dom-rémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the foun-tain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Win-chester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign.[9] There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What build-ing is that which hands so rapidly are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two na-tions stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah, no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trum-pets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh, but this is sudden! My Lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Dom-rémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims?[10] Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, *she*—when heaven and earth are silent.

9 See Shakespeare's *II Henry VI.*, III. iii.

10 Joan was present at the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims—a coronation made possible by her own martial exploits.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

From SARTOR RESARTUS

The Everlasting Yea. From Book II, Chapter IX*

"Temptations in the Wilderness!"[1] exclaims Teufelsdröckh: "Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force; thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean[2] Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must there not be a confusion, a contest, before the better influence can become the upper?

"To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Soli tudes, and there fronting the Tempter d grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting hi at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as w choose: with or without visible Devil, whethe in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, o in the populous moral Desert of selfishness an baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we ar but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in tru sun-splendour; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours!—Our Wilder ness is the wide World in an Atheistic Cen tury; our Forty Days are long years of suf fering and fasting: nevertheless, to these als comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, i not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful o sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!"

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: "Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation? An outflush of fool ish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs: this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappoint ment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even exemplars."

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a "glorious revolution:" these mad shad ow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying "Temptation in the Wilderness," before his apostolic work

1 See *Luke*, iv, 1, 2.

2 The name of Prometheus, the fabled defender of man against Jupiter's tyranny, means "fore thought."

* *Sartor Resartus*, or "The Tailor Re-Tailored," is nominally a work on clothes; in reality, it is a philosophy, or rather gospel, of life. Carlyle poses as the editor merely, professing to have received the work in manuscript from a certain German Professor "Teufelsdröckh" of the University of "Weissnichtwo" (see *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 345-346). In the Second Book he assumes to give the physical and spiritual biography of the author as culled from imaginary "Paper-bags"—bundles of loose documents—derived from the same source. The Professor, afflicted with personal sorrows, and beset by religious and speculative doubts, has set forth on a world-pilgrimage. In his mental struggle he passes from the "Everlasting No," a period of doubt and denial, through the "Centre of Indifference" to the "Everlasting Yea."

(such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was "that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*,"[3] then, properly, the turning point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds*, and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?*[4]—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture. "How paint to the sensual eye," asks he once, "what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable?" We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*.[5] Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: "The hot Harmattan-wind[6] had raged itself out: its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant."—And again: "Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbst-tödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved."

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same "healing sleep;" that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here on "the high table-land;" and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy,[7] even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire:

"Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles, that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance: round some Schreckhorn,[8] as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there

[3] Described in a previous chapter as a "dirty little" street in the French Capital where fresh courage had suddenly come to him. This passage Carlyle admitted to be autobiographical, and the street was Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

[4] "Get thee hence, Satan." *Matthew*, iv, 10.

[5] light and shade

[6] A withering wind of West Africa; here figurative for Doubt.

[7] laughing gayety

[8] "Peak of Terror."

tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature! Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God?" O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla;* ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres: but godlike, and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! —Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow;*' by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me."

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. "A vain interminable controversy," writes he, "touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go contentedly with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few, some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoeblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach: and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer,[1] a Throat like that of Ophiuchus[2] speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

"But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and

* Carlyle got the suggestion for his comparison from the journal of William Barentz, a Dutch navigator who was shipwrecked in the winter of 1596 on these Arctic islands, where the sun returns only after weeks of darkness. Compare the third note on Addison's paper on "Frozen Words," p. 298.

1 Hock.

2 See *Par. Lost*, II, 708.

what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator.* Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity.* Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time[3] write: 'It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'

"I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat;* and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron;*[4] open thy *Goethe.*"

"*Es leuchtet mir ein,* I see a glimpse of it!" cries he elsewhere "there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

3 Goethe.

4 Byron's verse is full of his personal grievances. See *Eng. Lit.,* p. 251.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM. FROM BOOK III, CHAPTER VIII

"But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

"Fortunatus[5] had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo,[6] and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen[7]; but chiefly of this latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any*where,* straightway to be *There!* Next to clap on your other felt, and simply by wishing that you were Any*when,* straightway to be *Then!* This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca;* there prophet-

5 The hero of a popular modern legend.

6 "Dream-lane of Know-not-where." See introductory note.

7 A very small silver coin of Germany, now obsolete.

* Certain spurious letters have come down to us which were said to have passed between Paul and Seneca.

ically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

"Or thinkest thou, it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, so is it an everlasting Now.

"And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayst ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

"That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings,—seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay, even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practices on us.

"Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

"Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre?[8] Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Stein-bruch*[9] (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilising man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody,[10] flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accomplishments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause, to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? Oh, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of

[8] An ancient tradition. Cp. p. 228, note 30.
[9] stone-quarry
[10] See p. 321, note 8.

celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

"Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane,[1] and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the three-score years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air, and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact;* we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and gibber[2] (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air[3] summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts, at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not, their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night,[4] on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a Vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We *are such stuff*
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!" [5]

1 The "Cock Lane Ghost" was a notorious imposture perpetrated in London in 1762.
2 *Hamlet,* I, i, 116.
3 *Hamlet,* I, v, 58.
4 Cimmeria was a fabled country of perpetual darkness.
5 *The Tempest,* IV, i, 156.

From THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Uprising of the Populace. Storming of the Bastille. From Volume I, Book V, Chapters IV-VI*

So hangs it, dubious, fateful, in the sultry days of July. It is the passionate printed *advice* of M. Marat,† to abstain, of all things, from violence. Nevertheless the hungry poor are already burning Town Barriers,[1] where Tribute on eatables is levied; getting clamorous for food.

The twelfth July morning is Sunday: the streets are all placarded with an enormous-sized *De par le Roi*,[2] "inviting peaceable citizens to remain within doors,"‡ to feel no alarm, to gather in no crowd. Why so? What mean these "placards of enormous size?" Above all, what means this clatter of military; dragoons, hussars, rattling in from all points of the compass towards the Place Louis Quinze:[3] with a staid gravity of face, though saluted with mere nicknames, hootings and even missiles? Besenval[4] is with them. Swiss Guards of his are already in the Champs Elysées,[5] with four pieces of artillery.

Have the destroyers descended on us,§ then? From the Bridge of Sèvres to utmost Vincennes, from Saint-Denis to the Champ-de-Mars, we are begirt! Alarm, of the vague unknown, is in every heart. The Palais Royal* has become a place of awestruck interjections, silent shakings of the head: one can fancy with what dolorous sound the noontide cannon (which the Sun fires at crossing of his meridian) went off there; bodeful, like an inarticulate voice of doom. Are these troops verily come out "against Brigands?" Where are the Brigands? What mystery is in the wind?—Hark! a human voice reporting articulately the Job's-news:[6] *Necker, People's Minister, Saviour of France, is dismissed.* Impossible, incredible! Treasonous to the public peace! Such a voice ought to be choked in the water-works;—had not the news-bringer quickly fled. Nevertheless, friends, make of it what ye will, the news is true. Necker is gone. Necker hies northward incessantly, in obedient secrecy, since yesternight. We have a new Ministry: Broglie the Wargod;[7] Aristocrat Breteuil; Foulon who said the people might eat grass!

Rumour, therefore, shall arise; in the Palais Royal, and in broad France. Paleness sits on every face: confused tremor and fremescence;[8] waxing into thunder-peals, of Fury stirred on by Fear.

But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sibylline[9] in face; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol! He springs to a table: the Police satellites are eyeing him; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. This time he speaks without stammering:—Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? Like sheep hounded into their pinfold; bleating for mercy, where is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? The hour is come; the supreme hour of Frenchman and Man; when Oppressors are to try conclusions with Oppressed; and the word is, swift Death, or Deliverance forever. Let such hour be *well-come!* Us, meseems, one cry only befits: To Arms! Let universal Paris, universal France, as with the throat of the whirlwind, sound only: To arms!—"To arms!" yell responsive the innumerable voices; like one great voice, as of a Demon yelling from the air: for all faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. In such, or fitter words, does Camille evoke the Elemental Powers, in this great moment.—

1 City gates.
2 An order *de part le roi*, "by the authority of the king."
3 "Square of Louis XV."; a noted square west of the Tuileries, or royal residence; now the Place de la Concorde.
4 Then Commandant of Paris.
5 An avenue and public park extending westward from the Place de la Concorde.

* The immediate cause of the French Revolution was a deficiency of revenue and the oppressive taxation of the people—the Commonalty, or Third Estate—to the exemption of the two other Estates, the Nobility and the Clergy. Necker, a Genevese statesman, who was Director General of Finance, convened the States-General, or legislative assemblies, at Versailles in May, 1789. As they failed to come to an agreement, the Third Estate resolved itself into a National Assembly with the object of forming a Constitution. Such in brief was the situation when this narrative opens,—the King and his court at Versailles, just outside of Paris, hopelessly at odds with the National Assembly, and the starving populace in Paris and throughout France beginning to clamor for bread.

† Jean Paul Marat, at one time the Prince d'Artois's horse-leech (horse doctor); one of the earliest inciters to revolution, and a leader of the Jacobin party after it was formed.

‡ Words thus quoted by Carlyle are taken from various memoirs and contemporary documents.

§ Carlyle speaks from the point of view of the Parisian populace, or revolutionists, whom he later calls by the collective name of "Patriotism."

6 disheartening news
7 i. e., Minister of War
8 From Latin *fremo*, to growl.
9 like the ancient Sibyl, or inspired prophetess

* A palace, with galleries and gardens, built by Cardinal Richelieu in the heart of Paris. At this time it was occupied by the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Égalité), one of the nobles who had joined the Commons, and its cafés were the resort of the more violent democrats.

Friends, continues Camille, some rallying sign! Cockades; green ones;—the colour of Hope!—As with the flight of locusts, these green tree-leaves; green ribands from the neighbouring shops; all green things are snatched, and made cockades of. Camille descends from his table; "stifled with embraces, wetted with tears;" has a bit of green ribbon handed him; sticks it in his hat. And now to Curtius' Image-shop there; to the Boulevards; to the four winds, and rest not till France be on fire!

France, so long shaken and wind-parched, is probably at the right inflammable point.—As for poor Curtius, who, one grieves to think, might be but imperfectly paid,—he cannot make two words about his Images. The Wax-bust of Necker, the Wax-bust of D'Orleans, helpers of France: these, covered with crape, as in funeral procession, or after the manner of suppliants appealing to Heaven, to Earth, and Tartarus itself, a mixed multitude bears off. For a sign! As indeed man, with his singular imaginative faculties, can do little or nothing without signs; thus Turks look to their Prophet's Banner; also Osier *Mannikins*[10] have been burnt, and Necker's Portrait has erewhile figured, aloft on its perch.

In this manner march they, a mixed, continually increasing multitude; armed with axes, staves and miscellanea; grim, many-sounding, through the streets. Be all Theatres shut; let all dancing on planked floor, or on the natural greensward, cease! Instead of a Christian Sabbath, and feast of *guinguette*[11] tabernacles, it shall be a Sorcerer's Sabbath;[12] and Paris, gone rabid, dance,—with the Fiend for piper!

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Raging multitudes surround the Hôtel-de-Ville,[13] crying: Arms! Orders! The Six-and-twenty Town-Councillors, with their long gowns, have ducked under (into the raging chaos);—shall never emerge more. Besenval is painfully wriggling himself out, to the Champ-de-Mars;[14] he must sit there "in the cruellest uncertainty!" courier after courier may dash off for Versailles; but will bring back no answer, can hardly bring himself back. For the roads are all blocked with batteries and pickets, with floods of carriages arrested for examination: such was Broglie's one sole order; the Œil-de-Bœuf,[15] hearing in the distance such mad din, which sounded almost like invasion, will before all things keep its own head whole. A new Ministry, with, as it were, but one foot in the stirrup, cannot take leaps. Mad Paris is abandoned altogether to itself.

What a Paris, when the darkness fell! A European metropolitan City hurled suddenly forth from its old combinations and arrangements; to crash tumultuously together, seeking new. Use and wont will now no longer direct any man; each man with what of originality he has, must begin thinking; or following those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals, on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting, and deciding, vanish from under their feet. And so there go they, with clangour and terror, they know not as yet whether running, swimming, or flying,—headlong into the New Era. With clangour and terror: from above, Broglie, the war-god, impends, preternatural, with his redhot cannon-balls; and from below a preternatural Brigand-world menaces with dirk and firebrand: madness rules the hour.

Happily, in place of the submerged Twenty-six, the Electoral Club is gathering; has declared itself a "Provisional Municipality." On the morrow, it will get Provost Flesselles, with an Echevin or two,[16] to give help in many things. For the present it decrees one most essential thing: that forthwith a "Parisian Militia" shall be enrolled. Depart, ye heads of Districts, to labour in this great work; while we here, in Permanent Committee, sit alert. Let fencible[17] men, each party in its own range of streets, keep watch and ward, all night. Let Paris court a little fever-sleep; confused by such fever-dreams, of "violent motions at the Palais Royal;"—or from time to time start awake, and look out, palpitating, in its nightcap, at the clash of discordant mutually-unintelligible Patrols; on the gleam of distant Barriers, going up all-too ruddy towards the vault of Night.

On Monday, the huge City has awoke, not to its week-day industry: to what a different one! The working man has become a fighting man; has one want only: that of arms. The industry of all crafts has paused;—except it be the smith's, fiercely hammering pikes; and, in a faint degree, the kitchener's, cooking offhand victuals, for *bouche va toujours*.[18] Women too are sewing cockades;—not now of *green*, which

10 Images of Guy Fawkes, for example.
11 tea-garden
12 assembly of witches or wizards
13 The Town Hall, which became the rallying place of the democratic party.
14 A military field, south of the Seine.
15 The hall of the king's counsellors, at Versailles.
16 The Provost of Merchants, with his municipal magistrates.
17 capable of defending
18 "Eating must go on."

being D'Artois[19] colour, the Hôtel-de-Ville has had to interfere in it; but of *red* and *blue*, our old Paris colours: these, once based on a ground of constitutional *white*, are the famed TRICOLOR,—Which (if Prophecy err not) "will go round the world."

All shops, unless it be the Bakers' and Vintners', are shut: Paris is in the streets;—rushing, foaming like some Venice wine-glass into which you had dropped poison. The tocsin, by order, is pealing madly from all steeples. Arms, ye Elector Municipals; thou Flesselles with thy Echevins, give us arms! Flesselles gives what he can: fallacious, perhaps insidious promises of arms from Charleville; order to seek arms here, order to seek them there. The new Municipals give what they can; some three hundred and sixty indifferent firelocks, the equipment of the City-watch: "a man in wooden shoes, and without coat, directly clutches one of them, and mounts guard." Also as hinted, an order to all Smiths to make pikes with their whole soul.

Heads of Districts are in fervent consultation; subordinate Patriotism roams distracted, ravenous for arms. Hitherto at the Hôtel-de-Ville was only such modicum of indifferent firelocks as we have seen. At the so-called Arsenal, there lies nothing but rust, rubbish and saltpetre,—overlooked too by the guns of the Bastille. His Majesty's Repository, what they call *Garde-Meuble*, is forced and ransacked: tapestries enough, and gauderies; but of serviceable fighting-gear small stock! Two silver-mounted cannons there are; an ancient gift from his Majesty of Siam to Louis Fourteenth; gilt sword of the Good Henri[20]; antique Chivalry arms and armour. These, and such as these, a necessitous Patriotism snatches greedily, for want of better. The Siamese cannons go trundling, on an errand they were not meant for. Among the indifferent firelocks are seen tourney-lances; the princely helm and hauberk glittering amid ill-hatted heads,—as in a time when all times and their possessions are suddenly sent jumbling!

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In such circumstances, the Aristocrat, the unpatriotic rich man is packing up for departure. But he shall not get departed. A wooden-shod force has seized all Barriers, burnt or not: all that enters, all that seeks to issue, is stopped there, and dragged to the Hôtel-de-Ville: coaches, tumbrils,[21] plate, furniture, "many meal-sacks," in time even "flocks and herds" encumber the Place de Grève.[2]

And so it roars, and rages, and brays: drums beating, steeples pealing; criers rushing with hand-bells: "Oyez,[3] oyez, All men to their Districts to be enrolled!" The Districts have met in gardens, open squares; are getting marshalled into volunteer troops. No redhot ball has yet fallen from Besenval's Camp; on the contrary, Deserters with their arms are continually dropping in: nay now, joy of joys, at two in the afternoon, the Gardes Françaises,[4] being ordered to Saint-Denis, and flatly declining, have come over in a body! It is a fact worth many. Three thousand six hundred of the best fighting men, with complete accoutrement; with cannoneers even, and cannon! Their officers are left standing alone; could not so much as succeed in "spiking the guns." The very Swiss, it may now be hoped, Château-Vieux[5] and the others, will have doubts about fighting.

Our Parisian Militia,—which some think it were better to name National Guard,—is prospering as heart could wish. It promised to be forty-eight thousand; but will in few hours double and quadruple that number: invincible, if we had only arms!

But see, the promised Charleville Boxes, marked *Artillerie!* Here then are arms enough? —Conceive the blank face of Patriotism, when it found them filled with rags, foul linen, candle-ends, and bits of wood! Provost of the Merchants, how is this? Neither at the Chartreux Convent, whither we were sent with signed order, is there or ever was there any weapon of war. Nay here, in this Seine Boat, safe under tarpaulings (had not the nose of Patriotism been of the finest), are "five thousand-weight of gunpowder;" not coming *in*, but surreptitiously going out! What meanest thou, Flesselles? 'Tis a ticklish game, that of "amusing" us. Cat plays with captive mouse: but mouse with enraged cat, with enraged National Tiger?

Meanwhile, the faster, O ye black-aproned Smiths, smite; with strong arm and willing heart. This man and that, all stroke from head to heel, shall thunder alternating, and ply the great forge-hammer, till stithy reel and ring again; while ever and anon, overhead, booms the alarm-cannon,—for the City has now got gunpowder. Pikes are fabricated; fifty thou-

19 Monseigneur d'Artois was an unpopular adherent of the king.
20 Henry of Navarre.
21 two-wheeled carts

2 Now the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville.
3 "Hear ye!"
4 The French Guards, the chief regiment of the French army.
5 A regiment of Swiss troops.

sand of them, in six-and-thirty hours; judge whether the Black-aproned have been idle. Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye others, assiduous, man and maid; cram the earth in barrel-barricades, at each of them a volunteer sentry; pile the whin-stones in window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch, at least boiling water ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it on Royal-Allemand,[6] with your skinny arms: your shrill curses along with it will not be wanting!—Patrols of the new-born National Guard, bearing torches, scour the streets, all that night; which otherwise are vacant, yet illuminated in every window by order. Strange-looking; like some naphtha-lighted City of the Dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed Ghosts.

O poor mortals, how ye make this Earth bitter for each other; this fearful and wonderful Life fearful and horrible; and Satan has his place in all hearts! Such agonies and ragings and wailings ye have, and have had, in all times:—to be buried all, in so deep silence; and the salt sea is not swoln with your tears.

Great meanwhile is the moment, when tidings of Freedom reach us; when the long-enthralled soul, from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and swears by Him that made it, that it will be *free!* Free? Understand that well, it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being, to be *free.* Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's struggles, toilings and sufferings, in this Earth. Yes, supreme is such a moment (if thou have known it): first vision as of a flame-girt Sinai,[1] in this our waste Pilgrimage,—which thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night![2] Something it is even,—nay, something considerable, when the chains have grown *corrosive,* poisonous,—to be free 'from oppression by our fellow-man.' Forward, ye maddened sons of France; be it towards this destiny or towards that! Around you is but starvation, falsehood, corruption and the clam of death. Where ye are is no abiding.

Imagination may, imperfectly, figure how Commandant Besenval, in the Champ-de-Mars, has worn out these sorrowful hours. Insurrection raging all round; his men melting away! From Versailles, to the most pressing messages, comes no answer; or once only some vague word of answer which is worse than none. A Council of Officers can decide merely that there is no decision: Colonels inform him, 'weeping,' that they do not think their men will fight. Cruel uncertainty is here: war-god Broglie sits yonder, inaccessible in his Olympus; does not descend terror-clad, does not produce his whiff of grape-shot;* sends no orders.

Truly, in the Château[3] of Versailles all seems mystery: in the Town of Versailles, were we there, all is rumour, alarm and indignation. An august National Assembly sits, to appearance, menaced with death; endeavouring to defy death. It has resolved 'that Necker carries with him the regrets of the Nation.' It has sent solemn Deputation over to the Château, with entreaty to have these troops withdrawn. In vain: his Majesty, with a singular composure, invites us to be busy rather with our own duty, making the Constitution! . . .

So at Versailles. But at Paris, agitated Besenval, before retiring for the night, has stept over to old M. de Sombreuil, of the *Hôtel des Invalides*[4] hard by. M. de Sombreuil has, what is a great secret, some eight-and-twenty-thousand stand of muskets deposited in his cellars there; but no trust in the temper of his Invalides. This day, for example, he sent twenty of the fellows down to unscrew those muskets; lest Sedition might snatch at them: but scarcely, in six hours, had the twenty unscrewed twenty gun-locks, or dogsheads (*chiens*) of locks,—each Invalide his dogshead! If ordered to fire, they would, he imagines, turn their cannon against himself.

Unfortunate old military gentlemen, it is your hour, not of glory! Old Marquis de Launay too, of the Bastille, has pulled up his drawbridges long since, 'and retired into his interior;' with sentries walking on his battlements, under the midnight sky, aloft over the glare of illuminated Paris;—whom a National Patrol passing that way, takes the liberty of firing at: 'seven shots towards twelve at night,' which do not take effect. This was the 13th day of July 1789; a worse day, many said, than the last 13th was, when only hail fell out of Heaven, not madness rose out of Tophet,[5] ruining worse than crops!

. . . . . .

6 A regiment of German troops.

1 The mountain on which the law was given to Moses. *Exodus,* xix.

2 *Exodus,* xiii, 21.

3 The residence of the king.

4 An establishment for disabled soldiers, not far from the Champs de Mars.

5 Hell.

* Broglie had boasted that he would settle the Third Estate with a "whiff of grape-shot" (*salve de canons*). Six years later the whiff was delivered by Napoleon, and the Revolution ended. See the next to the last chapter of Carlyle's *History.*

But . . . a new, Fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted City is the nodus[6] of a drama, not untragical, crowding towards solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces; the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit[7] you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs, by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless Permanent Committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous: Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville Boxes. A hundred-and-fifty-thousand of us; and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept,—that there lie muskets at the *Hôtel des Invalides*. Thither will we: King's Procureur[8] M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a Permanent Committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's Camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas, poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humour to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the *École Militaire*,[9] a 'figure' stood suddenly at his bedside; 'with face rather handsome; eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious;' such a figure drew Priam's curtains![10] The message and monition of the figure was, that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure: and vanished. 'Withal there was a kind of eloquence that struck one.' Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be? Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi,[11] inflamed with 'violent motions all night at the Palais Royal?' Fame names him, 'Young M. Meillar'; then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold, about nine in the morning, our National Volunteers rolling in long wide flood, south-westward to the *Hôtel des Invalides;* in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the Curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific, at the head of his militant Parish; the Clerks of the Basoche[12] in red coats we see marching, now Volunteers of the Basoche; the Volunteers of the Palais Royal:—National Volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands; of one heart and mind. The King's muskets are the Nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers; but it skills[13] not: the walls are scaled, no Invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in, tumultuous, from grunsel[14] up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages; rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar, or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found; all safe there; lying packed in straw,—apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangour and vociferation, pounces on them; struggling, dashing, clutching:—to the jamming-up, to the pressure, fracture and probable extinction of the weaker Patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant Orchestra-music, the Scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient firelocks are on the shoulders of as many National Guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets, as they flash by: Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon levelled on him; ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the River. Motionless sits he; 'astonished,' one may flatter oneself, 'at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians.'—And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grapeshot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew 'into his interior' soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hôtel-de-Ville 'invites' him to admit National Soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand, His Majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old Invalides, reinforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls indeed are nine feet thick, he has cannon and

6 "knot," tangle, plot
7 acquit
8 Attorney
9 Military School; by the Champs de Mars.
10 Cp. Goldsmith's *The Haunch of Venison,* l. 110 and note.
11 Another of the nobles who had joined the people.
12 A collective term for "the Law."
13 avails
14 groundsill

powder; but, alas, only one day's provision of victuals. The city, too, is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry every where: To the Bastille! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale*[1]: the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man!* Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "*Que voulez-vous?*"[2] said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean *you*? Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height,"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom however, it produces but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des buissons*). They think they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Wo to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grapeshot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *un*questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, —which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The Outer Drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the Outer Court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his Drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun, with its grapeshot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais,[3] old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus:[4] let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him; the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avancée, Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers; a labyrinthic Mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as

1 The signal for assembling, or of alarm.
2 "What do you want? What do you mean?"

* The Faubourg St. Antoine, or east side of Paris, much like the east side of London, is mainly a residence of the lower classes.

3 A manufacturing quarter of Paris.
4 Hades.

we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes[5] was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals;* no one would heed him in coloured clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grapeshots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville;—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is 'pale to the very lips,' for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways, by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom[6] which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the Marine Service, fresh from Brest,[7] ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like): Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn;[8] the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence,[9] and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighbouring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides mess-rooms. A distracted 'Peruke-maker with two fiery torches' is for burning 'the saltpetres of the Arsenal;'—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy,[10] instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse;[11] but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choking of Patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Réole the 'gigantic haberdasher' another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the Crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville; Abbé Fauchat (who was of one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous Brewer of the Suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a 'mixture of phosphorus and oil-of-turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps:' O Spinola-Santerre,† hast thou the mixture *ready?* Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher[12] Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille Clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down, in their vaults, the seven Prisoners hear muffled

5 An ancient fable; see *Iliad*, III, 5.
6 maëlstrom, whirlpool
7 The principal naval port of France.
8 "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" *1 Henry IV.*, III, iii, 93.
9 stage-coach
10 some knowledge of physics

* Carlyle is here merely reporting a glimpse of Elie as he gets it from some record. He has earlier described these two captains, Elie and Hulin, as "both with an air of half-pay."

11 straw mattress
12 *huissier*, constable

† General Spinola in 1625 took the fortress of Breda in Holland.

din as of earthquakes; their Turnkeys answer vaguely.

Wo to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy: Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf.[13] "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple!*[14] Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years——!—But let the curtains of the Future hang.[15]

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the Powder-Magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless, he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in nowise be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honour; but think, ye brawling *canaille,*[16] how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint-Stephen and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck[17] confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts,* which are truer than their *thoughts:* it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring, and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade,*[18] or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened in the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher; one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry; Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—"*Foi d' officier,* On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes-in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*[19]

13 "New Bridge."
14 "Advice to the People."
15 He was assassinated by Charlotte Corday, July 13, 1793.
16 rabble
17 Of Germany. A *Ritter* is a knight.
18 parley
19 "Victory! The Bastille is taken!"—After the first anniversary of its capture, this ancient fortress and prison was razed to the ground.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859)

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

London in 1685. From Chapter III

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed.

The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone,[1] and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude; and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London.[2] On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion, worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomy,[3] with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.

. . . . . .

He who then rambled to what is now the gayest and most crowded part of Regent Street[4] found himself in a solitude, and was sometimes so fortunate as to have a shot at a woodcock. On the north the Oxford road ran between hedges. Three or four hundred yards to the south were the garden walls of a few great houses which were considered as quite out of town. On the west was a meadow renowned for a spring from which, long afterwards, Conduit Street was named. On the east was a field not to be passed without a shudder by any Londoner of that age. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, twenty years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit into which the dead-carts had nightly shot corpses by scores. It was popularly believed that the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life. No foundations were laid there till two generations had passed without any return of the pestilence, and till the ghastly spot had long been surrounded by buildings.

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden[5] a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields[6] was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper[7] was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighbourhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.

Saint James's Square[8] was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster.[9] At one time a cudgel player[10] kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond,

1 Popularly pronounced Marlibun, or Maribun.
2 Cp. Cowley: *Discourse of Solitude.*
3 In West Africa. (This is a description of the famous old London Bridge.)
4 A fashionable shopping district in West London.
5 A piazza north of the Strand; a fruit and flower market.
6 The largest of London's squares, surrounded by lawyers' offices and ancient mansions.
7 beggar and impostor
8 The site of the most aristocratic mansions and clubs.
9 The portion of London which was once the city of Westminster; the site of the Government houses.
10 One skilled in contests with cudgels or staves.

Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel.[11] If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.[12]

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen,[13] porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity: yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period rose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk. The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their homes; and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in alehouses than to pace the streets.

11 gutter

12 In Whitehall, the region of the Government offices.

13 sedan-chair bearers

The London Coffee Houses. From Chapter III

The coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the

growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's[1] administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington,[2] to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients.[3] One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved*[4] ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars,[5] sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hotten-

1 Thomas Osborn, Lord Treasurer under Charles II.

2 A character in Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*. As an example of the dialect Macaulay gives the word Lord, pronounced Lard.

3 Between Perrault and Boileau, two members of the French Academy, arose about 1687 a famous quarrel over the respective merits of modern and ancient literature.

4 By Thomas Otway, a contemporary dramatist.

5 Students or lawyers residing in the Temple.

tots. On the other hand, when the Lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's show. Moneydroppers,[6] sore from the cart's tail,[7] introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to Saint James's,[8] his informants sent him to Mile End.[9] If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

The Battle of Killiecrankie. From Chapter XIII*

While these things were passing in the Parliament House, the civil war in the Highlands, having been during a few weeks suspended, broke forth again more violently than before. Since the splendour of the House of Argyle[1] had been eclipsed, no Gaelic chief could vie in power with the Marquess of Athol. The district from which he took his title, and of which he might almost be called the sovereign, was in extent larger than an ordinary county, and was more fertile, more diligently cultivated, and more thickly peopled than the greater part of the Highlands. The men who followed his banner were supposed to be not less numerous than all the Macdonalds and Macleans united, and were, in strength and courage, inferior to no tribe in the mountains. But the clan had been made insignificant by the insignificance of the chief. The Marquess was the falsest, the most fickle, the most pusillanimous, of mankind. Already, in the short space of six months, he had been several times a Jacobite, and several times a Williamite. Both Jacobites and Williamites regarded him with contempt and distrust, which respect for his immense power prevented them from fully expressing. After repeatedly vowing fidelity to both parties, and repeatedly betraying both, he began to think that he should best provide for his safety by abdicating the functions both of a peer and of a chieftain, by absenting himself both from the Parliament House at Edinburgh and from his castle in the mountains, and by quitting the country to which he was bound by every tie of duty and honour at the very crisis of her fate. While all Scotland was waiting with impatience and anxiety to see in which army his numerous retainers would be arrayed, he stole away to England, settled himself at Bath, and pretended to drink the waters. His principality, left without a head, was divided against itself. The general leaning of the Athol men was towards King James. For they had been employed by him, only four years before, as the ministers of his vengeance against the House of Argyle. They had garrisoned Inverary: they had ravaged Lorn: they had demolished houses, cut down fruit trees, burned fishing boats, broken millstones, hanged Campbells, and were therefore not likely to be pleased by the prospect of MacCallum More's[2] restoration. One word from the Marquess

6 Confidence men who drop money and pretend to find it for purposes of fraud.

7 Offenders were tied to the end of a cart and whipped through the streets.

8 In West London.

9 In East London.

* The events here described took place in July, 1689, during the English Revolution. James the Second had lately been deposed, but the success of the party of William was still in doubt. In Scotland, William was supported by the parliament at Edinburgh and had a body of troops commanded by General Mackay. On the other hand, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, had gathered about him his own Lowland adherents and a considerable force of Highland clansmen who supported James. Compare Scott's poem, *Bonny Dundee*, p. 448.

1 The Campbells. The last Earl of Argyle had been executed for participating in Monmouth's rising against James.

2 A name given to the Dukes and Earls of Argyle.

3 broadswords

would have sent two thousand claymores[3] to the Jacobite side. But that word he would not speak; and the consequence was, that the conduct of his followers was as irresolute and inconsistent as his own.

While they were waiting for some indication of his wishes, they were called to arms at once by two leaders, either of whom might, with some show of reason, claim to be considered as the representative of the absent chief. Lord Murray, the Marquess's eldest son, who was married to a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, declared for King William. Stewart of Ballenach, the Marquess's confidential agent, declared for King James. The people knew not which summons to obey. He whose authority would have been held in profound reverence, had plighted faith to both sides, and had then run away for fear of being under the necessity of joining either; nor was it very easy to say whether the place which he had left vacant belonged to his steward or to his heir apparent.

The most important military post in Athol was Blair Castle. The house which now bears that name is not distinguished by any striking peculiarity from other country seats of the aristocracy. The old building was a lofty tower of rude architecture which commanded a vale watered by the Garry. The walls would have offered very little resistance to a battering train, but were quite strong enough to keep the herdsmen of the Grampians[4] in awe. About five miles south of this stronghold, the valley of the Garry contracts itself into the celebrated glen of Killiecrankie. At present a highway as smooth as any road in Middlesex[5] ascends gently from the low country to the summit of the defile. White villas peep from the birch forest; and, on a fine summer day, there is scarcely a turn of the pass at which may not be seen some angler casting his fly on the foam of the river, some artist sketching a pinnacle of rock, or some party of pleasure banqueting on the turf in the fretwork of shade and sunshine. But, in the days of William the Third, Killiecrankie was mentioned with horror by the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Perthshire lowlands. It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. The sound, so musical to modern ears, of the river brawling round the mossy rocks and among the smooth pebbles, the masses of grey crag and verdure worthy of the pencil of Wilson,[6] the fantastic peaks bathed, at sunrise and sunset, with light rich as that which glows on the canvass of Claude,[7] suggested to our ancestors thoughts of murderous ambuscades and of bodies stripped, gashed, and abandoned to the birds of prey. The only path was narrow and rugged: a horse could with difficulty be led up: two men could hardly walk abreast; and, in some places, the way ran so close by the precipice that the traveller had great need of a steady eye and foot. Many years later, the first Duke of Athol constructed a road up which it was just possible to drag his coach. But even that road was so steep and so strait that a handful of resolute men might have defended it against an army; nor did any Saxon[8] consider a visit to Killiecrankie as a pleasure, till experience had taught the English Government that the weapons by which the Celtic clans could be most effectually subdued were the pickaxe and the spade.

The country which lay just above this pass was now the theatre of a war such as the Highlands had not often witnessed. Men wearing the same tartan, and attached to the same lord, were arrayed against each other. The name of the absent chief was used, with some show of reason, on both sides. Ballenach, at the head of a body of vassals who considered him as the representative of the Marquess, occupied Blair Castle. Murray, with twelve hundred followers, appeared before the walls and demanded to be admitted into the mansion of his family, the mansion which would one day be his own. The garrison refused to open the gates. Messages were sent off by the besiegers to Edinburgh, and by the besieged to Lochaber.[9] In both places the tidings produced great agitation. Mackay and Dundee agreed in thinking that the crisis required prompt and strenuous exertion. On the fate of Blair Castle probably depended the fate of all Athol. On the fate of Athol might depend the fate of Scotland. Mackay hastened northward, and ordered his troops to assemble in the low country of Perthshire. Some of them were quartered at such a distance that they did not arrive in time. He soon, however, had with him the three Scotch regiments which had served in Holland, and which bore the names of their Colonels, Mackay himself, Balfour, and Ramsay. There was also a gallant regiment of infantry from England, then called Hastings's,

4 A mountain system in Scotland.
5 An English county which then included a great part of the metropolis of London.
6 Richard Wilson, English landscape painter.
7 Claude Lorrain, French landscape painter.
8 An Englishman or Lowlander, as opposed to the Highlanders, who are Celts.
9 Mackay was at Edinburgh, Dundee in the district of Lochaber.

but now known as the thirteenth of the line. With these old troops were joined two regiments newly levied in the Lowlands. One of them was commanded by Lord Kenmore; the other, which had been raised on the Border, and which is still styled the King's Own Borderers, by Lord Leven. Two troops of horse, Lord Annandale's and Lord Belhaven's, probably made up the army to the number of above three thousand men. Belhaven rode at the head of his troop: but Annandale, the most factious of all Montgomery's followers, preferred the Club and the Parliament House to the field.*

Dundee, meanwhile, had summoned all the clans which acknowledged his commission to assemble for an expedition into Athol. His exertions were strenuously seconded by Lochiel.[10] The fiery crosses[11] were sent again in all haste through Appin and Ardnamurchan, up Glenmore, and along Loch Leven. But the call was so unexpected, and the time allowed was so short, that the muster was not a very full one. The whole number of broadswords seems to have been under three thousand. With this force, such as it was, Dundee set forth. On his march he was joined by succours which had just arrived from Ulster. They consisted of little more than three hundred Irish foot, ill armed, ill clothed, and ill disciplined. Their commander was an officer named Cannon, who had seen service in the Netherlands, and who might perhaps have acquitted himself well in a subordinate post and in a regular army, but who was altogether unequal to the part now assigned him. He had already loitered among the Hebrides so long that some ships which had been sent with him, and which were laden with stores, had been taken by English cruisers. He and his soldiers had with difficulty escaped the same fate. Incompetent as he was, he bore a commission which gave him military rank in Scotland next to Dundee.

The disappointment was severe. In truth James would have done better to withhold all assistance from the Highlanders than to mock them by sending them, instead of the well appointed army which they had asked and expected, a rabble contemptible in numbers and appearance. It was now evident that whatever was done for his cause in Scotland must be done by Scottish hands.

While Mackay from one side, and Dundee from the other, were advancing towards Blair Castle, important events had taken place there. Murray's adherents soon began to waver in their fidelity to him. They had an old antipathy to Whigs; for they considered the name of Whig as synonymous with the name of Campbell. They saw arrayed against them a large number of their kinsmen, commanded by a gentleman who was supposed to possess the confidence of the Marquess. The besieging army therefore melted rapidly away. Many returned home on the plea that, as their neighbourhood was about to be the seat of war, they must place their families and cattle in security. Others more ingenuously declared that they would not fight in such a quarrel. One large body went to a brook, filled their bonnets with water, drank a health to King James, and then dispersed. Their zeal for King James, however did not induce them to join the standard of his general. They lurked among the rocks and thickets which overhang the Garry, in the hope that there would soon be a battle, and that, whatever might be the event, there would be fugitives and corpses to plunder.

Murray was in a strait. His force had dwindled to three or four hundred men: even in those men he could put little trust; and the Macdonalds and Camerons were advancing fast. He therefore raised the siege of Blair Castle, and retired with a few followers into the defile of Killiecrankie. There he was soon joined by a detachment of two hundred fusileers whom Mackay had sent forward to secure the pass. The main body of the Lowland army speedily followed.

Early in the morning of Saturday the twenty-seventh of July, Dundee arrived at Blair Castle. There he learned that Mackay's troops were already in the ravine of Killiecrankie. It was necessary to come to a prompt decision. A council of war was held. The Saxon officers were generally against hazarding a battle. The Celtic chiefs were of a different opinion. Glengarry[12] and Lochiel were now both of a mind. "Fight, my Lord," said Lochiel with his usual energy; "fight immediately: fight, if you have only one to three. Our men are in heart. Their only fear is that the enemy should escape. Give them their way; and be assured that they will either perish or gain a complete victory. But if you restrain them, if you force them to remain on the defensive, I answer for nothing. If we do not fight, we had better break up and retire to our mountains."

Dundee's countenance brightened. "You hear, gentlemen," he said to his Lowland

10 Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel.

11 The signal for a gathering.

* Sir James Montgomery, a malcontent scheming for office, had formed a club at Edinburgh to concert plans of secret opposition to the king.

12 Macdonald of Glengarry, another Highland chieftain.

officers, "you hear the opinion of one who understands Highland war better than any of us." No voice was raised on the other side. It was determined to fight; and the confederated clans in high spirits set forward to encounter the enemy.

The enemy meanwhile had made his way up the pass. The ascent had been long and toilsome: for even the foot had to climb by twos and threes; and the baggage horses, twelve hundred in number, could mount only one at a time. No wheeled carriage had ever been tugged up that arduous path. The head of the column had emerged and was on the table land while the rearguard was still in the plain below. At length the passage was effected; and the troops found themselves in a valley of no great extent. Their right was flanked by a rising ground, their left by the Garry. Wearied with the morning's work, they threw themselves on the grass to take some rest and refreshment.

Early in the afternoon, they were roused by an alarm that the Highlanders were approaching. Regiment after regiment started up and got into order. In a little while the summit of an ascent which was about a musket shot before them was covered with bonnets and plaids. Dundee[13] rode forward for the purpose of surveying the force with which he was to contend, and then drew up his own men with as much skill as their peculiar character permitted him to exert. It was desirable to keep the clans distinct. Each tribe, large or small, formed a column separated from the next column by a wide interval. One of these battalions might contain seven hundred men, while another consisted of only a hundred and twenty. Lochiel had represented that it was impossible to mix men of different tribes without destroying all that constituted the peculiar strength of a Highland army.

On the right, close to the Garry, were the Macleans. Nearest to them were Cannon and his Irish foot. Next stood the Macdonalds of Clanronald, commanded by the guardian of their young prince. On their left were other bands of Macdonalds. At the head of one large battalion towered the stately form of Glengarry, who bore in his hand the royal standard of King James the Seventh.[14] Still further to the left were the cavalry, a small squadron consisting of some Jacobite gentlemen who had fled from the Lowlands to the mountains and of about forty of Dundee's old troopers. The horses had been ill fed and ill tended among the Grampians, and looked miserably lean and feeble. Beyond them was Lochiel with his Camerons. On the extreme left, the men of Sky were marshalled by Macdonald of Sleat.

In the Highlands, as in all countries where war has not become a science, men thought it the most important duty of a commander to set an example of personal courage and of bodily exertion. Lochiel was especially renowned for his physical prowess. His clansmen looked big with pride when they related how he had himself broken hostile ranks and hewn down tall warriors. He probably owed quite as much of his influence to these achievements as to the high qualities which, if fortune had placed him in the English Parliament or at the French court, would have made him one of the foremost men of his age. He had the sense however to perceive how erroneous was the notion which his country men had formed. He knew that to give and to take blows was not the business of a general. He knew with how much difficulty Dundee had been able to keep together, during a few days, an army composed of several clans; and he knew that what Dundee had effected with difficulty Cannon would not be able to effect at all. The life on which so much depended must not be sacrificed to a barbarous prejudice. Lochiel therefore adjured Dundee not to run into any unnecessary danger. "Your Lordship's business," he said, "is to overlook everything, and to issue your commands. Our business is to execute those commands bravely and promptly." Dundee answered with calm magnanimity that there was much weight in what his friend Sir Ewan had urged, but that no general could effect anything great without possessing the confidence of his men. "I must establish my character for courage. Your people expect to see their leaders in the thickest of the battle; and to-day they shall see me there. I promise you, on my honour, that in future fights I will take more care of myself."

Meanwhile a fire of musketry was kept up on both sides, but more skillfully and more steadily by the regular soldiers than by the mountaineers. The space between the armies was one cloud of smoke. Not a few Highlanders dropped; and the clans grew impatient. The sun however was low in the west before Dundee gave the order to prepare for action. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toil of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer. "We shall do it now," said Lochiel: "that is not

13 Here the narrative returns abruptly to the Jacobite army.

14 James Second of England was James Seventh of Scotland.

the cry of men who are going to win." He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. The whole line advanced firing. The enemy returned the fire and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock: but this was then a long and awkward process; and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their guns and the handles of their bayonets when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down while struggling in the press. Ramsey's men turned their backs and dropped their arms. Mackay's own foot were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore. The latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge of horse might recover the day! for of horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called on the horse in vain. Belhaven indeed behaved like a gallant gentleman: but his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder; Annandale's men followed: all was over; and the mingled torrent of redcoats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

Mackay, accompanied by one trusty servant, spurred bravely through the thickest of the claymores and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His whole army had disappeared, with the exception of some Borderers whom Leven had kept together, and of the English regiment, which had poured a murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still kept unbroken order. All the men that could be collected were only a few hundreds. The general made haste to lead them across the Garry, and, having put that river between them and the enemy, paused for a moment to meditate on his situation.

He could hardly understand how the conquerors could be so unwise as to allow him even that moment for deliberation. They might with ease have killed or taken all who were with him before the night closed in. But the energy of the Celtic warriors had spent itself in one furious rush and one short struggle. The pass was choked by the twelve hundred beasts of burden which carried the provisions and baggage of the vanquished army. Such a booty was irresistibly tempting to men who were impelled to war quite as much by the desire of rapine as by the desire of glory. It is probable that few even of the chiefs were disposed to leave so rich a prize for the sake of King James. Dundee himself might at that moment have been unable to persuade his followers to quit the heaps of spoil, and to complete the great work of the day; and Dundee was no more.

At the beginning of the action he had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode forward. But it seemed to be decreed that, on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him: his horse sprang forward and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious general. A person named Johnstone was near him and caught him as he sank down from the saddle. "How goes the day?" said Dundee. "Well for King James;" answered Johnstone: "but I am sorry for Your Lordship." "If it is well for him," answered the dying man, "it matters the less for me." He never spoke again: but when, half an hour later, Lord Dunfermline and some other friends came to the spot, they thought that they could still discern some faint remains of life. The body wrapped in two plaids, was carried to the Castle of Blair.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801-1890)

SITE OF A UNIVERSITY†

If we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, to the bright and beautiful Athens,—Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life the youth of the Western World for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach, it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East, and in the loveliness of the region in which it lay. Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*,[1] the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom.

Pisistratus‡ had in an early age discovered and nursed the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian war,[2] had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she had become an imperial state; and the Ionians,[3] bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, were importing into her both their merchandise and their civilization. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not content with patronizing their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos,§ of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves, which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was one of the most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wild wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilization, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her prosperity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora,[4] for many generations.

Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the western world. Then commenced what may be called her University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece: in this he failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias[5] and Anaxagoras[6] led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would go to war; peace is the interest of a seat of commerce and the arts; but to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman.* Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens, the city of mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed

1 the world

2 B. C. 500-449. Cimon, having signally defeated the Persians in 466 B. C., made liberal use of his spoils in adorning Athens.

3 Greeks of Asia Minor.

† From *The Rise and Progress of Universities*, originally published in 1854. Newman's large purpose, in this and his related works, of setting forth an ideal of University life and training, cannot be conveyed in an extract; but the present selection may afford some hint of it, besides exemplifying the author's imagination and rhetoric in their more gracious aspects.

‡ A ruler of Athens in the sixth century B. C., who established the groves and gymnasium known as the Lyceum, and who is said to have commissioned a body of scholars to collect and write down the poems of Homer.

4 The Market, or Exchange.

5 Sculptor of the frieze of the Parthenon, etc.

6 A philosopher.

§ Porches, or independent covered walks, often built in magnificent style, and used as outdoor resorts for conversation, study, or pleasure. In the Academy, mentioned just below, Plato taught for nearly fifty years.

* After the death of Mithridates, a powerful enemy of the Romans, Cappadocia passed into Roman control. The significance of the passage is that Athens was at the center of the great conflicts of races—of the South against the North, and the East against the West.

by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which, in the same perfection, was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of the Bœotian intellect:† on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face of even a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus[1] or beech of the Umbrian hills.[2] He would say nothing of the thyme and the thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca[3] were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all except to bless his stars that he was not upon it.[4] Nor the distinct details, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate[5] perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all that a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater[6] at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first

1 strawberry-tree, madroña

2 In Italy.

† "As the nimble Attics would say, a glorious climate for eels, but a bad air for brains."—B. L. Gildersleeve. Yet Pindar was a Bœotian.

3 Islands in the Mediterranean.

4 The Ægean is famous for squalls.

5 not originated, self existing, divine

6 fostering mother

in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay, luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill, which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.

Here some one will interrupt me with the remark: "By the by, where are we, and whither are we going?—what has all this to do with a University? at least what has it to do with education? It is instructive doubtless; but still how much has it to do with your subject?" Now I beg to assure the reader that I am most conscientiously employed upon my subject; and I should have thought every one would have seen this: however, since the objection is made, I may be allowed to pause awhile, and show distinctly the drift of what I have been saying, before I go farther. *What* has this to do with my subject! why, the question of the *site* is the very first that comes into consideration, when a *Studium Generale*[7] is contemplated; for that site should be a liberal and a noble one; who will deny it? All authorities agree in this, and very little reflection will be sufficient to make it clear. I recollect a conversation I once had on this very subject with a very eminent man.* I was a youth of eighteen, and was leaving my University for the Long Vacation, when I found myself in company in a public conveyance with a middle-aged person, whose face was strange to me. However, it was the great academical luminary of the day, whom afterwards I knew very well. Luckily for me, I did not suspect it; and luckily too, it was a fancy of his, as his friends knew, to make himself on easy terms especially with stage-coach companions. So, what with my flippancy and his condescension, I managed to hear many things which were novel to me at the time; and one point which he was strong upon, and was evidently fond of urging, was the material pomp and circumstance which should environ a great seat of learning. He considered it was worth the consideration of the government, whether Oxford should not stand in a domain of its own. An ample range, say four miles in diameter, should be turned into wood and meadow, and the University should be approached on all sides by a magnificent park, with fine trees in groups and groves and avenues, and with glimpses and views of the fair city, as the traveller drew near it. There is nothing surely absurd in the idea, though it would cost a round sum to realize it. What has a better claim to the purest and fairest possessions of nature, than the seat of wisdom? So thought my coach companion; and he did but express the tradition of ages and the instinct of mankind.

For instance, take the great University of Paris. That famous school engrossed as its territory the whole south bank of the Seine, and occupied one half, and that the pleasanter half, of the city. King Louis had the island pretty well as his own,—it was scarcely more than a fortification; and the north of the river was given over to the nobles and citizens to do what they could with its marshes; but the eligible south, rising from the stream, which swept around its base, to the fair summit of St. Genevieve, with its broad meadows, its vineyards and its gardens, and with the sacred elevation of Montmartre[8] confronting it, all this was the inheritance of the University. There was that pleasant Pratum,[9] stretching along the river's bank, in which the students for centuries took their recreation, which Alcuin[10] seems to mention in his farewell verses

7 School of Universal Learning.

8 "Mount of Martyrs," north of the Seine; so named from the tradition that St. Denis, Bishop of Paris, suffered martyrdom there.

9 Latin for "meadow"; French, *pré*.

10 An English scholar who was Charlemagne's superintendent of education.

* Probably Dr. Edward Copleston (1776-1849), Provost of Oriel College, where Newman later became a Fellow. It was he who raised Oriel to a position of leadership at Oxford.

to Paris, and which has given a name to the great Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés.[11] For long years it was devoted to the purposes of innocent and healthy enjoyment; but evil times came on the University; disorder arose within its precincts, and the fair meadow became the scene of party brawls; heresy stalked through Europe, and Germany and England no longer sending their contingent of students, a heavy debt was the consequence to the academical body. To let their land was the only resource left to them: buildings rose upon it, and spread along the green sod, and the country at length became town. Great was the grief and indignation of the doctors and masters, when this catastrophe occurred. "A wretched sight," said the Proctor of the German nation,[12] "a wretched sight, to witness the sale of that ancient manor, whither the Muses were wont to wander for retirement and pleasure. Whither shall the youthful student now betake himself, what relief will he find for his eyes, wearied with intense reading, now that the pleasant stream is taken from him?" Two centuries and more have passed since this complaint was uttered; and time has shown that the outward calamity, which it recorded, was but the emblem of the great moral revolution, which was to follow; till the institution itself has followed its green meadows, into the region of things which once were and now are not.[13]

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

A CHRISTMAS TREE*

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas Tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers; and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; and there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French-polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day clocks, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made, in tin, at Wolverhampton[1]), perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men—and no wonder, for their heads took off, and showed them to be full of sugar-plums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweetmeat-boxes, peep-show boxes, and all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets for the elder girls, far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pincushions in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were witches standing in enchanted rings of pasteboard, to tell fortunes; there were teetotums, humming-tops, needle-cases, pen-wipers, smelling-bottles, conversation-cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially dazzling with goldleaf; imitation apples, pears, and walnuts, crammed with surprises; in short, as a pretty child before me delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything, and more." This motley collection of odd objects, clustering on the tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks directed towards it from every side—some of the diamond-eyes admiring it were hardly on a level with the table, and a few were languishing in timid wonder on the bosoms of pretty mothers, aunts, and nurses—made a lively realization of the fancies of childhood; and set me thinking how all the trees that grow and all the things that come into existence on the earth, have their wild adornments at that well-remembered time.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. I begin to consider, what do we all remember best upon the branches of the Christmas Tree of our own young Christmas days, by which we climbed to real life.

Straight, in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow

[11] Founded about 542 and dedicated to St. Germain, Bishop of Paris.

[12] The Dean of the resident German students.

[13] During the French revolution, the Faculties of the University were abolished and its organization destroyed. In Newman's time it was only a member of the National University of France, but in 1896 it became once more the University of Paris.

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* Contributed by Dickens to *Household Words*, Dec. 21, 1850.

[1] In Staffordshire; a center for the manufacture of hardware.

downward towards the earth—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections!

All toys at first I find. Up yonder, among the green holly and red berries, is the Tumbler with his hands in his pockets, who wouldn't lie down, but whenever he was put upon the floor, persisted in rolling his fat body about, until he rolled himself still, and brought those lobster eyes of his to bear upon me—when I affected to laugh very much, but in my heart of hearts was extremely doubtful of him. Close beside him is that infernal snuff-box, out of which there sprang a demoniacal Counsellor in a black gown, with an obnoxious head of hair, and a red cloth mouth, wide open, who was not to be endured on any terms, but could not be put away either; for he used suddenly, in a highly magnified state, to fly out of Mammoth Snuff-boxes in dreams, when least expected. Nor is the frog with cobbler's wax on his tail, far off; for there was no knowing where he wouldn't jump; and when he flew over the candle, and came upon one's hand with that spotted back—red on a green ground—he was horrible. The cardboard lady in a blue-silk skirt, who was stood up against the candlestick to dance, and whom I see on the same branch, was milder, and was beautiful; but I can't say as much for the larger cardboard man, who used to be hung against the wall and pulled by a string; there was a sinister expression in that nose of his; and when he got his legs round his neck (which he very often did), he was ghastly, and not a creature to be alone with.

When did that dreadful Mask first look at me? Who put it on, and why was I so frightened that the sight of it is an era in my life? It is not a hideous visage in itself; it is even meant to be droll; why then were its stolid features so intolerable? Surely not because it hid the wearer's face. An apron would have done as much; and though I should have preferred even the apron away, it would not have been absolutely insupportable, like the mask. Was it the immovability of the mask? The doll's face was immovable, but I was not afraid of *her*. Perhaps that fixed and set change coming over a real face, infused into my quickened heart some remote suggestion and dread of the universal change that is to come on every face, and make it still? Nothing reconciled me to it. No drummers, from whom proceeded a melancholy chirping on the turning of a handle; no regiment of soldiers, with a mute band, taken out of a box, and fitted, one by one, upon a stiff and lazy little set of lazy-tongs;[1] no old woman, made of wires and a brown-paper composition, cutting up a pie for two small children; could give me a permanent comfort, for a long time. Nor was it any satisfaction to be shown the Mask, and see that it was made of paper, or to have it locked up and be assured that no one wore it. The mere recollection of that fixed face, the mere knowledge of its existence anywhere, was sufficient to awake me in the night all perspiration and horror, with, "O I know it's coming! O the mask!"

I never wondered what the dear old donkey with the panniers—there he is!—was made of, then! His hide was real to the touch, I recollect. And the great black horse with the round red spots all over him—the horse that I could even get upon—I never wondered what had brought him to that strange condition, or thought that such a horse was not commonly seen at Newmarket.[2] The four horses of no colour, next to him, that went into the waggon of cheeses, and could be taken out and stabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur-tippet for their tails, and other bits for their manes, and to stand on pegs instead of legs; but it was not so when they were brought home for a Christmas present. They were all right then; neither was their harness unceremoniously nailed into their chests, as appears to be the case now. The tinkling works of the music-cart, I *did* find out to be made of quill tooth-picks and wire; and I always thought that little tumbler in his shirt sleeves, perpetually swarming up one side of a wooden frame, and coming down, head foremost, on the other, rather a weak-minded person—though good-natured; but the Jacob's Ladder,[3] next him, made of little squares of red wood, that went flapping and clattering over one another, each developing a different picture, and the whole enlivened by small bells, was a mighty marvel and a great delight.

Ah! The Doll's house!—of which I was not proprietor, but where I visited. I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with real glass windows, and door-steps, and a real balcony—greener than I ever see now, except at watering-places; and even they afford but a poor imitation. And though it *did* open all at once, the entire house-front (which was a blow, I admit, as cancelling

1 Scissors-like, extensible tongs, commonly used for picking up objects at a distance.

2 Newmarket Heath, where annual horse races are held.

3 Name taken from *Genesis*, xxviii, 12.

the fiction of a staircase), it was but to shut it up again, and I could believe. Even open, there were three distinct rooms in it: a sitting-room and bedroom, elegantly furnished, and best of all, a kitchen, with uncommonly soft fire-irons, a plentiful assortment of diminutive utensils—oh, the warming-pan!—and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish. What Barmecide justice[4] have I done to the noble feasts wherein the set of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss! Could all the Temperance Societies of these later days, united, give me such a tea-drinking as I have had through the means of yonder little set of blue crockery, which really would hold liquid (it ran out of the small wooden cask, I recollect, and tasted of matches), and which made tea, nectar. And if the two legs of the ineffectual little sugar-tongs did tumble over one another, and want purpose, like Punch's[5] hands, what does it matter? And if I did once shriek out, as a poisoned child, and strike the fashionable company with consternation, by reason of having drunk a little teaspoon, inadvertently dissolved in too hot tea, I was never the worse for it, except by a powder!

Upon the next branches of the tree, lower down, hard by the green roller and miniature gardening-tools, how thick the books begin to hang. Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, and with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! "A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility, that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe—like Y, who was always confined to a Yacht or a Yew Tree; and Z condemned for ever to be a Zebra or a Zany. But now, the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk up which Jack climbed to the Giant's house! And now, those dreadfully interesting, double-headed giants, with their clubs over their shoulders, begin to stride along the boughs in a perfect throng, dragging knights and ladies home for dinner by the hair of their heads. And Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness! Again those old meditations come upon me as I gaze up at him; and I debate within myself whether there was more than one Jack (which I am loth to believe possible), or only one genuine original admirable Jack, who achieved all the recorded exploits.

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy colour of the cloak, in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through, with her basket—Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling Wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But, it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the Wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded. O the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in, even there—and then, ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was *that* against it! Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant: the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent, that he usually tumbled forward, and knocked down all the animal creation. Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers;[1] and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string!

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf (I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders,[2] without mention), but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and turban. By Allah! two Eastern Kings, for I see another, looking over his shoulder! Down upon the grass, at the tree's foot, lies the full length of a coal-black Giant, stretched asleep, with his head in a lady's lap; and near them is a glass box, fastened with four locks of shining steel, in which he keeps the lady

4 In the story of the "Barber's Sixth Brother" in the *Arabian Nights*, a rich Barmecide (the name of a princely family) sets before a starving man a service of empty dishes.

5 The masculine puppet of a Punch and Judy show.

1 Plugs used to compress tobacco in a pipe.

2 In *Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales.*

prisoner when he is awake. I see the four keys at his girdle now. The lady makes signs to the two kings in the tree, who softly descend. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me. All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beef-steaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. Tarts are made, according to the recipe of the Vizier's son of Bussorah, who turned pastry-cook after he was set down in his drawers at the gate of Damascus; cobblers are all Mustaphas, and in the habit of sewing up people cut into four pieces, to whom they are taken blindfold.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and the necromancy, that will make the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive merchant; all apples are akin to the apple purchased (with two others) from the Sultan's gardener for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the baker's counter, and put his paw on the piece of bad money. All rice recalls the rice which the awful lady, who was a ghoul, could only peck by grains, because of her nightly feasts in the burial-place. My very rocking-horse,—there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out, indicative of Blood!—should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court.

Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas Tree, I see this fairy light! When I wake in bed, at daybreak, on the cold dark winter mornings, the white snow dimly beheld, outside, through the frost on the window-pane, I hear Dinarzade. "Sister, sister, if you are yet awake, I pray you finish the history of the Young King of the Black Islands." Scheherazade replies, "If my lord the Sultan will suffer me to live another day, sister, I will not only finish that, but tell you a more wonderful story yet." Then, the gracious Sultan goes out, giving no orders for the execution, and we all three breathe again.[1]

At this height of my tree I begin to see, cowering among the leaves—it may be born of turkey, or of pudding, or mince-pie, or of these many fancies, jumbled with Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, Philip Quarll among the monkeys,[2] Sandford and Merton[3] with Mr. Barlow, Mother Bunch, and the Mask—or it may be the result of indigestion, assisted by imagination and over-doctoring—a prodigious nightmare. It is so exceedingly indistinct, that I don't know why it's frightful—but I know it is. I can only make out that it is an immense array of shapeless things, which appear to be planted on a vast exaggeration of the lazy-tongs that used to bear the toy soldiers, and to be slowly coming close to my eyes, and receding to an immeasurable distance. When it comes closest, it is worst. In connection with it I descry remembrances of winter nights incredibly long; of being sent early to bed, as a punishment for some small offence, and waking in two hours, with a sensation of having been asleep two nights; of the leaden hopelessness of morning ever dawning; and the oppression of a weight of remorse.

And now, I see a wonderful row of little lights rise smoothly out of the ground, before a vast green curtain. Now, a bell rings—a magic bell, which still sounds in my ears unlike all other bells—and music plays, amidst a buzz of voices, and a fragrant smell of orange-peel and oil. Anon, the magic bell commands the music to cease, and the great green curtain rolls itself up majestically, and The Play begins! The devoted dog of Montargis avenges the death of his master, foully murdered in the Forest of Bondy;[4] and a humorous Peasant

[1] The stories of the *Arabian Nights* were professedly related on successive nights by Scheherazade to her sister, in order to interest the Sultan, whom she had wedded, and so prevent him from carrying out his practice of beheading his bride the day after the wedding.

[2] A castaway, like Robinson Crusoe, who was solaced on his desert island by a monkey.

[3] The heroes of a popular juvenile book by Thomas Day. Mr. Barlow was the boys' instructor.

[4] Aubrey de Montdidier was murdered in 1371 in the forest of Bondy (or of Montargis) and avenged by his dog, which attracted such suspicion to the slayer that the king finally required the slayer to fight with the dog. The story has been dramatized.

with a red nose and a very little hat, whom I take from this hour forth to my bosom as a friend (I think he was a Waiter or an Hostler at a village Inn, but many years have passed since he and I have met), remarks that the sassigassity of that dog is indeed surprising; and evermore this jocular conceit will live in my remembrance fresh and unfading, overtopping all possible jokes, until the end of time. Or now, I learn with bitter tears how poor Jane Shore, dressed all in white, and with her brown hair hanging down, went starving through the streets;[5] or how George Barnwell killed the worthiest uncle that ever man had, and was afterwards so sorry for it that he ought to have been let off.[6] Comes swift to comfort me, the Pantomime—stupendous Phenomenon!—when clowns are shot from loaded mortars into the great chandelier, bright constellation that it is; when Harlequins,[7] covered all over with scales of pure gold, twist and sparkle, like amazing fish; when Pantaloon (whom I deem it no irreverence to compare in my own mind to my grandfather) puts red-hot pokers in his pocket, and cries "Here's somebody coming!" or taxes the Clown with petty larceny, by saying, "Now, I sawed you do it!" when Everything is capable, with the greatest ease, of being changed into Anything; and "Nothing is, but thinking makes it so." Now, too, I perceive my first experience of the dreary sensation—often to return in after-life—of being unable, next day, to get back to the dull, settled world; of wanting to live for ever in the bright atmosphere I have quitted; of doting on the little Fairy, with the wand like a celestial Barber's Pole, and pining for a Fairy immortality along with her. Ah, she comes back in many shapes, as my eye wanders down the branches of my Christmas Tree, and goes as often, and has never yet stayed by me!

Out of this delight springs the toy-theatre,—there it is, with its familiar proscenium,[8] and ladies in feathers, in the boxes!—and all its attendant occupation with paste and glue, and gum, and water colours, in the getting-up of The Miller and His Men,[9] and Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia.[10] In spite of a few besetting accidents and failures (particularly an unreasonable disposition in the respectable Kelmar, and some others, to become faint in the legs, and double up, at exciting points of the drama), a teeming world of fancies so suggestive and all-embracing, that, far below it on my Christmas Tree, I see dark, dirty, real Theatres in the day-time, adorned with these associations as with the freshest garlands of the rarest flowers, and charming me yet.

But hark! The Waits[11] are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a seashore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School-books shut up; Ovid and Virgil silenced; the Rule of Three,[12] with its cool impertinent inquiries, long disposed of; Terence and Plautus acted no more, in an arena of huddled desks and forms, all chipped, and notched, and inked; cricket-bats, stumps,[13] and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas time, there will be

5 In a tragedy (founded on fact) by Nicholas Rowe. See also the ballad of "Jane Shore" in Percy's *Reliques*.

6 *George Barnwell, or The London Merchant*, by George Lillo; founded on another ballad.

7 The clowns, in pantomimes, who play tricks upon an absurd old man, called "Pantaloon."

8 stage

9 Originally a popular melodrama by Isaac Pocock, first played at Covent Garden in 1813. A gang of bandits, disguised as millers, try to carry off the daughter of Kelmar, an old cottager.

10 Taken from a French novel published by Madame Cottin in 1806. Elizabeth walks from Siberia to Russia to get the Czar's pardon for her exiled family.

11 Street musicians who sing from house to house on Christmas Eve.

12 The rule of "proportion."

13 The three posts constituting a wicket in the game of cricket.

boys and girls (thank Heaven!) while the World lasts; and they do! Yonder they dance and play upon the branches of my Tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

And I *do* come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding-school, where we are for ever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest. As to going a visiting, where can we not go, if we will; where have we not been, when we would; starting our fancy from our Christmas Tree!

Away into the winter prospect. There are many such upon the tree! On, by low-lying, misty grounds, through fens and fogs, up long hills, winding dark as caverns between thick plantations, almost shutting out the sparkling stars; so, out on broad heights, until we stop at last, with sudden silence, at an avenue. The gate-bell has a deep, half-awful sound in the frosty air; the gate swings open on its hinges; and, as we drive up to a great house, the glancing lights grow larger in the windows, and the opposing rows of trees seem to fall solemnly back on either side, to give us place. At intervals, all day, a frightened hare has shot across this whitened turf; or the distant clatter of a herd of deer trampling the hard frost, has, for the minute, crushed the silence too. Their watchful eyes beneath the fern may be shining now, if we could see them, like the icy dewdrops on the leaves; but they are still, and all is still. And so, the lights growing larger, and the trees falling back before us, and closing up again behind us, as if to forbid retreat, we come to the house.

There is probably a smell of roasted chestnuts and other good comfortable things all the time, for we are telling Winter Stories—Ghost Stories, or more shame for us—round the Christmas fire; and we have never stirred, except to draw a little nearer to it. But, no matter for that. We came to the house, and it is an old house, full of great chimneys where wood is burnt on ancient dogs upon the hearth, and grim portraits (some of them with grim legends, too) lower distrustfully from the oaken panels of the walls. We are a middle-aged nobleman, and we make a generous supper with our host and hostess and their guests —it being Christmas time, and the old house full of company—and then we go to bed. Our room is a very old room. It is hung with tapestry. We don't like the portrait of a cavalier in green, over the fireplace. There are great black beams in the ceiling, and there is a great black bedstead, supported at the foot by two great black figures, who seem to have come off a couple of tombs in the old baronial church in the park, for our particular accommodation. But, we are not a superstitious nobleman, and we don't mind. Well! we dismiss our servant, lock the door, and sit before the fire in our dressing-gown, musing about a great many things. At length we go to bed. Well! we can't sleep. We toss and tumble, and can't sleep. The embers on the hearth burn fitfully and make the room look ghostly. We can't help peeping out over the counterpane, at the two black figures and the cavalier — that wicked-looking cavalier — in green. In the flickering light they seem to advance and retire: which, though we are not by any means a superstitious nobleman, is not agreeable. Well! we get nervous—more and more nervous. We say "This is very foolish, but we can't stand this; we'll pretend to ill, and knock up somebody." Well! we are just going to do it, when the locked door opens, and there comes in a young woman, deadly pale, and with long fair hair, who glides to the fire, and sits down in the chair we have left there, wringing her hands. Then, we notice that her clothes are wet. Our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth, and we can't speak; but, we observe her accurately. Her clothes are wet; her long hair is dabbled with moist mud; she is dressed in the fashion of two hundred years ago; and she has at her girdle a bunch of rusty keys. Well! there she sits, and we can't even faint, we are in such a state about it. Presently she gets up, and tries all the locks in the room with the rusty keys, which won't fit one of them; then, she fixes her eyes on the portrait of the cavalier in green, and says, in a low, terrible voice, "The stags know it!" After that, she wrings her hands again, passes the bedside, and goes out at the door. We hurry on our dressing-gown, seize our pistols (we always travel with pistols), and are following, when we find the door locked. We turn the key, look out into the dark gallery; no one there. We wander away, and try to find our servant. Can't be done. We pace the gallery till daybreak; then return to our deserted room, fall asleep, and are awakened by our servant (nothing ever haunts *him*) and the shining sun. Well! we make a wretched breakfast, and all the company say we look queer. After breakfast, we go over the house with our host, and then we take him to the portrait of

the cavalier in green, and then it all comes out. He was false to a young housekeeper once attached to that family, and famous for her beauty, who drowned herself in a pond, and whose body was discovered, after a long time, because the stags refused to drink of the water. Since which, it has been whispered that she traverses the house at midnight (but goes especially to that room where the cavalier in green was wont to sleep), trying the old locks with the rusty keys. Well! we tell our host of what we have seen, and a shade comes over his features, and he begs it may be hushed up; and so it is. But, it's all true; and we said so, before we died (we are dead now) to many responsible people.

There is no end to the old houses, with resounding galleries, and dismal state-bedchambers, and haunted wings shut up for many years, through which we may ramble, with an agreeable creeping up our back, and encounter any number of ghosts, but (it is worthy of remark perhaps) reducible to a very few general types and classes; for, ghosts have little originality, and "walk" in a beaten track. Thus, it comes to pass, that a certain room in a certain old hall, where a certain bad lord, baronet, knight, or gentleman, shot himself, has certain planks in the floor from which the blood *will not* be taken out. You may scrape and scrape, as the present owner has done, or plane and plane, as his father did, or scrub and scrub, as his grandfather did, or burn and burn with strong acids, as his great-grandfather did, but, there the blood will still be—no redder and no paler—no more and no less—always just the same. Thus, in such another house there is a haunted door, that never will keep open; or another door that never will keep shut; or a haunted sound of a spinning-wheel, or a hammer, or a footstep, or a cry, or a sigh, or a horse's tramp, or the rattling of a chain. Or else, there is a turret-clock, which, at the midnight hour, strikes thirteen when the head of the family is going to die; or a shadowy, immovable black carriage which at such a time is always seen by somebody, waiting near the great gates in the stable-yard. Or thus, it came to pass how Lady Mary went to pay a visit at a large wild house in the Scottish Highlands, and, being fatigued with her long journey, retired to bed early, and innocently said, next morning, at the breakfast-table, "How odd, to have so late a party last night, in this remote place, and not to tell me of it, before I went to bed!" Then, every one asked Lady Mary what she meant? Then, Lady Mary replied, "Why, all night long, the carriages were driving round and round the terrace, underneath my window!" Then, the owner of the house turned pale, and so did his Lady, and Charles Macdoodle of Macdoodle signed to Lady Mary to say no more, and every one was silent. After breakfast, Charles Macdoodle told Lady Mary that it was a tradition in the family that those rumbling carriages on the terrace betokened death. And so it proved, for, two months afterwards, the Lady of the mansion died. And Lady Mary, who was a Maid of Honour at Court, often told this story to the old Queen Charlotte; by this token that the old King always said, "Eh, eh? What, what? Ghosts, ghosts? No such thing, no such thing!" And never left off saying so, until he went to bed.

Or, a friend of somebody's whom most of us know, when he was a young man at college, had a particular friend, with whom he made the compact that, if it were possible for the Spirit to return to this earth after its separation from the body, he of the twain who first died, should reappear to the other. In course of time, this compact was forgotten by our friend; the two young men having progressed in life, and taken diverging paths that were wide asunder. But, one night, many years afterwards, our friend being in the North of England, and staying for the night in an inn, on the Yorkshire Moors, happened to look out of bed; and there, in the moonlight, leaning on a bureau near the window, stedfastly regarding him, saw his old college friend! The appearance being solemnly addressed, replied, in a kind of whisper, but very audibly, "Do not come near me. I am dead. I am here to redeem my promise. I come from another world, but may not disclose its secrets!" Then, the whole form becoming paler, melted, as it were, into the moonlight, and faded away.

Or, there was the daughter of the first occupier of the picturesque Elizabethan house, so famous in our neighbourhood. You have heard about her? No! Why, *She* went out one summer evening at twilight, when she was a beautiful girl, just seventeen years of age, to gather flowers in the garden; and presently came running, terrified, into the hall to her father, saying, "Oh, dear father, I have met myself!" He took her in his arms, and told her it was fancy, but she said, "Oh no! I met myself in the broad walk, and I was pale and gathering withered flowers, and I turned my head, and held them up!" And, that night, she died; and a picture of her story was begun, though

never finished, and they say it is somewhere in the house to this day, with its face to the wall.

Or, the uncle of my brother's wife was riding home on horseback, one mellow evening at sunset, when, in a green lane close to his own house, he saw a man standing before him, in the very centre of the narrow way. "Why does that man in the cloak stand there!" he thought. "Does he want me to ride over him?" But the figure never moved. He felt a strange sensation at seeing it so still, but slackened his trot and rode forward. When he was so close to it, as almost to touch it with his stirrup, his horse shied, and the figure glided up the bank, in a curious, unearthly manner—backward, and without seeming to use its feet—and was gone. The uncle of my brother's wife, exclaiming, "Good Heaven! It's my cousin Harry, from Bombay!" put spurs to his horse, which was suddenly in a profuse sweat, and, wondering at such strange behaviour, dashed round to the front of his house. There, he saw the same figure, just passing in at the long French window of the drawing-room, opening on the ground. He threw his bridle to a servant, and hastened in after it. His sister was sitting there, alone. "Alice, where's my cousin Harry?" "Your cousin Harry, John?" "Yes. From Bombay. I met him in the lane just now, and saw him enter here, this instant." Not a creature had been seen by any one; and in that hour and minute, as it afterwards appeared, this cousin died in India.

Or, it was a certain sensible old maiden lady, who died at ninety-nine, and retained her faculties to the last, who really did see the Orphan Boy; a story which has often been incorrectly told, but, of which the real truth is this—because it is, in fact, a story belonging to our family—and she was a connection of our family. When she was about forty years of age, and still an uncommonly fine woman (her lover died young, which was the reason why she never married, though she had many offers), she went to stay at a place in Kent, which her brother, an Indian-Merchant, had newly bought. There was a story that this place had once been held in trust, by the guardian of a young boy; who was himself the next heir, and who killed the young boy by harsh and cruel treatment. She knew nothing of that. It has been said that there was a Cage in her bedroom in which the guardian used to put the boy. There was no such thing. There was only a closet. She went to bed, made no alarm whatever in the night, and in the morning said composedly to her maid when she came in, "Who is the pretty forlorn-looking child who has been peeping out of that closet all night?" The maid replied by giving a loud scream, and instantly decamping. She was surprised; but she was a woman of remarkable strength of mind, and she dressed herself and went downstairs, and closeted herself with her brother. "Now, Walter," she said, "I have been disturbed all night by a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who has been constantly peeping out of that closet in my room, which I can't open. This is some trick." "I am afraid not, Charlotte," said he, "for it is the legend of the house. It is the Orphan Boy. What did he do?" "He opened the door softly," said she, "and peeped out. Sometimes, he came a step or two into the room. Then, I called to him, to encourage him, and he shrunk, and shuddered, and crept in again, and shut the door." "The closet has no communication, Charlotte," said her brother, "with any other part of the house, and it's nailed up." This was undeniably true, and it took two carpenters a whole forenoon to get it open, for examination. Then, she was satisfied that she had seen the Orphan Boy. But, the wild and terrible part of the story is, that he was also seen by three of her brother's sons, in succession, who all died young. On the occasion of each child being taken ill, he came home in a heat, twelve hours before, and said, Oh, Mamma, he had been playing under a particular oak-tree, in a certain meadow, with a strange boy—a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who was very timid, and made signs! From fatal experience, the parents came to know that this was the Orphan Boy, and that the course of that child whom he chose for his little playmate was surely run.

Legion is the name of the German castles, where we sit up alone to wait for the Spectre—where we are shown into a room, made comparatively cheerful for our reception—where we glance round at the shadows, thrown on the blank walls by the crackling fire—where we feel very lonely when the village innkeeper and his pretty daughter have retired, after laying down a fresh store of wood upon the hearth, and setting forth on the small table such supper-cheer as a cold roast capon, bread, grapes, and a flask of old Rhine wine—where the reverberating doors close on their retreat, one after another, like so many peals of sullen thunder—and where, about the small hours of the night, we come into the knowledge of divers supernatural mysteries. Legion is the name of the haunted German students, in whose society we

draw yet nearer to the fire, while the schoolboy in the corner opens his eyes wide and round, and flies off the footstool he has chosen for his seat, when the door accidentally blows open. Vast is the crop of such fruit, shining on our Christmas Tree; in blossom, almost at the very top; ripening all down the boughs!

Among the later toys and fancies hanging there—as idle often and less pure—be the image once associated with the sweet old Waits, the softened music in the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian World! A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more! I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled; from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the raiser of the dead girl, and the Widow's Son; and God is good! If Age be hiding for me in the unseen portion of thy downward growth, O may I, with a grey head, turn a child's heart to that figure yet, and a child's trustfulness and confidence!

Now, the tree is decorated with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground, I hear a whisper going through the leaves. "This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy, and compassion. This, in remembrance of Me!"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

From THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*

Goldsmith

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand:

Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit.
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici-bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?"†

In those charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of Goldsmith, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village, where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune: and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home: he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield‡ with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old,

* These papers, six in number, were prepared by Thackeray as lectures and were delivered in England in 1851, and in America in the winter of 1852-53. The first lecture dealt with Swift, the last with Sterne and Goldsmith.

† Béranger (1780-1851) was a kind of French Burns, a writer of songs beloved by the people. The lines may be translated somewhat freely thus:

Flung into life,
Dwarfed, ugly, in pain;
Nigh crushed in the strife
Where I struggle in vain;

What wonder, should spring
To my lips my dole?
God said to me, "Sing!
Sing, poor little soul!"

So my task here below
Is a-singing to rove;
If pleasure I sow,
Shall I not reap love?

‡ The scenes respectively of the poem and the romance on which Goldsmith's literary reputation chiefly rests. Compare *The Deserted Village* and the notes thereon, p. 373.

the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose,[1] whom we all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf;[2] the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier[3] still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependants who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The smallpox which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster,[4] took him in hand: and from Paddy Byrne he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his schooldays righteously doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it.[5] Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop;[6] and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the

1 The "Vicar" (of Wakefield).
2 peat
3 A peasant renting and cultivating a small holding.
4 Open air schools, held by hedge-sides, were once common in Ireland.
5 The joke was actually played on Goldsmith, and he worked it into the plot of his play, *She Stoops to Conquer*.
6 This traditionary Greek writer of fables is represented to have been deformed.

heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day: perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled their little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's,[7] who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen[8]—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple;[9] but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack[10] than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage in a nameless ship, never to return; if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon, believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

"But me not destined such delights to share
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own." [11]

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding,[12] in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a school-usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?"[13] he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have

7 A student given free rations, usually in return for menial services.

8 An idle younger son of the poorer aristocracy.

9 Quarters occupied by students of law.

10 The cushion, and hence the office, of the Lord High Chancellor.

11 Goldsmith's *The Traveller*, lines 23-30.

12 Henry Fielding, the novelist.

13 Reynolds painted his portrait, and it was engraved in mezzotint by Marchi in 1770.

been without it half-an-hour.'' His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Doctor Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. ''My patrons,'' he gallantly said, ''are the booksellers, and I want no others.'' Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and betters days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronised Beattie;[14] the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.[15] Fashion pronounced Kelly[16] to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the ''Vicar of Wakefield'' had a right to protest when Newbery[17] kept back the manuscript for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Colman's[18] actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. ''He was wild, sir,'' Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—''Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more.'' Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity: and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skillful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it, and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs, or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2000 when he died. ''Was ever poet,'' Johnson asked, ''so trusted before?''

14 James Beattie, a Scottish poet.
15 Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*.
16 Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, which was produced at Drury Lane just before Goldsmith's *The Good-Natured Man*.
17 A publisher.
18 George Colman the elder, a dramatist and manager, who brought out Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* only after much urging by Dr. Johnson and his friends.

As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day), he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills: or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career. I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:—

"Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain. . . ." *

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia,† and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot.‡ He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes which had hung fire in London;[1] he would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon,[2] and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys;[3] and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride[4]—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gillray[5] had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick,[6] and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton: but there were to be no more holidays and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt[7] saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's[8] painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman[9] has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i, 63, 64):—

* Thackeray's quotation here from *The Deserted Village* extends through thirty lines more, for which see page 374, ll. 83-112.

† See page 110 and note.

1 Compare page 365.
2 London pleasure resorts of that time.
3 Conductress of a public place for social gatherings.
4 Goldsmith's pet name for this young girl friend of his.
5 James Gillray, a caricaturist.
6 David Garrick, the actor.
7 William Hazlitt, the essayist.
8 James Northcote, of the Royal Academy.
9 George Colman, a dramatist, son of the Colman mentioned above.

‡ A little town in Normandy whose lords were once called kings. Béranger wrote a ballad on the subject, which Thackeray translated:

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said.
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me. Etc.

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but as also I was no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humour who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly.

From ROUNDABOUT PAPERS*

De Juventute[1]

Our last paper of this veracious and round-about series related to a period which can only be historical to a great number of readers of this Magazine. Four I saw at the station to-day with orange-covered books in their hands, who can but have known George IV.[2] by books, and statues, and pictures. Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, old men in their middle age, when he reigned over us. His image remains on coins; on a picture or two hanging here and there in a Club or old-fashioned dining-room; on horseback, as at Trafalgar Square, for example, where I defy any monarch to look more uncomfortable. He turns up in sundry memoirs and histories which may have been published in Mr. Massey's[3] "History"; in the "Buckingham and Grenville Correspondence"; and gentlemen who have accused a certain writer of disloyalty are referred to those volumes to see whether the picture drawn of George is overcharged.

1 "Upon Youth."
2 Died 1830.
3 William Massey, author of a history of George III's reign. Grenville's *Memoirs of the Court of George IV* had just been published (1859). Thackeray's lectures on *The Four Georges* had been delivered about five years before.

* In emulation of *Household Words*, of which Dickens had made such a great success in the fifties, *The Cornhill Magazine* was founded in 1860 and Thackeray was engaged to edit it. The "Roundabout Papers" were his regular contribution for three years. The Magazine bore an orange cover.

Charon[4] has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. His effigy smiles from a canvas or two. Breechless he bestrides his steed in Trafalgar Square. I believe he still wears his robes at Madame Tussaud's[5] (Madame herself having quitted Baker Street and life, and found him she modelled t'other side the Stygian stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece we still occasionally come upon him, with St. George, the dragon-slayer, on the other side of the coin.† Ah me! did this George slay many dragons? Was he a brave, heroic champion, and rescuer of virgins? Well! Well! have you and I overcome all the dragons that assail *us?* come alive and victorious out of all the caverns which we have entered in life, and succoured, at risk of life and limb, all poor distressed persons in whose naked limbs the dragon Poverty is about to fasten his fangs, whom the dragon Crime is poisoning with his horrible breath, and about to crunch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and warrior! *You* a champion to fight that monster? Your feeble spear ever pierce that slimy paunch or plated back? See how the flames come gurgling out of his red-hot brazen throat! What a roar! Nearer and nearer he trails, with eyes flaming like the lamps of a railroad engine. How he squeals, rushing out through the darkness of his tunnel! Now he is near. Now he is *here.* And now—what?—lance, shield, knight, feathers, horse and all? O horror, horror! Next day, round the monster's cave, there lie a few bones more. You, who wish to keep yours in your skins, be thankful that you are not called upon to go out and fight dragons. Be grateful that they don't sally out and swallow you. Keep a wise distance from their caves, lest you pay too dearly for approaching them. Remember that years passed, and whole districts were ravaged, before the warrior came who was able to cope with the devouring monster. When that knight *does* make his appearance, with all my heart let us go out and welcome him with our best songs, huzzas, and laurel wreaths, and eagerly recognize his valour and victory. But he comes only seldom. Countless knights were slain before St. George won the battle. In the battle of life are we all going to try for the honours of championship? If we can do our duty, if we can keep our place pretty honourably through the combat, let us say *Laus Deo!*[6] at the end of it, as the firing ceases, and the night falls over the field.

The old were middle-aged, the elderly were in their prime, then, thirty years since, when yon royal George was till fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lass, with your saucy hat and golden tresses tumbled in your net, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your mandarin's cap (the young folks at the country-place where I am staying are so attired), your parents were unknown to each other, and wore short frocks and short jackets, at the date of this five-shilling piece. Only to-day I met a dog-cart crammed with children—children with moustaches and mandarin caps—children with saucy hats and hair-nets—children in short frocks and knickerbockers (surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these hundred years)—children from twenty years of age to six; and father, with mother by his side, driving in front—and on father's countenance I saw that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when this crown-piece was coined—in *his* time, in King George's time, when we were school-boys seated on the same form. The smile was just as broad, as bright, as jolly, as I remember it in the past—unforgotten, though not seen or thought of, for how many decades of years, and quite and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

Any contemporary of that coin who takes it up and reads the inscription round the laurelled head, "Georgius IV Britanniarum Rex. Fid. Def.[7] 1823," if he will but look steadily at the round, and utter the proper incantation,‡ I dare say may conjure back his life there. Look well, my elderly friend, and tell me what you see? First, I see a Sultan, with hair, beautiful hair, and a crown of laurels round his head, and his name is Georgius Rex. Fid. Def., and so on. Now the Sultan has disappeared; and what is it that I see? A boy,—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It

[4] Ferryman of the river Styx.

[5] The proprietress of a famous show-place containing wax effigies of various celebrities.

† St. George is the great Christian hero of the middle ages, and legendary slayer of the dragon (the devil), whereby he delivered the virgin Sabra (the Church); adopted as the patron saint of England.

[6] "Praise God."

[7] "King of Britain, Defender of the Faith."

‡ This word suggests to Thackeray's fancy the oriental terms in which he proceeds to describe the vision. The king is a "Sultan." The conjurer who reviews his own past life sees himself as a school-boy under the instruction of a gowned "dervish"; later, as a college youth in cap and gown he is himself a "dervish," disciplined by an old proctor perhaps ("moollah," judge, priest); and so on.

is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Mid Lothian," by the author of "Waverley" —or, no, it is "Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh! such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy, a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

Now the boy has grown bigger. *He* has got on a black gown and cap, something like the dervish. He is at a table, with ever so many bottles on it, and fruit, and tobacco; and other young dervishes come in. They seem as if they were singing. To them enters an old moollah; he takes down their names, and orders them all to go to bed. What is this? A carriage, with four beautiful horses all galloping—a man in red is blowing a trumpet. Many young men are on the carriage—one of them is driving the horses. Surely they won't drive into that—? —ah! they have all disappeared. And now I see one of the young men alone. He is walking in a street — a dark street — presently a light comes to a window. There is the shadow of a lady who passes. He stands there till the light goes out. Now he is in a room scribbling on a piece of paper, and kissing a miniature every now and then. There seem to be lines each pretty much of a length. I can read *heart, smart, dart; Mary, fairy; Cupid, stupid; true, you;* and never mind what more. Bah! it is bosh. Now see, he has got a gown on again, and a wig of white hair on his head, and he is sitting with other dervishes in a great room full of them, and on a throne in the middle is an old Sultan in scarlet, sitting before a desk, and he wears a wig too—and the young man gets up and speaks to him. And now what is here? He is in a room with ever so many children, and the miniature hanging up. Can it be a likeness of that woman who is sitting before that copper urn with a silver vase in her hand, from which she is pouring hot liquor into cups? Was *she* ever a fairy? She is as fat as a hippopotamus now. He is sitting on a divan by the fire. He has a paper on his knees. Read the name. It is the *Superfine Review*. It inclines to think that Mr. Dickens is not a true gentleman, that Mr. Thackeray is not a true gentleman, and that when the one is pert and the other arch, we, the gentlemen of the *Superfine Review*, think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humour and modern sentimentalism repel us, is that they are unwarrantably familiar. Now, Mr. Sterne, the *Superfine Review* thinks, "was a true sentimentalist, because he was *above all things* a true gentleman." The flattering inference is obvious; let us be thankful for an elegant moralist watching over us, and learn, if not too old, to imitate his high-bred politeness and catch his unobtrusive grace. If we are unwarrantably familiar, we know who is not. If we repel by pertness, we know who never does. If our language offends, we know whose is always modest. O pity! The vision has disappeared off the silver, the images of youth and the past are vanishing away! We who have lived before railways were made belong to another world. In how many hours could the Prince of Wales drive from Brighton to London, with a light carriage built expressly, and relays of horses longing to gallop the next stage? Do you remember Sir Somebody, the coachman of the Age, who took our half-crown so affably? It was only yesterday; but what a gulf between now and then! *Then* was the old world. Stage-coaches, more or less swift, riding-horses, pack-horses, highwaymen, knights in armour, Norman invaders, Roman legions, Druids, Ancient Britons painted blue, and so forth—all these belong to the old period. I will concede a halt in the midst of it, and allow that gunpowder and printing tended to modernize the world. But your railroad starts the new era, and we of a certain age belong to the new time and the old one. We are of the time of chivalry as well as the Black Prince[1] or Sir Walter Manny.[2] We are of the age of steam. We have stepped out of the old world on to "Brunel's" vast deck,[3] and across the waters *ingens patet tellus*.[4] Towards what new continent are we wending? to what new laws, new manners, new politics, vast new expanses of liberties unknown as yet, or only surmised? I used to know a man who had invented a flying-machine. "Sir," he would say, "give me but five hundred pounds, and I will make it. It is so simple of construction that I tremble daily lest some other person should light upon and patent my discovery." Perhaps faith was wanting; perhaps the five hundred pounds. He is dead, and somebody else must make the flying-machine. But that will only be a step

1 The son of Edward III; hero of Poitiers, 1356.
2 A soldier of Edward III.
3 The steamship "Great Eastern," designed by I. K. Brunel, 1858.
4 "A great world looms."

forward on the journey already begun since we quitted the old world. There it lies on the other side of yonder embankments. You young folks have never seen it; and Waterloo[5] is to you no more than Agincourt,[6] and George IV. than Sardanapalus.[7] We elderly people have lived in that pre-railroad world, which has passed into limbo and vanished from under us. I tell you it was firm under our feet once, and not long ago. They have raised those railroad embankments up, and shut off the old world that was behind them. Climb up that bank on which the irons are laid, and look to the other side—it is gone. There is no other side. Try and catch yesterday. Where is it? Here is a *Times* newspaper, dated Monday 26th, and this is Tuesday 27th. Suppose you deny there was such a day as yesterday.

We who lived before railways, and survive out of the ancient world, are like Father Noah and his family out of the Ark. The children will gather round and say to us patriarchs, "Tell us, grandpapa, about the old world." And we shall mumble our old stories; and we shall drop off one by one; and there will be fewer and fewer of us, and these very old and feeble. There will be but ten pre-railroadites left; then three—then two—then one—then O! If the hippopotamus had the least sensibility (of which I cannot trace any signs either in his hide or his face), I think he would go down to the bottom of his tank, and never come up again. Does he not see that he belongs to bygone ages, and that his great hulking barrel of a body is out of place in these times? What has he in common with the brisk young life surrounding him? In the watches of the night, when the keepers are asleep, when the birds are on one leg, when even the little armadillo is quiet, and the monkeys have ceased their chatter,—he, I mean the hippopotamus, and the elephant, and the long-necked giraffe, perhaps may lay their heads together and have a colloquy about the great silent antediluvian world which they remember, where mighty monsters floundered through the ooze, crocodiles basked on the banks, and dragons darted out of the caves and waters before men were made to slay them. We who lived before railroads are antediluvians—we must pass away. We are growing scarcer every day; and old—old—very old relics of the times when George was still fighting the Dragon.

. . . . . .

[5] Fought 1815.
[6] Fought 1415.
[7] An Assyrian king; died 626 B. C.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
(1809-1892)

THE LADY OF SHALOTT*

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;[1]
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

[1] The place of Arthur's court.

* This is, with some variations, essentially the story of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," which is told at greater length and with more fidelity in the *Idylls of the King*. It is Tennyson's earliest venture into the Arthurian field.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.†

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.[2]
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning.
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—

[2] The Milky Way.

† In these lines, says Tennyson's son, is to be found the key to the poem. The allegory then, if one be desired, is not hard to trace.

Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer,
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

ŒNONE*

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops, the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O earth, hear me, O hills, O caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,†
A cloud that gather'd shape; for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills;
Aloft the mountain-lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain-pine.
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft;
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone; white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens

* Œnone, a nymph of Mt. Ida in the Troad, early the beloved of the shepherd Paris, mourns his desertion of her, and relates the story of the famous "Judgment of Paris" which led to the Trojan war.

† According to a legend in Ovid, the walls of Troy rose to the music of Apollo's lyre.

When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart:
'My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingraven
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread[1] haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus;[2] whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due;
But light-foot Iris[3] brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite,[4] claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon; one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarléd boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock[5] lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to whom
Coming thro' heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honour,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, heaven's queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,*
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest Gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and baréd limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply:
'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

1 Mountain nymph.
2 The husband of the sea-nymph Thetis, and the father of Achilles.
3 The messenger of the gods.
4 Juno, Minerva, and Venus.
5 Sacred to Juno.

* Paris was the son of Priam of Troy; he had been left exposed on the mountain-side because of the prophecy that he would bring ruin to Troy.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbias'd by self-profit, O, rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'†
"Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd and I cried, 'O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,‡
With rosy slender fingers backward drew§
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder; from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd; I shut my sight for fear;
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moonlit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable,[6] that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live;
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me die.

† The will, tried and perfected by experience until it is redeemed from all temptation to lawlessness, attains—and only then—to perfect freedom.

‡ Idalia and Paphos, in Cyprus, were places where Venus was especially worshiped.

§ Note the marked delaying effect of four trochaic words in an iambic line.

6 Eris, or "Strife"; whence the apple was called the "Apple of Discord."

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone,[7] for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born. Her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O, mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra,[8] for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

THE LOTOS-EATERS*

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charméd sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;[1]
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

SAINT AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapour goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

7 *The Death of Œnone*, a late poem of Tennyson's, describes her death on the funeral pyre of Paris.

8 Sister of Paris, and a prophetess.

* This poem is founded on the story told by Ulysses (*Odyssey* IX, 83-97) of himself and his men arriving at the land of the lotos and partaking of the "flowery food" which caused forgetfulness of home. These five Spenserian stanzas, which are followed in the original by a long "Choric Song," contain some distinct echoes of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, which see (p. 344).

1 A tall sedge.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD*

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt[1] and shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,[2]
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

1 vault, cell

* See Malory's account on pages 100, 105-108.

2 Cp. *Hamlet*, I, i, 158.

"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail.

THE BEGGAR MAID*

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar maid
  Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
  To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been.
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
  "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
  Within this region I subsist,
  Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
  That sober-suited Freedom chose,
  The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
  A land of just and old renown,
  Where Freedom slowly broadens down†
From precedent to precedent;

Where faction seldom gathers head,
  But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
  The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
  Opinion, and induce a time
  When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute,

Tho' power should make from land to land
  The name of Britain trebly great—
  Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
  Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
  And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
  The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
  She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
  Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
  Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down thro' town and field
  To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
  The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
  From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,[1]
  And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
  The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
  Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
  Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
  The falsehood of extremes!

MORTE D'ARTHUR*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse[2] about their lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

* Founded on an old ballad, which may be read in Percy's *Reliques*.

† The original reading, "broadens slowly down," which was changed for the sake of euphony, gave a more correct emphasis.

1 Jove's thunderbolt.

2 Supposed to have been in Cornwall.

* See Malory's account on pages 108-110. This fragment was the germ of the *Idylls of the King*. It was written in 1835, and was incorporated in the "Passing of Arthur" when that was published in 1869.

Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot,[3] as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin[4] sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;[5]
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;[6]
Watch what thou seest, and lightly[7] bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief[8] and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought:
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

3 The capital of Arthur.
4 See pages 96, 99, etc.
5 See page 98.
6 into the mid-lake
7 quickly
8 beloved

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honour and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,[9]
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for[10] a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now I see by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms

[9] fancy
[10] because

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
And to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept,
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed his shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the good old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.[1]
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion;*
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

ULYSSES†

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

[1] Cp. *Paradise Lost,* II, 1051 (p. 255).

* The earthly paradise of mediæval romance, corresponding to the Grecian Isles of the Blest.

† The germ of this poem is found, not in the *Odyssey,* but in the story which Dante makes Ulysses tell of his adventures (*Inferno,* XXVI, 91 ff.). It was written shortly after the death of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Hallam (see *In Memoriam*), and voiced, said Tennyson, his "feelings about the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life more simply than anything in *In Memoriam.*" (*Memoir,* I, 196). It is an admirable complement to *The Lotos-Eaters.* Of lines 62-64 Carlyle said: "These lines do not make me weep, but there is in me what would fill whole Lachrymatories as I read."

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades[2]
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me,—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices.* Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,†
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

[2] Stars in the constellation Taurus, supposed to be harbingers of rain. *Æneid*, I, 744.

LOCKSLEY HALL‡

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime

* Successive heavy monosyllables, long vowels, and full pauses, combine to make this a passage of remarkable weight and slowness.

† Compare note on preceding poem, l. 259.

‡ This was intended to be a purely dramatic poem, giving expression to the conflicting and somewhat morbid feelings characteristic perhaps of introspective youth at any time, but with particular reference both to contemporary social conditions in England (it was published in 1842) and to the fresh spur given to imagination by the discoveries in science and mechanics. Some forty years later, Tennyson wrote a sequel, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*.

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed[1];

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Lost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long." 30

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

[1] enclosed

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore! 40

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy; think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him, take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd;[1] sweetly did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.[2]

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"[3]—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

[1] I. e., she has lost the personality which I remember.

[2] Dante: *Inferno*, V, 121. The thought may be traced to many writers—to Pindar, among the earliest.

[3] Amy is imagined to be talking to her daughter, at some future time, of her own early life.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age![4]

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;*

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped[5] in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.†

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.[6]

[4] Cp. line 185.

* Tennyson had a rare faculty for putting the hopes and achievements of science into poetic language. It is interesting, however, to observe at what a cautious distance he placed the realization of this seemingly extravagant prophecy.

[5] wrapped

[6] Looms forever larger by contrast. Cp. *In Memoriam*, LV.

† He of the "jaundiced eye" scoffs at science and is suspicious of democratic and socialistic tendencies. The weak point in Tennyson's picture is the connection of this large pessimism with the purely personal disappointment of his hero. It may not be altogether unfaithful, but it is undramatic.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions[7] bounded in a shallower brain.

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing.[8] Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat,

Where in wild Mahratta-battle[9] fell my father evil-starred;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.[10]

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime!
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon![11]

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.[12]

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—help me as when life begun;

7 beings

8 Implying that the inferiority of woman may be the result of the conventions of a false civilization. Compare *The Princess.*

9 The British have had many conflicts with the warlike Mahrattas of India.

10 See *Par. Lost,* iv, 242.

11 *Joshua,* x 13.

12 Tennyson drew this figure from the railway, then new, under the false impression that the car-wheels ran in grooves.

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK*

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

* These lines were written in memory of Arthur Hallam, and might well have been included among the poems of *In Memoriam* had they not been cast in a different metre.

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS

Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The Splendour Falls†

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;

† This song was inspired by the echoes at the Lakes of Killarney.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Tears, Idle Tears

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

From IN MEMORIAM*

I

I held it truth, with him[1] who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss.[2]

Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long[3] result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

. . . . . .

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.[4]

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

. . . . . .

LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;

1 Goethe, says Tennyson.

* Tennyson's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, died at Vienna in 1833. The short poems written in his memory at various times and in various moods, Tennyson arranged and published in the year 1850. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 294. The earlier poems are chiefly personal in nature; the later treat some of the larger problems of human life and destiny growing out of both personal bereavement and the unrest produced by the changes that were then taking place in the realm of religious and scientific thought.

2 Cp. Milton's *Comus*, 251.

3 Used poetically for "ultimate." Cp. *Locksley Hall*, l. 12.

4 Content due to mere want of higher faculties.

An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no,
From scarpéd cliff and quarried stone[1]
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind.[2]
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;[3]
But I shall pass, my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu," for evermore.

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell.
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious[4] of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

. . . . . .

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;*
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest

1 Which shows fossil remains of extinct forms.

2 In the grave.

3 In these poems.

4 Only half-conscious.

* This is the third Christmas described in the poem. Tennyson had removed to a new home.

A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground. . .

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

. . . . . .

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick[1]
About the flowering squares,[2] and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?[3]

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone,
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine.

Yet loss of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead.
Less yearning for the friendship fled
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,[4]
And every span of shade that steals,

1 hedge (especially hawthorn)
2 fields

3 increasing spring
4 This stanza describes the various means of measuring time.

And every kiss of toothéd wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic[5] storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type[6] this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

. . . . . .

CXXV

What ever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue.

Yet Hope had never lost her youth,
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth;

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my lord and king,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within the court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, even tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.*

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags!
They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

. . . . . .

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ†

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,

5 periodic (in a large sense)
6 represent, properly

* There was a violent revolution in France in 1830, resulting in the overthrow of Charles X.
† In 1861, Tennyson revisited this valley in the French Pyrenees which he had visited with Hallam in 1830.

I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON†

Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee;
Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the garden with me,
Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods,
The Master was far away;
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day;
Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee;
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be;
Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three.

SONG FROM MAUD§

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown. 6

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die. 12

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon. 1

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away. 26

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine." 32

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the Hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all; 38

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise. 44

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. 52

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun. 58

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,

† The home of Sir John Simeon in the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson also lived in the latter part of his life. Sir John died in 1870. The other two friends referred to were Arthur Hallam (see preceding poems) and Henry Lushington (d. 1855), to whom Tennyson had dedicated *The Princess*. All three, by a curious coincidence, died abroad.

§ There is a distinct echo in this song of *The Song of Solomon;* cp. chapters v and vi.

She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE*

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

*This fatal charge, due to a misunderstanding of orders, was made at Balaklava, in the Crimea, in 1854. Less than one-third of the brigade returned alive.

THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song.
Brave the captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression;
Stern he was and rash,
So for every light transgression
Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
Many a harbour-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
O'er the lone expanse,
In the north, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.

Then the Captain's colour heightened,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said; the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went she norward,
Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they hated,
Had what they desired;
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,
Bullets fell like rain;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd; decks were broken;
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.
On the decks as they were lying,
Were their faces grim.
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those in whom he had reliance
For his noble name
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turn'd and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded
Falling on the dead.
Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by;
Side by side beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie;
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of the wing.

THE REVENGE*

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'For God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line;† can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

* See Sir Walter Raleigh's account, p. 208.

† I. e., ships of the fighting line, the old term for battle-ships.

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.''

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame:
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said, ''Fight on! fight on!''
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, ''Fight on! fight on!''

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife:
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
''We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!''

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep.
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

NORTHERN FARMER*

Old Style

I

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy, Doctor 's abeän an' agoän;
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle, but I beänt a fool;
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to break my rule.

II

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what 's nawways true;
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I 've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III

Parson 's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' ere o' my bed.
"The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you[1] to 'issén, my friend," a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock[2] ower my 'eäd,

1 *ou* as in *hour* 2 cockchafer

* Note that in this dialect poem an *a* pronounced very lightly represents *thou*, as in "'asta" (hast thou), or *he*, as in "a says"; or it is a mere prefix to a participle, as in "a beän," "a sittin'"; or, pronounced broadly, it may stand for *have*, as in "as I 'a done." Further, toitne = tithe; barne = bairn; raäte = churchrate, or tax; 'siver = howsoever; stubbed = grubbed; boggle = bogle (ghost); raäved and rembled = tore out and removed; 'soize = assizes; yows = ewes; 'aäpoth = half-pennyworth; sewer-loy = surely; atta = art thou; hallus i' the owd taäle = always urging the same thing. The numbered notes are Tennyson's.

An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I coom'd awaäy.

VI

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

VII

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it eäsy an' freä:
"The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste;
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysén;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,[3] fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies[4] afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner[5] 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my aäle.

X

Dubbut looök at the waäste; theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now—
Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer 's lots o' feeäd,
Fourscoor yows[1] upon it, an' some on it down i' seeäd.[6]

XI

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,—
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an lond o' my oän.

XII

Do Godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an yonder a peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear, a' dear!
And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

XIII

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt a' taäen young Robins—a niver mended a fence;
But Godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now,
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow!

XIV

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén, naw doubt, "What a man a beä sewer-loy!"
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

XV

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

XVI

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

3 bittern
4 anemones
5 one or other
6 clover

XVII

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
Doctor 's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

RIZPAH*

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me!"
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,[1]
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are *you?* do you come as a spy!
Falls? what falls! who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go your way.

VI

Nay—for it's kind of you, madam, to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child—
"The farmer dared me to do it," he said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and could n't be idle—my Willy—he never could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—"I'll none of it," said my son.

VIII

I came into court to the judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—is n't that enough shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let us hide! but they set him so high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.
God 'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him there.

* Founded on a story related in a penny magazine, and on the fact that criminals were often denied Christian burial. The title is taken from the narrative in *2 Samuel*, xxi, 1-14.

1 See line 35.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last good-bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. "O mother!" I heard him cry.
I could n't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

X

Then since I could n't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me down on my bed.
"Mother, O mother!"—he call'd in the dark to me year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I could n't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked their will.

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laugh'd and had cried—
Theirs? O, no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'll sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again on the curséd tree.
Sin? O, yes, we are sinners, I know—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good-will toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"—let me hear it again;
"Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering." Yes, O, yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives but to bless.
He 'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—and the last may be first.
Suffering—O, long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'll wail like a child and the sea that 'll moan like a man?

XV

Election, Election, and Reprobation—it 's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon 's in a cloud——Good-night. I am going. He calls.

MILTON

(ALCAICS)*

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages:
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

TO DANTE

(WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE FLORENTINES)†

King, that hast reign'd six hundred years, and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine own
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away.

TO VIRGIL

(WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.)

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the "Works and Days,"[1]
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus[2]
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;[3]

Chanter of the Pollio,[4] glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

Thou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound forever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"*

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"

1 Hesiod.

* This poem is one of Tennyson's experiments in the quantitative metre of the classics. The two styles of Milton here described may be found in many passages of *Paradise Lost;* see especially, for the "angel onset," Book VI, 96 ff., and for the "bowery loneliness," IV, 214 ff.

† For a festival on the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, 1865.

2 A shepherd piper in Virgil's first Eclogue.

3 Eclogue sixth.

4 Title of the fourth Eclogue, which is prophetic of a golden age.

* In these words, "Hail, brother, and farewell," the Roman poet Catullus lamented the death of his brother (*Carmina* 101, 10). Catullus had a villa on the peninsula of Sermione—"venusta (beautiful) Sirmio"—in Lake Garda, northern Italy. The last two lines of this little poem, which reproduce so well the soft music of Catullus's verse, are modelled upon lines in his thirty-first song. Catullus used the word "Lydian" in the belief that the Etruscans, who anciently had settlements near the Lake of Garda, were of Lydian origin.

There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'

I

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

II

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

Old Age

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy province of the brute.

II

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

VASTNESS

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs,—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourned by the wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;
Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;

Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbours, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide downway with her flying robe and her poison'd rose;

Pain that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;
Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurell'd graves of the great;

Love for the maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean;

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of fire;

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love of his kind;

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these old revolutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer,
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last?
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—
. . . . . .
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead but alive.

CROSSING THE BAR*

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

From PIPPA PASSES

New Year's Hymn

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
Costs it more pain that this, ye call

* Written in Tennyson's eighty-first year.

A "great event," should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

Song

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

CAVALIER TUNES*

I. MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing[1] a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles[2]!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup,
Till you're—
Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve[3] Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry, as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Cho.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham,† fresh for the fight,
Cho.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who 'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here 's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's[4] damned troopers shot him?
Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who 's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here 's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

1 impressing, enlisting
2 parleys, debates
3 may it serve
* These songs are meant to portray the spirit of the adherents of Charles I., and their hatred of the Puritans, or Roundheads. The Byngs of Kent are famous in the annals of British warfare. Pym, a leader of the Long Parliament, Hazelrig (or Hesilrige), Fiennes (Lord Say), and Sir Henry Vane the Younger, were all important figures in the rebellion against Charles. Prince Rupert was a nephew of Charles, and a celebrated cavalry leader.

4 Oliver's (i. e., Cromwell's)
† The standard of Charles was raised there in 1642, marking the beginning of the Civil War.

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!''

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, ''Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!''

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:[5]
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused ''My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,''—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

''Well,'' cried he, ''Emperor, by God's grace
We 've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal 's in the market-place,
And you 'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!'' The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
''You're wounded!'' ''Nay,'' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
''I 'm killed, Sire!'' And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

[5] In Bavaria; stormed by Napoleon in 1809.

MY LAST DUCHESS*

FERRARA

That 's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
''Frà Pandolf'' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, ''Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,'' or ''Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:'' such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, ''Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark''—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set

* A Duke of Ferrara stands before a portrait of his deceased Duchess, talking coolly with the envoy of a Count whose daughter he seeks to marry. The poem is a study in the heartless jealousy of supreme selfishness. The nature of the commands (line 45) which such a man might give, living at the time of the Italian Renaissance, may be left to the imagination, as Browning leaves it. The artists mentioned (lines 3, 56) are imaginary. On the monologue form, see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 301.

Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We 'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we 'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

IN A GONDOLA*

He sings

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way:
"This woman's heart and soul and brain
Are mine as much as this gold chain
She bids me wear; which" (say again)
"I choose to make by cherishing
A precious thing, or choose to fling
Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
And yet once more say . . . no word more!
Since words are only words. Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet name,
Which if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all.
Ask of me, too, command me, blame,—
Do, break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
What's left but—all of me to take?
I am the Three 's: prevent them, slake
Your thirst! 'T is said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
What's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
Gray Zanobi 's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchased bride:
Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried:
Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue,
To a feast of our tribe;
Where they need thee to bribe
The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision forever! And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

* Written for a picture, "The Serenade," by Daniel Maclise. The characters are imaginary. So also are the pictures mentioned in lines 183-202, though the painters are well known. Haste-thee-Luke was a nickname for the Neapolitan, Luca Giordano. Castelfranco is Giorgione. Tizian we know best as Titian, and his "Ser" (Sir) would be the portrait of an Italian gentleman.

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is withering away
Some . . . Scatter the vision forever! And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back; could thought of mine improve you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real!
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart!
Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there 's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet through my back; I reel;
And . . . is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's[1] wet accurséd graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink!

[1] A long sandy bar lying off Venice. There is a Jewish cemetery there.

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
As I do: thus: were death so unlike sleep,
Caught this way? Death 's to fear from flame or steel,
Or poison doubtless; but from water—feel!
Go find the bottom! Would you stay me? There!
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised my hair,
'T is proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too surely
Know I where its front 's demurely
Over the Giudecca[2] piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All 's the set face of a child:
But behind it, where 's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came you—
To catch your lory[3] that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony
To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach,
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear lory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! What should your chamber do?
—With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
Who brought against their will together

[2] A Venetian canal. [3] A kind of parrot.

These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That dumb they look: your harp, believe,
With all the sensitive tight strings
Which dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
Went in and out the chords,[4] his wings
Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell!
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
You'd find retreated from the ken
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys
Are these,[4] his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs
Whereon he signed a document
That got him murdered! Each enjoys
Its night so well, you cannot break
The sport up, so, indeed must make
More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine back
That overfloods my room with sweets,
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we.
Only one minute more to-night with me?

Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
More than I touch yours when I step to land,
And say, "All thanks, Siora!"—
Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art!
[*He is surprised, and stabbed.*]
It was ordained to be so, sweet!—and best
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast.
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived: but I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)
—can die!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN*

A CHILD'S STORY

I

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:

[4] Supply "which" before "his".

* This poem was written by Browning to amuse the little son of the actor, William Macready, and furnish him a subject for drawings. The legend is an old one. John Fiske is disposed to identify it with various myths: "Goethe's Erlking is none other than the Piper of Hamelin. And the piper, in turn, is the classic Hermes or Orpheus. . . . His wonderful pipe is the horn of Oberon, the lyre of Apollo (who, like the piper, was a rat-killer), the harp stolen by Jack when he climbed the bean-stalk to the ogre's castle."

"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder[1] I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It 's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry

[1] A Dutch coin, worth forty cents.

(As he, the manuscript he cherished[1])
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,[2]
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I 've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

[1] This happened in Egypt, according to Plutarch, who tells the story.
[2] About the same as "luncheon".

As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabour
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column.
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned[3]
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX*

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

[3] ensnared

* This poem has no historical foundation. It suggests comparison with Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride*, which was written later. Ghent (*g* hard) is in Belgium, and Aix-la-Chapelle in Prussia, about ninety miles distant.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique[4] right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay, spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

4 peak, pommel

THE LOST LEADER*

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;

* This poem was suggested by Wordsworth's change from very radical views to conservatism and Toryism. Browning later apologized for its great injustice to Wordsworth: it was the effusion of "hasty youth," and was, moreover, not intended as an exact characterization. Compare Browning's poem, *Why I am a Liberal*, below. Whittier's poem, *Ichabod*, on the defection of Daniel Webster, is written in a similar strain.

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone[1] for his service!
Rags—were they purple,[2] his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
—He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well,[3] for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;[4]
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL*

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

1 would have gone (gladly)
2 had they been royal robes (spoken in sarcasm)
3 i. e., against us

4 The scene is that of Nelson's great victory.

* This legend is a pure invention, in the mediæval spirit. The moral is the same as that of the "New Year's Hymn" from *Pippa Passes* above. Or, in the words of Emerson,
"There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all."

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above St. Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,[5]
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

SAUL*

I

Said Abner,[1] "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.

[5] arrayed

[1] The captain of Saul's host. David is the speaker throughout.

* In *I Samuel*, xvi, 14-23, David, the shepherd boy, is summoned to play on his harp and drive away the evil spirit which troubles Saul. Browning has availed himself of the theme to set forth, in majestic anapests, the range and power of music in its various kinds; thence passing to a view of the boundlessness of spiritual influence, and rising in the end to a vision of the ultimate oneness of human sympathy and love with divine. A. J. George writes: "The severity, sweetness, and beauty of the closing scene where David returns to his simple task of tending his flocks, when all nature is alive with the new impulse and pronounces the benediction on his efforts, is not surpassed by anything in our literature."

And he: "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet,
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

II

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw naught but the blackness: but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

IV

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,[2]—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noon-tide—those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

VI

—Then the tune for which quails on the corn-land will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then, what has weight
To set the quick jerboa[3] a-musing outside his sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.

VII

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.—And then, the last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey—"Bear, bear him along,
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm seeds not here

[2] Through the sloughing of his old skin.
[3] A rodent with long hind legs, with which it can spring like a bird.

To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!"—
And then, the glad chaunt
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—
And then, the grand march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch
Naught can break; who shall harm them, our friends? Then, the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

VIII

And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart:
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once, with a start.
All its lordly male-sapphires,[4] and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked,
As I sang:—

IX

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh[5] steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best?"
Then they sung through their tears in strong triumph, not much, but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working whence grew
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit strained true:
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,—
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch: a people is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour and lets the gold go)
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

X

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart, hand, harp and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains through its array,[6]
And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—"Saul!" cried I, and stopped,
And waited the thing that should follow. Then Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was struck by his name.
Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,

4 Sapphires of superior hardness and brilliancy.
5 The meat of John the Baptist in the wilderness. See page 41, and the note on Wyclif's mistranslation.
6 See *Ezekiel*, x.

While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breast-plate, —leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest —all hail, there they are!
—Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on his crest
For their food in the ardours of summer. One long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse 'twixt hope and despair.
Death was past, life not come: so he waited. Awhile his right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too vacant forthwith to remand
To their place what new objects should enter: 't was Saul as before.
I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes, nor was hurt any more
Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—a sun's slow decline
Over hills which, resolved[1] in stern silence, o'erlap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more intensely: so, arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings subsided.

XI

What spell or what charm,
(For awhile there was trouble within me), what next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?—Song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all that it yields
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty: beyond, on what fields,
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them the cup they put by?
He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks not: he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

XII

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pasture, when round me the sheep
Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled slow as in sleep;
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world that might lie
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:
And I laughed—"Since my days are ordained to be passed with my flocks,
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the plains and the rocks,
Dream the life I am never to mix with, and image the show
Of mankind as they live in those fashions I hardly shall know!
Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive for." And now these old trains
Of vague thought came again; I grew surer; so, once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as thus—

XIII

"Yea, my King,"
I began—"thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit.
Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree,—how its stem trembled first
Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler; then safely outburst
The fan-branches all round; and thou mindest when these too, in turn,
Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed perfect: yet more was to learn,
E'en the good that comes in with the palm-fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow? or care for the plight
Of the palm's self whose slow growth produced them? Not so! stem and branch
Shall decay, nor be known in their place, while the palm-wine shall stanch

[1] separated in outline

Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I pour thee such wine,
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!
By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when inconscious, the life of a boy.
Crush that life, and behold its wine running! Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world! until e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardour, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill the South and the North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. Carouse in the past!
But the license of age has its limit; thou diest at last:
As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose at her height,
So with man—so his power and his beauty forever take flight.
No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine! Look forth o'er the years!
Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual; begin with the seer's!
Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make his tomb—bid arise
A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square, till, built to the skies,
Let it mark where the great First King[1] slumbers: whose fame would ye know?
Up above see the rock's naked face, where the record shall go
In great characters cut by the scribe.—Such was Saul, so he did;
With the sages directing the work, by the populace chid,—
For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised there! Which fault to amend,
In the grove with his kind grows the cedar, whereon they shall spend
(See, in tablets 't is level before them) their praise, and record
With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,—the statesman's great word
Of Israel.
Side by side with the poet's sweet comment. The river's a-wave
With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other when prophet-winds[2] rave:
So the pen gives unborn generations their due and their part
In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art!"

XIV

And behold while I sang . . . but O Thou who didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast granted thy help to essay,
Carry on and complete an adventure,—my shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was my word,—
Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavour
And scaling the highest man's thought could, gazed hopeless as ever
On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,
Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance —God's throne from man's grave!
Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart
Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels last night I took part,
As this morning I gather the fragments, alone with my sheep,
And still fear lest the terrible glory evanish like sleep!
For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while Hebron[3] upheaves
The dawn, struggling with night, on his shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.*

XV

I say then,—my song
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and ever more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him—he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes,

[2] The winds of prophecy; divine inspiration, demanding to be recorded on papyrus.
[3] The city which became for a time David's royal residence.
* The Kidron is a nearly dry water-course at the foot of Mt. Olivet. In dry countries, small streams are always perceptibly fuller at morning than at night.

He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent
The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though much spent
Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same God did choose
To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose.
So sank he along by the tent-prop till, stayed by the pile
Of his armour and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there awhile,
And sat out my singing,—one arm round the tent-prop, to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack—till I touched on the praise
I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man patient there;
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak roots which please
To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace; he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the sign?
I yearned—"Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,
As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

XVI

Then the truth came upon me. No harp more
—no song more! outbroke—

XVII

"I have gone the whole round of creation: saw and I spoke:
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw:
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me Each faculty tasked
To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank to the Infinite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to imagine success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.
Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known,
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for love's sake.
—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appal?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed with life's day-spring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

XVIII

"I believe it! 'T is thou, God, that givest, 't is I who receive:
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
All's one gift: thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt to my prayer
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.
From thy will stream the worlds, life and nature, thy dread Sabaoth:[1]
I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This;—'t is not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!
See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would —knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

[1] The armies of the Lord.

XIX

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot

Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still
Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill
That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers:
And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is so!"

EVELYN HOPE

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
My heart seemed full as it could hold;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI*

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see a monk!

* This, like *My Last Duchess*, is another of Browning's dramatic monologues. It portrays admirably that period of the Italian Renaissance when men were growing more keenly awake to the charm of physical life, and society began to break through the restraints to which it had long submitted. In painting,

What, 't is past midnight, and you go the rounds,
And here you catch me at an alley's end
Where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar?
The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up.
Do,—harry out, if you must show your zeal,
Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole,
And nip each softling of a wee white mouse,
Weke, weke, that 's crept to keep him company!
Aha, you know your betters! Then, you'll take
Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,
And please to know me likewise. Who am I?
Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend
Three streets off—he's a certain . . . how d' ye call?
Master—a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,
I' the house that caps the corner. Boh! you were best!
Remember and tell me, the day you're hanged,
How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!
But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves
Pick up a manner[1] nor discredit you:
Zooks, are we pilchards,[2] that they sweep the streets
And count fair prize what comes into their net?
He's Judas to a tittle, that man is!
Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends.
Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hang-dogs go
Drink out this quarter-florin to the health
Of the munificent House that harbours me
(And many more beside, lads! more beside!)
And all's come square again. I'd like his face—
His, elbowing on his comrade in the door
With the pike and lantern,—for the slave that holds
John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair
With one hand ("Look you, now," as who should say)
And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!
It 's not your chance to have a bit of chalk,
A wood-coal or the like? or you should see!
Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.
What, brother Lippo's doings, up and down,
You know them and they take you? like enough!
I saw the proper twinkle in your eye—
'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
Let's sit and set things straight now, hip to haunch.
Here's spring come, and the nights one makes up bands
To roam the town and sing out carnival,
And I've been three weeks shut within my mew,
A-painting for the great man, saints and saints
And saints again. I could not paint all night—
Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.
There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
A sweep of lute strings, laughs, and whifts of song,—
Flower o' the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
Flower o' the thyme—and so on. Round they went.[3]
Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter
Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,—three slim shapes,
And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood,
That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went,
Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
All the bed-furniture—a dozen knots,
There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,
And after them. I came up with the fun
Hard by Saint Laurence,[4] hail fellow, well met,—
Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
And so as I was stealing back again
To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work
On Jerome[5] knocking at his poor old breast
With his great round stone to subdue the flesh,
You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!
Though your eye twinkles still, you shake your head—
Mine's shaved—a monk, you say—the sting's in that!
If Master Cosimo announced himself,
Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now!

1 mend a little
2 Mediterranean sardines.

3 I. e., took up the song in turn.
4 The Church of San Lorenzo.
5 St. Jerome, one of the early church fathers.

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the new spirit was manifested in the change from religious and symbolical subjects—haloed saints and choiring angels—to portraits and scenes from human life and the world of nature, or to religious pictures thoroughly humanized. The poem was suggested by a picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin" (described in lines 347 ff.) which is in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence; the incidents of the life of Fra Filippo Lippi (1406?-1469) were obtained from Vasari's *Lives of the Painters.* He was first a monk, but he broke away from the Carmine, or Carmelite monastery, and came under the patronage of Cosimo de' Medici the Elder, the great banker, patron of art and literature, and practical ruler of the Florentine Republic. It is said that his patron once shut him up in his palace in order to restrain his roving propensities and keep him at work on some frescoes he was painting. The poem opens with his capture on this escapade by the watchmen.

I was a baby when my mother died
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
My stomach being empty as your hat,
The wind doubled me up and down I went.
Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,
(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there,
While I stood munching my first bread that month:
"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the good fat father,
Wiping his own mouth, 't was refection-time,—
"To quit this very miserable world?
Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful of bread?" thought I;
By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old.
Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,
'T was not for nothing—the good bellyful,
The warm serge and the rope that goes all round,
And day-long blessed idleness beside!
"Let's see what the urchin's fit for"—that came next.
Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do! They tried me with their books;
Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste!
Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is "amo," I love!
But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
And who will curse or kick him for his pains,—
Which gentleman processional[6] and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight[7] and have him whipped,—
How say I?—nay, which dog bites, which lets drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street,—
Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition from the hunger-pinch.

I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.
I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's[8] marg
Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B'
And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The monk
looked black.
"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out, d'
say?
In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese[9]
And Preaching Friars,[10] to do our church
fine
And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! my head being crammed, the wall
a blank,
Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First, every sort of monk, the black and white,[11]
I drew them, fat and lean: then, folk at church
From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs[12] of barrel-droppings, candle-ends,—
To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because o
Christ
(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years)
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head,
(Which the intense eyes looked through) came
at eve
On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers
(The brute took growling), prayed, and so wa
gone.
I painted all, then cried " 'T is ask and have
Choose, for more's ready!"—laid the ladde
flat,
And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.
The monks closed in a circle and praised lou
Till checked, taught what to see and not to see
Being simple bodies,—"That's the very man
Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
That woman's like the Prior's niece who come

6 taking part in a religious procession (as at one of the sacraments)
7 The city magistrates.
8 A book of antiphons, or responsive songs.
9 A monastic order founded by St. Romuald a Camaldoli, near Florence.
10 Dominicans.
11 The Dominicans wore black robes, the Carmelites white.
12 pilferings

To care about his asthma: it's the life!'' 171
But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and funked;
Their betters took their turn to see and say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. ''How? what's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay, 180
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men—
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no, it's not . . .
It's vapour done up like a new-born babe—
(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth[13])
It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto,[14] with his Saint a-praising God,
That sets us praising,—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head 191
With wonder at lines, colours, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.
Oh, that white smallish female with the breasts,
She's just my niece . . . Herodias,[15] I would say,—
Who went and danced and got men's heads cut off!
Have it all out!'' Now, is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further 200
And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks naught.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear, 210
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them threefold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him thanks.
''Rub all out!'' Well, well, there's my life, in short, 221
And so the thing has gone on ever since.
I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken bounds:
You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls.
I'm my own master, paint now as I please—
Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-house!
Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in front—
Those great rings serve more purposes than just
To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse! 230
And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
The heads shake still—''It's art's decline, my son!
You're not of the true painters, great and old;
Brother Angelico's[16] the man, you'll find;
Brother Lorenzo[17] stands his single peer:
Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third!''
Flower o' the pine,
You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!
I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must know! 240
Don't you think they're the likeliest to know,
They with their Latin? So, I swallow my rage,
Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint
To please them—sometimes do and sometimes don't;
For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come
A turn, some warm eve finds me at my saints—
A laugh, a cry, the business of the world—
(Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each!)
And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs over, 250
The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,
And I do these wild things in sheer despite,

13 Frequently represented so in early paintings, e. g., in the "Triumph of Death," ascribed to Orcagna, in the Campo Santo of Pisa.
14 Sometimes called "the father of modern Italian art"; he flourished at the beginning of the 14th century.
15 It was not Herodias, but her daughter, Salome, who danced before Herod and obtained the head of John the Baptist. See *Matthew*, 14.
16 Fra Angelico (1387-1415), who painted in the earlier manner; famous for his paintings of angels. Cp. what Ruskin says, p. 684.
17 Lorenzo Monaco, another contemporary painter.

And play the fooleries you catch me at,
In pure rage! The old mill-horse, out at grass
After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so,
Although the miller does not preach to him
The only good of grass is to make chaff.
What would men have? Do they like grass or no—
May they or may n't they? all I want's the thing
Settled forever one way. As it is,
You tell too many lies and hurt yourself;
You don't like what you only like too much,
You do like what, if given you at your word,
You find abundantly detestable.
For me, I think I speak as I was taught;
I always see the garden and God there
A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me: I'm a beast, I know.
But see, now—why, I see as certainly
As that the morning-star 's about to shine,
What will hap some day. We've a youngster here
Comes to our convent, studies what I do,
Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop:
His name is Guidi[18]—he 'll not mind the monks—
They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them talk—
He picks my practice up—he 'll paint apace.
I hope so—though I never live so long,
I know what's sure to follow. You be judge!
You speak no Latin more than I, belike;
However, you 're my man, you 've seen the world
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
—For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last of course!—you say.
But why not do as well as say,—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already; nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat her then."
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
And trust me but you should, though! How much more,
If I drew higher things with the same truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,
It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world 's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
"Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!"
Strikes in the Prior: "when your meaning 's plain
It does not say to folk—remember matins,
Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why, for this,
What need of art at all? A skull and bones,
Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or, what's best,
A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.
I painted a Saint Laurence[19] six months since
At Prato,[20] splashed the fresco in fine style:
"How looks my painting, now the scaffold 's down?"
I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns—
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves
Who turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But 's scratched and prodded to our heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own
With coming to say prayers there in a rage:
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow i' the crowd—
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang the fools!

—That is—you 'll not mistake an idle word
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns

[18] Tommaso Guidi, better known as Masaccio (i. e. Tommasaccio, "Careless Tom"), the great pioneer of the Renaissance period, and the master of Filippo Lippi, not the pupil.

[19] A Christian martyr of the 3d century who was roasted alive on a gridiron, or iron chair.

[20] A town near Florence.

The unaccustomed head like Chianti[21] wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me, now!
It 's natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse himself:
And harken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece
. . . There 's for you![22] Give me six months, then go, see
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's![23] Bless the nuns!
They want a cast o' my office.[24] I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to Church at mid-summer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint or two—
Saint John,[25] because he saves the Florentines,
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white
The convent's friends and gives them a long day,
And Job, I must have him there past mistake,
The man of Uz (and Us without the z,
Painters who need his patience). Well, all these
Secured at their devotion, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo! I!—
Mazed, motionless, and moonstruck—I'm the man!
Back I shrink—what is this I see and hear?
I, caught up with my monk's-things by mistake,
My old serge gown and rope that goes all round,
I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where 's a hole, where 's a corner for escape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward, puts out a soft palm—"Not so fast!"
—Addresses the celestial presence, "nay—
He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he 's none of you! Could Saint John there draw—
His camel-hair[26] make up a painting-brush?
We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!"[27] So, all smile—
I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you're gay
And play hot cockles, all the doors being shut,
Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle off
To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing
That spoke the good word for me in the nick,
Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy, I would say,
And so all's saved for me, and for the church
A pretty picture gained. Go, six months hence!
Your hand, sir, and good-by: no lights, no lights!
The street 's hushed, and I know my own way back,
Don't fear me! There 's the gray beginning. Zooks!

21 A famous vineyard region near Florence.
22 Giving them money.
23 St. Ambrose's, a Florentine convent.
24 A stroke of my skill.
25 The patron saint of Florence.
26 See page 41 (*Matthew*, iii, 4).
27 *Iste perfecit opus* ("This is he who made it") is the inscription on a scroll in the painting described, indicating the portrait of Lippi.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY)

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why,
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'T is May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights:
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There 's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs: in the shine such foambows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth:
Or the Pulcinello[1]-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot!

[1] English "Punch" (Punch and Judy show).

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.[2]
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero.
"And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."
Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it 's dear—it 's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals.
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

MEMORABILIA*

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

[2] There is subtle irony in making this soulless civilian betray his childish contempt for the liberal or republican party.

* Once, in a bookstore, Browning overheard some one mention the fact that he had once seen Shelley. Browning was a youthful admirer of Shelley, having received from certain volumes of him and Keats—a chance-found "eagle-feather," as it were,—some of his earliest inspiration. On Keats, see the next poem.

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

POPULARITY

Stand still, true poet that you are! †
I know you; let me try and draw you.
Some night you'll fail us; when afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!

My star, God's glow-worm! Why extend
That loving hand of his which leads you,
Yet locks you safe from end to end
Of this dark world, unless he needs you,
Just saves your light to spend?

His clenched hand shall unclose at last,
I know, and let out all the beauty:
My poet holds the future fast,
Accepts the coming ages' duty,
Their present for this past.

That day the earth's feast-master's brow
Shall clear, to God the chalice raising;
"Others give best at first, but thou
Forever set'st our table praising,
Keep'st the good wine till now!"

Meantime, I'll draw you as you stand,
With few or none to watch and wonder:
I'll say—a fisher, on the sand
By Tyre the old, with ocean-plunder,
A netful, brought to land.

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's[1] eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells?

And each bystander of them all
Could criticise, and quote tradition
How depths of blue sublimed some pall[2]
—To get which, pricked a king's ambition;
Worth sceptre, crown and ball.[3]

Yet there 's the dye, in that rough mesh,
The sea has only just o'er-whispered!
Live whelks, each lip's beard dripping fresh,
As if they still the water's lisp heard
Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.

Enough to furnish Solomon
Such hangings for his cedar-house,
That, when gold-robed he took the throne
In that abyss of blue, the Spouse[4]
Might swear his presence shone.

Most like the centre-spike of gold
Which burns deep in the bluebell's womb
What time, with ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom,
Drunken and overbold.

Mere conchs! not fit for warp or woof!
Till cunning come to pound and squeeze
And clarify,—refine to proof
The liquor filtered by degrees,
While the world stands aloof.

And there's the extract, flasked and fine,
And priced and salable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.[5]

Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

THE PATRIOT*

AN OLD STORY.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

† This poet is not necessarily Keats, but Keats is a type of the great man who, missing popularity in his own life, dies obscurely—like the ancient obscure discoverer of the murex, the fish whose precious purple dyes made the fortune of many a mere trader or artisan who came after him. (Without intimating for a moment that Tennyson was a mere artisan, it may be freely acknowledged that much of his popularity, in which at this time, 1855, he quite exceeded Browning, was due to qualities which he derived from Keats.)

1 The Syrian Aphrodite.
2 coronation robe
3 The golden orb borne with the sceptre as emblem of sovereignty.
4 *The Song of Solomon*, v, i.
5 I. e., aspire to the aristocracy.
* The poem is purely dramatic, not historical.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
'T is God shall repay: I am safer so.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME"*

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
All travellers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
So much as gladness that some end might be

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering
What with my search drawn out through years, my hope
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success would bring,—
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
My heart made, finding failure in its scope

As when a sick man very near to death
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
The tears, and takes the farewell of each friend
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath
Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend;")

While some discuss if near the other graves
Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves and staves:
And still the man hears all, and only craves
He may not shame such tender love and stay.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among "The Band"—to wit
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
O'er the safe road, 't was gone; gray plain all round:
Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on; naught else remained to do.

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing throve:
For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove!

* The title is a line of Edgar's song, *King Lear*, III, iv, 187. "Childe" is an old title for a youth of noble birth. There has been much discussion over the question whether the knight's pilgrimage, which is here so vividly and yet so mystically portrayed, is allegorical or not. Doubtless there is no elaborate allegory in it, though there may well be a moral—something like constancy to an ideal, Browning admitted.

But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You'd think: a burr had been a treasure trove.

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See
Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
'It nothing skills:[1] I cannot help my case:
'T is the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents[2]
Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to balk
All hope of greenness? 't is a brute must walk
Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red gaunt and colloped[3] neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art:
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

Giles then, the soul of honour—there he stands
Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
What honest man should dare (he said) he durst.
Good—but the scene shifts—faugh! what hangman hands
Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

Better this present than a past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path again!
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
I asked: when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes.
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms;
This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the wrath
Of its black eddy bespate* with flakes and spumes.

So petty, yet so spiteful! All along,
Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;
Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:
The river which had done them all the wrong,
Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
—It may have been a water-rat I speared,
But, ugh, it sounded like a baby's shriek.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
Now for a better country. Vain presage!
Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage,
Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank,
Or wild-cats in a red-hot iron cage—

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.
What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?
No footprint leading to that horrid mews,
None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk

[1] avails nothing [2] grass stalks
[3] ridged

* That is, bespit, bespattered: from the archaic *bespete*. The rather unusual diction employed throughout the poem helps to heighten its grotesque character.

Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

And more than that—a furlong on—why, there!
What bad use was that engine for, that wheel,
Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit to reel
Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
Of Tophet's[1] tool, on earth left unaware.
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,
Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
Desperate and done with: (so a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood
Changes and off he goes!) within a rood—
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

Now blotches rankling, coloured gay and grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
Broke into moss or substances like boils;
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end!
Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
To point my footstep further! At the thought,
A great black bird, Apollyon's[2] bosom-friend,
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned[3]
That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you!
How to get from them was no clearer case.

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—
In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,
Progress this way. When, in the very nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a click
As when a trap shuts—you're inside the den!

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! those two hills on th
right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in hor
in fight;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . .
Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,[4]
After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpar
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking el
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps?—why, day
Came back again for that! before it left
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
"Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!"

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn[5] to my lips I set,
And blew: *"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."*

1 hell's 2 Satan's
3 with pinions like a dragon's

4 critical moment
5 Not properly the name of a horn, if the word is a corruption of "slogan." It was thus misused by Chatterton frequently, and Browning may have obtained it from that source.

RABBI BEN EZRA*

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand

* There was a certain Rabbi, Ben Ezra (or Abenezra, or Ibn Ezra), who was a great scholar and theologian of the twelfth century. He was born at Toledo and traveled widely, dwelling at Rome, London, Palestine, and elsewhere. Browning here makes him the mouthpiece of a noble philosophy.

Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust God: see all, nor
be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears†
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt‡
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men:
Irks care[1] the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too;
Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.[1]

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;

[1] Subject of "irks."

† I. e., such as those just mentioned, which seem to make youth ineffectual.

‡ Supply "that." This is exactly the thought which Tennyson had already expressed in *In Memoriam*, XXVII.

[1] put on

Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I,[2] the world arraigned,
Were they,[2] my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

[2] Supply "whom."

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"*

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic[3] circumstance,

[3] shaping

* Both the figure and the philosophy here obviously suggest Omar Khayyam, though both are very much older.

This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.[4]

What though the earlier grooves,
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

PROSPICE*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

HERVÉ RIEL†

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises[1] a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!

4 moulded and figured

* This poem was written in 1861, shortly after Mrs. Browning's death. The title means "Look forward."

1 Supply "which."

† The victory of La Hogue was won off the north coast of Normandy by the British and Dutch Allies against Louis XIV. Hervé Riel, a Breton sailor from the village of Croisic, saved many of the fleeing French vessels by piloting them through the shallows at the mouth of the river Rance to the roadstead at St. Malo.

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!''

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
''Why what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?'' laughed they:
''Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!''

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
''Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!''
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
''Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

''Give the word!'' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And ''What mockery or malice have we here?'' cries Hervé Riel:
''Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there 's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine.
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound:
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!'' cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
''Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!'' cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas ''Anchor!''—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
''Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance
  As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!''
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
  ''This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!''
What a shout, and all one word,
  ''Hervé Riel!''
As he stepped in front once more,
  Not a symptom of surprise
  In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, ''My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
  Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
  You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville.''

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
''Since I needs must say my say,
  Since on board the duty 's done,
  And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
  Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
  Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!''
  That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
  All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.[1]

1 had the victory

Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre,[1] face and flank:
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

WANTING IS—WHAT?

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with naught they embower!
Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
  Breathe but one breath
  Rose-beauty above,
  And all that was death
  Grows life, grows love,
  Grows love!

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

''Why?'' Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is ''Why.''

EPILOGUE*

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
  When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—

1 An ancient royal palace, now mainly an art-gallery, adorned with the statues of eminent Frenchmen.

* This is the Epilogue to *Asolando*, which was published at London on the day when Browning died at Venice.

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE*

I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung[1]
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
"Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang,—"Not Death, but Love."

III

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism[2] is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

IV

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems! where
The dancers will break footing, from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fulness at my door?
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps—as thou must sing—alone, aloof.

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!

1 *Idyls*, xv, 104.

* These Sonnets, forty-four in number, were written by Miss Barrett during the time of Mr. Browning's courtship, but were not shown to him until after their marriage in 1846. The title under which they were published (1850) was adopted as a disguise. To understand them aright, it must be remembered that Miss Barrett was in middle life and had long been an invalid. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 307. F. G. Kenyon, in his edition of Mrs. Browning's *Letters*, writes: "With the single exception of Rossetti, no modern English poet has written of love with such genius, such beauty, and such sincerity, as the two who gave the most beautiful example of it in their own lives."

2 The sacred ointment; here figurative for poetic consecration.

But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long
Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

EDWARD FITZGERALD
(1809-1883)

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM*

I

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.†

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,[1]
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year[2] reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out,[3] and Jesus from the Ground suspires.[4]

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.‡

* Omar Khayyám (i. e., Omar the Tent-maker) was a Persian astronomer and poet of the 12th century, who dwelt at Naishápúr. *Rubáiyát* is a Persian word, the plural of *rubái*, which signifies "a quatrain." These rubáiyát are therefore short, epigrammatic poems, virtually independent of each other. From among the numerous quatrains left by Omar, Edward Fitzgerald selected and freely translated a number, and printed them in 1859 (see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 309). The number in that edition was seventy-five. The third edition (1873) contained one hundred and one; the fourth edition, which is reproduced here, had a few further verbal changes. There are two widely divergent views of the philosophy contained in them, the one regarding it as wholly materialistic, raising questions of the "Two Worlds" only to dismiss them and take refuge in the pleasures of sense—an Epicurean philosophy of "Eat, drink, and be merry." The other regards it as an example of Oriental mysticism, employing Wine and the like as poetic symbols of deity. Fitzgerald held firmly to the former view, content, however, "to believe that, while the wine Omar celebrates is simply the juice of the grape, he bragged more than he drank of it, in very defiance perhaps of that spiritual wine which left its votaries sunk in hypocrisy or disgust."

† The opening stanza of the first edition is considerably more daring in its imagery, drawing one of its figures from the practice, in the desert, of flinging a stone into the cup as a signal "To Horse!"—

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

‡ Iram was an ancient garden, planted by King Shaddád. Jamshyd was a legendary king of Persia's golden age; his seven-ringed cup was "typical of the seven heavens, etc., and was a divining cup." Other kings and heroes are mentioned in quatrains X and XVIII. Hátim was "a well known type of oriental generosity." For Zál and Rustum, see Arnold's poem of *Sohrab and Rustum*.

1 "False Dawn," preceding the real dawn about an hour; "a well known phenomenon in the East." (This note, and many that follow, are condensed from Fitzgerald's notes.)
2 The Vernal equinox.
3 See *Exodus*, iv, 6. A strong figure for the miracle of spring blossoms.
4 "According to the Persians, the healing power of Jesus resided in his breath."

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi,[5] with "Wine! Wine!
Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the
Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the
Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd[6] on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum![7]

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

[5] An ancient literary language of Persia.
[6] See quatrain LX.
[7] "Beaten outside a palace."

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai[8]
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep:[9]
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild
Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his
Sleep.

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar[10] bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand
Years.[11]

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of
Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for
whom?

[8] inn
[9] Persepolis.
[10] emperor
[11] "A thousand years to each Planet."

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans[12] Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

XXV

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzín[13] from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly, blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn[14] sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee[15]
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"The Me within Thee blind!"

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

12 without
13 A summoner to prayer.
14 "Lord of the Seventh Heaven."
15 "Some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole."

XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

XLIII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were 't not a Shame—were 't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh[1]
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sákí[2] from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the secret—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif[3] were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The Master too;

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi;[4] and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

LII

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-day, while You are You—how then
To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line,
And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?[5]—Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape

1 attendant

2 wine-bearer

3 The letter *a*, often represented by a slight mark like an apostrophe, the presence or absence of which could change the meaning of a word.

4 from fish to moon

5 Omar assisted in reforming the calendar.

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the Grape!

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects[6] confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,[7]
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern[8] held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtarí[9] they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish[10] flout;

6 "The seventy-two religions supposed to divide the world."

7 "Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's conquest of India and its dark people." By "Allah-breathing" is meant that the Sultan was a Mohammedan, or worshiper of Allah.

8 I. e., the earth

9 The Pleiads and Jupiter.

10 A Mohammedan devotee.

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

* * * * * * *

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán[11] away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi[12] pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon[13] look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot[14] a-creaking!"

* * * * * * *

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

[11] The month of fasting, during which no food is taken between sunrise and sunset.

[12] The allusion here is to a sect of oriental mystics who held a pantheistic doctrine.

[13] Marking the new month and the end of the fast.

[14] A shoulder-strap in which the jars of wine were slung.

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field.

XCVIII

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things Entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

. . . . . .

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMAM[15]

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
(1819-1861)

IN A LECTURE-ROOM

Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skyey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

QUA CURSUM VENTUS*

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so, but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

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[15] "The end."

* "As the wind (directs) the course." The poem is metaphorical of the divergence of men's creeds. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 315.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.†

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT HESPERUS‡

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie[1]),
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year agone,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea,
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;
Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie).
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?
And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)
For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he returning see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be, must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rain is ending, and our journey too:
Heigho! aha! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

ALL IS WELL

Whate'er you dream, with doubt possessed,
Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well: no need of care;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare.
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.

[1] "The Pale One"—a name of obvious significance, like "Blanche" or "Brindle."

† "Perhaps Clough's greatest title to poetic fame is this exquisite and exquisitely expressed image of the rising tide."—George Saintsbury.

‡ "Go home, now that you have fed, evening comes."—Virgil, *Eclog.* x, 77.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
(1822-1888)

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN*

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses[1] play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!

[1] The breakers.

* This poem is based on a legend which is found in the literature of various nations. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 311.

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

TO A FRIEND*

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—
He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.
Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

* This sonnet gives expression to Arnold's steady reliance, for mental and moral support, upon the great poets and philosophers—his constant recourse to "the best that is known and thought in the world." The three "props" mentioned here are Homer, the blind bard whom the city of Smyrna in Asia Minor claimed as her son; Epictetus, the lame philosopher who had been a slave, and who, when Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, went to Nicopolis in Greece and taught his Stoic principles to Arrian; and Sophocles, the Athenian dramatist, author of *Œdipus at Colonus* and other tragedies. Arnold explains the third line by pointing out that the name Europe means "the wide prospect," and Asia probably means "marshy." The twelfth line has passed into familiar quotation.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY

That son of Italy who tried to blow,[1]
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sat with his bride to see a public show.
Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,
'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

MEMORIAL VERSES

APRIL, 1850

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb—
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!

And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha,[1] with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

[1] Jacopone da Todi, who was, says Gaspary, a "true type of the mediaeval Christian ascetic." According to the legend, he was turned by the incident which Arnold relates from a life of gayety to one of rigorous self-imposed penances.

[1] The stream which flows past the churchyard of Grasmere where Wordsworth is buried.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS[2]

In this lone, open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand!

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here!

What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain-sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world, which roars hard by,
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.[3]

I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I who watch them am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass!
The flowers upclose, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

REQUIESCAT[4]

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

2 An extensive London park.

3 Arnold was born at Laleham in the Thames valley, and grew up amid country scenes.

4 "May she rest."

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM*

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.[5]
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep;
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's[6] tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere;
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fallen, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled[7] carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:—
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan[8] first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said:—
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan,[9] with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go!—Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes

5 Now the Amu-Daria, flowing from the plateau of Pamir, in central Asia, to the Aral Sea.
6 A Turanian chieftain.
7 From "pile"—fur, or hair-like nap.

* Founded on a story in the Persian epic, *Shah Nameh*, or "Book of Kings." Rustum is the great legendary warrior-hero of Iran, or Persia. In the Turanian, or Tartar land, which is ruled over by Afrasiab, an enemy of the Persians, Rustum's son Sohrab has grown up without ever having seen his father; nor does the father know of the existence of his son, having been told that the child born to him was a girl. The rest of the tragic tale may be left to tell itself in the simple and dignified language which Arnold, in professed imitation of the Homeric poems, has chosen. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 312.

8 A northerly province of Persia.
9 Three syllables, *Se-is-tan;* in eastern Persia.

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us! fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain;— but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;[10]
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.
The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade—
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore[11] Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board—so they streamed.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.[12]
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere;
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians formed;—
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."
As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadron ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.
But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow;
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.
And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King;
These came and counselled, and then Gudurz said:—
"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.

[10] A town in Bokhara.
[11] See *Par. Lost*, ii, 595.
[12] Making the drink called kumiss.

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.
Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.[13]
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."
So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried:—
"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."
He spake: and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitched; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camped around.
And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum; his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food—
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink."
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"
He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have—
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,*
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
He spoke and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."
He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.

[13] This is a distinct echo of the *Iliad*.

* Zal was born with white hair, and on that account had been cast out to die, but was fostered by a marvelous bird, the simburg, or roc. Cp. l. 679.

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,*
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said:—
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his voice
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs;—hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said:—
"O, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:—
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: *Rustum is here!*
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'

* For this oriental figure, compare the *Rubáiyát*, st. xli.

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.''
And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:—
'Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away.''
He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:—
'Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know,
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.''
He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide;—then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:—
''Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded* foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!''

* The word originally meant only "walked"; with the change in meaning grew up the hyperbole of "seas of blood," "bloody waves," etc.

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:—
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance;
But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valour; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword; at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy wood-cutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck th
shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spik
spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach th
skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groa
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum
helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all th
crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plum
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then th
gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, th
horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert-lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked fo
fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushe
on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadfu
eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing
spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard tha
shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing
form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he droppe
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his
side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the
ground,
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind
fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."
And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But, with a cold incredulous voice, he said:—
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."
And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."
He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought.
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed.

And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:—
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved.
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel.
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud:
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:—
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, a loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mourn eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand a said:—
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the pro sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, a stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sha cry:
O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked the
And then a dark cloud passed before his ey
And his head swam, and he sank down to ear
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and ca
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked h cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seiz
In both his hands the dust which lay arou
And threw it on his head, and smirched h hair,—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glitteri arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook h breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched h sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held b hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, an said:—
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written dow
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconsciou hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke to
I know it! but fate trod those prompting down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field

came, and like the wind I go away—
idden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
it it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
s arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
id kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
hen they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
ith his head bowing to the ground and mane veeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
rst to the one, then to the other moved
s head, as if inquiring what their grief
ght mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
e big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.*
t Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
ould first have rotted on their nimble joints,
ere they brought thy master to this field!"
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said:—
s this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
terrible father's terrible horse! and said,
at I should one day find thy lord and thee.
ne, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
r thou hast gone where I shall never go,
d snuffed the breezes of my father's home,
d thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
d seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
s often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
n in a golden platter soaked with wine,
d said: *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*—but I
ve never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
r seen his lofty house in Seistan,
r slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
lodged among my father's foes, and seen
asiab's cities only, Samarcand,
khara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
l the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
nik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:—
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them; what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace,
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!
And I be not forgotten in my grave."
And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:—
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends,
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,

*mpare the action of the horse of Achilles, *Iliad*, xix, end.

Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say: *O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:—

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid[1] in Persepolis, to bear

[1] Or Jamshid; a mythical king of Persia. Persepolis is noted for its ruins of ancient grandeur.

His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon;—he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,[2]
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

PHILOMELA*

Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,

[2] A village near Khiva.

* See the familiar story of Philomela and Procne in Greek mythology. The poem is evidently addressed to a friend, "Eugenia."

o thy racked heart and brain
fford no balm?

ost thou to-night behold,
ere, through the moonlight on this English grass,
he unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
ost thou again peruse
ith hot cheeks and seared eyes
he too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
ost thou once more assay
hy flight, and feel come over thee,
oor fugitive, the feathery change
nce more, and once more seem to make resound
ith love and hate, triumph and agony,
ne Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?

isten, Eugenia—
ow thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
gain—thou hearest?
ternal passion!
ternal pain!

KAISER DEAD

APRIL 6, 1887.

hat, Kaiser dead? The heavy news
st-haste to Cobham[1] calls the Muse,
om where in Farringford[2] she brews
The ode sublime,
with Pen-bryn's bold bard[3] pursues
A rival rhyme.

ai's bracelet tail, Kai's busy feet,
ere known to all the village-street.
What, poor Kai dead?'' say all I meet;
''A loss indeed!''
for the croon pathetic, sweet,
Of Robin's reed![4]

x years ago I brought him down,
baby dog, from London town;
und his small throat of black and brown
A ribbon blue,
nd vouched by glorious renown
A dachshound true.

s mother, most majestic dame,
blood-unmixed, from Potsdam[5] came;
nd Kaiser's race we deemed the same—
No lineage higher.

And so he bore the imperial name.
But ah, his sire!

Soon, soon the days conviction bring.
The collie hair, the collie swing,
The tail's indomitable ring,
The eye's unrest—
The case was clear; a mongrel thing
Kai stood confest.

But all those virtues, which commend
The humbler sort who serve and tend,
Were thine in store, thou faithful friend.
What sense, what cheer!
To us, declining towards our end,
A mate how dear!

For Max, thy brother-dog, began
To flag, and feel his narrowing span.
And cold, besides, his blue blood ran,
Since, 'gainst the classes,
He heard, of late, the Grand Old Man
Incite the Masses.[6]

Yes, Max and we grew slow and sad;
But Kai, a tireless shepherd-lad,
Teeming with plans, alert, and glad
In work or play,
Like sunshine went and came, and bade
Live out the day!

Still, still I see the figure smart—
Trophy in mouth, agog to start,
Then, home returned, once more depart;
Or prest together
Against thy mistress, loving heart,
In winter weather.

I see the tail, like bracelet twirled,
In moments of disgrace uncurled,
Then at a pardoning word re-furled,
A conquering sign;
Crying, ''Come on, and range the world,
And never pine.''

Thine eye was bright, thy coat it shone;
Thou hadst thine errands, off and on;
In joy thy last morn flew; anon,
A fit! All's over;
And thou art gone where Geist[7] hath gone,
And Toss, and Rover.

Poor Max, with downcast, reverent head,
Regards his brother's form outspread;

n Surrey, where Arnold was then living.
ennyson's home on the Isle of Wight.
ir Lewis Morris lived at Pen-bryn, in Wales.
dapted from Burns's *Poor Mailie's Elegy*, which Arnold is imitating.
residence of the German emperor.

6 A mild thrust at Gladstone and his Home Rule Bill.
7 Mourned in a previous elegy, *Geist's Grave*.

Full well Max knows the friend is dead
Whose cordial talk,
And jokes, in doggish language said,
Beguiled his walk.

And Glory, stretched at Burwood gate,
Thy passing by doth vainly wait;
And jealous Jock, thy only hate,
The chiel from Skye,
Lets from his shaggy Highland pate
Thy memory die.

Well, fetch his graven collar fine,
And rub the steel, and make it shine,
And leave it round thy neck to twine,
Kai, in thy grave.
There of thy master keep that sign,
And this plain stave.

DOVER BEACH*

The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another; for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

CULTURE AND HUMAN PERFECTION*

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity, and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word

* Another expression of Arnold's Stoic creed. See note on his sonnet *To a Friend*, p. 642.

* From the first chapter of *Culture and Anarchy* (1867), entitled "Sweetness and Light."

in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For, as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are† implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu[1] says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, —motives eminently such as are called social,— come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is, then, properly described, not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words, "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson[2]: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be over-hasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion, as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no

[1] A French writer of the 18th century, author of the celebrated philosophical work on *The Spirit of the Laws*.

† This phrase, derived from Wordsworth, has been given wide currency by Arnold. See Wordsworth's Supplementary Essay to his Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

[2] Thomas Wilson, Bishop of the Isle of Man (d. 1765).

use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine,—social, political religious,—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail; believes in perfection; is the study and pursuit of perfection; and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to,—to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavour to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavour, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere endeavour to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity because, in comparison with this wider endeavour of such great and plain utility, it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what pe fection is, and to make it prevail; but also, determining generally in what human perfe tion consists, religion comes to a conclusi identical with that which culture,—cultu seeking the determination of this questi through *all* the voices of human experien which have been heard upon it, of art, scienc poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of rel gion, in order to give a greater fullness an certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. R ligion says: *The kingdom of God is with you*; and culture, in like manner, places huma perfection in an *internal* condition, in th growth and predominance of our humanity pr per, as distinguished from our animality. places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and the general harmonious expansion of those gif of thought and feeling which make the pec liar dignity, wealth, and happiness of huma nature. As I have said on a former occasion "It is in making endless additions to itself, i the endless expansion of its powers, in endle growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit o the human race finds its ideal. To reach th ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and tha is the true value of culture." Not a havin and a resting, but a growing and a becomin is the character of perfection as culture co ceives it; and here, too, it coincides with rel gion. . . . . .

But the point of view of culture, keepin the mark of human perfection simply an broadly in view, and not assigning to this pe fection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns t it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given b these words of Epictetus[1]: "It is a sign o ἀφυια," says he,—that is, of a nature no finely tempered,—"to give yourselves up t things which relate to the body; to make, fo instance, a great fuss about exercise, a grea fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinkin a great fuss about walking, a great fuss abou riding. All these things ought to be done merel by the way; the formation of the spirit an character must be our real concern." This is a mirable; and, indeed, the Greek word εὐφυι a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the no tion of perfection as culture brings us to con ceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfe tion in which the characters of beauty and in telligence are both present, which unites "th two noblest of things,"—as Swift, who of on of the two, at any rate, had himself all to little, most happily calls them in his *Battle o*

[1] See note on Arnold's sonnet *To a Friend*.

the Books,—"the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light.*"* The εὐφυής[2] is the man who tends toward sweetness and light; the ἀφυής[3] on the other hand, is our Philistine.[4] The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's[5] misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side,—which is the dominant idea of religion,—has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was,—as having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own,—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended amongst us.

"Well endowed by nature."
"Ill endowed by nature."
Arnold's name for the middle class of English society, whose defect he declares to be narrowness.
John Bright, a Liberal statesman, who had scoffed at Arnold's advocacy of culture.
Swift derived the words from the labor of the bees, that fill their hives "with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, sweetness and light." The terms stand for spiritual beauty and intellectual breadth.

NATURAL MAGIC IN CELTIC LITERATURE†

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are Nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic, Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it,—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature,—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism,—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of Nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them,—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford,—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty,—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon,—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: "Well," says Math, "we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect."‡ Celtic romance is full of exquisite

† From *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1866). The Celtic race is represented mainly by the Welsh, the Irish, and the Highland Scotch.
‡ This and the following quotations are taken from the Welsh *Mabinogion,* translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.

touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt's feeling in these matters, and how deeply Nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called "faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest." And thus is Olwen described: "More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemony amidst the spray of the meadow fountains." For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:—

"And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit's cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold! a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild-fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be."

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:

"And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher."

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch:

"And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one-half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf."

Magic is the word to insist upon,—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt's sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude.

WORDSWORTH*

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple, and may be told quite simply. Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."[1]

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw from it.

Nevertheless, we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure.† To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves."[2] In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new

[1] *The Recluse*, line 771.

[2] Arnold elsewhere speaks of deity as the "tendency not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

* From the Preface to *The Poems of Wordsworth* chosen and edited by Arnold (1879). In the passage just preceding, Arnold deprecates the attempt to make Wordsworth sponsor for any complete philosophical or social system such, for instance, as a Social Science congress might dryly and dismally quote and discuss.

† Swinburne thought otherwise. See his *Miscellanies*.

and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that[2] "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable[3] enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style, he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In the *Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey[4] completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do." And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"[5]

of Shakespeare; in the

". . . though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues"[6]—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's:

". . . the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities;"[7]

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodamia*. Still, the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this from *Michael:*

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."[8]

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still, Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature, herself, seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes; from the profound sincereness with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence;* but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodamia* and for the great *Ode;* but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodamia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael, The Fountain, The High-*

[2] i. e., spontaneous
[4] Francis Jeffrey, first editor of the *Edinburgh Review.*
[5] *Macbeth,* III, ii, 23.
[6] *Par. Lost,* vii, 25.
[7] *The Recluse,* ll. 831-837.
[8] *A Bard's Epitaph,* st. 4.

land Reaper. And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these, Wordsworth produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent by reason of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent also by reason of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors. . . . . He is one of the very chief glories of English Poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems: "They will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier."

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE
(1818-1894)

THE SAILING OF THE SPANISH ARMADA*

The weather moderating, the fleet was again collected in the Bay of Ferrol[1] by the 6th-16th[2] of July. All repairs were completed by the 11th-21st, and the next day, 12th-22nd, the Armada took leave of Spain for the last time.

The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbour must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Galician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruña. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die.

The Spaniards, though a great people, were usually over conscious of their greatness, and boasted too loudly of their fame and prowess; but among the soldiers and sailors of the doomed expedition against England, the national vainglory was singularly silent. They were the flower of the country, culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula, and they were going with a modest nobility upon a service which they knew to be dangerous, but which they believed to be peculiarly sacred. Every one, seaman, officer, and soldier, had confessed and communicated before he went on board. Gambling, swearing, profane language of all kinds had been peremptorily forbidden. Private quarrels and differences had been made up or suspended. . . In every vessel, and in the whole fleet, the strictest order was prescribed and observed. Medina Sidonia led the way in the *San Martin*, showing lights at night, and firing guns when the weather was hazy. Mount's

[1] Off northwestern Spain.

[2] The first date is Old Style; see note on p. 323.

* The story of the spectacular but ill-fated expedition of the Spanish Armada has often been told, but by no one perhaps more graphically than by Froude. His first account is that in the 36th chapter of his *History of England* (1856-1870), from which has been taken this description of the sailing of the Armada. Later in life, after much additional research, Froude wrote and published *The Spanish Story of the Armada* (1892). About the same time he was appointed to a lectureship at Oxford, where he delivered some lectures on the subject which were published after his death (*English Seamen in the XVIth Century*, 1895). From these the second selection above has been taken.

In the summer of 1588, Philip II. of Spain, who was trying to restore the Catholic faith through the Protestant countries of Europe, fitted out his "Invincible Armada" with the purpose of invading England. His great Admiral, Santa Cruz, had just died, and the expedition was given into the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a wealthy nobleman of little experience and less ability, who ought to have been allowed to remain at home among his orange groves. His instructions were to effect a junction with the Duke of Parma, a general in the Spanish service in the Low Countries, and to assist the latter in transporting his army to the English shores. The obvious tactics for the English to pursue was to cripple and if possible defeat the fleet as it sailed through the English Channel. The fleet started from Lisbon on the 29th of May, but was delayed on the route six weeks by bad weather.

Bay[3] was to be the next place of rendezvous if they were again separated.

On the first evening the wind dropped to a calm. The morning after, the 13th-23rd, a fair fresh breeze came up from the south and southwest; the ships ran flowingly before it; and in two days and nights they had crossed the bay,[4] and were off Ushant.[5] The fastest of the pinnaces was dispatched from thence to Parma, with a letter bidding him expect the Duke's immediate coming.

But they had now entered the latitude of the storms which through the whole season had raged round the English shore. The same night a southwest gale overtook them. They lay-to, not daring to run further. The four galleys unable to keep the sea were driven in upon the French coast, and wrecked. The *Santa Aña, a* galleon of eight hundred tons, went down, carrying with her ninety seamen, three hundred soldiers, and fifty thousand ducats in gold. The weather was believed to be under the peculiar care of God, and this first misfortune was of evil omen for the future. The storm lasted two days, and then the sky cleared, and again gathering into order they proceeded on their way. On the 19th-29th they were in the mouth of the Channel. At daybreak on the morning of the 20th-30th the Lizard was under their lee, and an English fishing-boat was hanging near them, counting their numbers. They gave chase, but the boat shot away down wind and disappeared. They captured another an hour or two later, from which they learnt the English fleet was in Plymouth, and Medina Sidonia called a council of war to consider whether they should go in, and fall upon it while at anchor. Philip's orders, however, were peremptory that they should turn neither right nor left, and make straight for Margate roads† and Parma. The Duke was unenterprising, and consciously unequal to his work; and already bending under his responsibilities, he hesitated to add to them.

Had he decided otherwise it would have made no difference, for the opportunity was not allowed him. Long before the Spaniards saw the Lizard they had themselves been seen, and on the evening of the 19th-29th, the beacons along the coast had told England that the hour of its trial was come.

3 On the English coast of Cornwall, between Land's End on the west and Lizard Head on the east.

4 Of Biscay.

5 An island off the extreme northwestern coast of France.

† Just north of Dover, opposite Calais. Vessels sailing up the English Channel and through Dover Strait would round the North Foreland and Margate to pass into the Thames. The passage of the fleet up the Channel was virtually a running fight, beginning at Plymouth and lasting for a week.

DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

In the gallery at Madrid there is a picture, painted by Titian, representing the Genius of Spain coming to the delivery of the afflicted Bride of Christ. Titian was dead, but the temper of the age survived, and in the study of that great picture you will see the spirit in which the Spanish nation had set out for the conquest of England. The scene is the seashore. The Church a naked Andromeda,‡ with dishevelled hair, fastened to the trunk of an ancient disbranched tree. The cross lies at her feet, the cup overturned, the serpents of heresy biting at her from behind with uplifted crests. Coming on before a leading breeze is the sea monster, the Moslem fleet, eager for their prey, while in front is Perseus, the Genius of Spain, banner in hand, with the legions of the faithful laying not raiment before him, but shield and helmet, the apparel of war for the Lady of Nations to clothe herself with strength and smite her foes.

In the Armada the crusading enthusiasm had reached its point and focus. England was the stake to which the Virgin, the daughter of Sion, was bound in captivity. Perseus had come at last in the person of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and with him all that was best and brightest in the countrymen of Cervantes,[1] to break her bonds and replace her on her throne. They had sailed into the channel in pious hope, with the blessed banner waving over their heads.

To be the executor of the decrees of Providence is a lofty ambition, but men in a state of high emotion overlook the precautions which are not to be dispensed with even on the sublimest of errands. Don Quixote, when he set out to redress the wrongs of humanity, forgot that a change of linen might be necessary, and that he must take money with him to pay his hotel bills. Philip II., in sending the Armada to England, and confident in supernatural protection, imagined an unresisted triumphal procession. He forgot that contractors might be rascals, that water four months in the casks in a hot climate turned putrid, and that putrid water would poison his ships' companies, though

1 Creator of Don Quixote, the half-mad knight-errant.

‡ Andromeda, according to the Greek legend, was exposed to be devoured by a sea-monster, but was rescued by Perseus.

his crews were companies of angels. He forgot that the servants of the evil one might fight for their mistress after all, and that he must send adequate supplies of powder, and, worst forgetfulness of all, that a great naval expedition required a leader who understood his business. Perseus, in the shape of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, after a week of disastrous battles, found himself at the end of it in an exposed roadstead,[2] where he ought never to have been, nine-tenths of his provisions thrown overboard as unfit for food, his ammunition exhausted by the unforeseen demands upon it, the seamen and soldiers harassed and dispirited, officers the whole week without sleep, and the enemy, who had hunted him from Plymouth to Calais, anchored within half a league of him.

Still, after all his misadventures, he had brought the fleet, if not to the North Foreland,[3] yet within a few miles of it, and to outward appearance not materially injured. Two of the galleons had been taken; a third, the *Santa Aña*, had strayed; and his galleys had left him, being found too weak for the channel sea, but the great armament had reached its destination substantially uninjured so far as English eyes could see. Hundreds of men had been killed and hundreds more wounded, and the spirit of the rest had been shaken. But the loss of life could only be conjectured on board the English fleet. The English admiral* could only see that the Duke was now in touch with Parma. Parma, they knew, had an army at Dunkirk[4] with him, which was to cross to England. He had been collecting men, barges, and transports all the winter and spring, and the backward state of Parma's preparations could not be anticipated, still less relied upon. The Calais anchorage was unsafe; but at that season of the year, especially after a wet summer, the weather usually settled; and to attack the Spaniards in a French port might be dangerous for many reasons. It was uncertain after the day of the Barricades[5] whether the Duke of Guise or Henry of Valois was master of France, and a violation of the neutrality laws might easily at that moment bring Guise and France into the field on the Spaniards' side. It was, no doubt, with some such expectation that the Duke and his advisers had chosen Calais as the point at which to bring up. It was now Saturday, the 7th of August. The governor of the town came off in the evening to the *San Martin*. He expressed surprise to see the Spanish fleet in so exposed a position, but he was profuse in his offers of service. Anything which the Duke required should be provided, especially every facility for communicating with Dunkirk and Parma. The Duke thanked him, said that he supposed Parma to be already embarked with his troops, ready for the passage, and that his own stay in the roads would be but brief. On Monday morning at latest he expected that the attempt to cross would be made. The governor took his leave, and the Duke, relieved from his anxieties, was left to a peaceful night. He was disturbed on the Sunday morning by an express from Parma informing him that, so far from being embarked, the army could not be ready for a fortnight. The barges were not in condition for sea. The troops were in camp. The arms and stores were on the quays at Dunkirk. As for the fly-boats[6] and ammunition which the Duke had asked for, he had none to spare. He had himself looked to be supplied from the Armada. He promised to use his best expedition, but the Duke, meanwhile, must see to the safety of the fleet.

Unwelcome news to a harassed landsman thrust into the position of an admiral and eager to be rid of his responsibilities. If by evil fortune the northwester should come down upon him, with the shoals and sandbanks close under his lee, he would be in a bad way. Nor was the view behind him calculated for comfort. There lay the enemy almost within gunshot, who, though scarcely more than half his numbers, had hunted him like a pack of bloodhounds, and, worse than all, in double strength; for the Thames squadron—three Queen's ships and thirty London adventurers—under Lord H. Seymour and Sir John Hawkins, had crossed in the night. There they were between him and Cape Grisnez,[7] and the reinforcements meant plainly enough that mischief was in the wind.

After a week so trying the Spanish crews would have been glad of a Sunday's rest if they could have had it; but the rough handling which they had gone through had thrown everything into disorder. The sick and wounded had to be cared for, torn rigging looked to, splintered timbers mended, decks scoured, and guns and arms cleaned up and put to rights. And so it was that no rest could be allowed; so

2 Calais Roads.
3 See last note of preceding selection.
4 A port twenty miles east of Calais.
5 May 12, when the Duke of Guise entered Paris in an attempt to depose Henry III.
* Lord Charles Howard. Sir Francis Drake, vice admiral, commanded a second division of the British fleet; Sir Henry Seymour a third. Commanders of squadrons were Sir John Hawkins and Sir Martin Frobisher.
6 "Gunboats worked with oars."
7 Eighteen miles S. W. of Calais.

much had to be done, and so busy was every one, that the usual rations were not served out and the Sunday was kept as a fast. In the afternoon the stewards went ashore for fresh meat and vegetables. They came back with their boats loaded, and the prospect seemed a little less gloomy. Suddenly, as the Duke and a group of officers were watching the English fleet from the *San Martin's* poop deck, a small smart pinnace, carrying a gun in her bow, shot out from Howard's lines, bore down on the *San Martin*, sailed round her, sending in a shot or two as she passed, and went off unhurt. The Spanish officers could not help admiring such airy impertinence. Hugo de Monçada[8] sent a ball after the pinnace, which went through her mainsail, but did no damage, and the pinnace again disappeared behind the English ships.

So a Spanish officer describes the scene. The English story says nothing of the pinnace, but she doubtless came and went as the Spaniard says, and for sufficient purpose. The English, too, were in straits, though the Duke did not dream of it. You will remember that the last supplies which the Queen had allowed to the fleet had been issued in the middle of June. They were to serve for a month, and the contractors were forbidden to prepare more. The Queen had clung to her hope that her differences with Philip were to be settled by the Commission at Ostend;[9] and she feared that if Drake and Howard were too well furnished they would venture some fresh rash stroke on the coast of Spain, which might mar the negotiations. Their month's provisions had been stretched to serve for six weeks, and when the Armada appeared but two full days' rations remained. On these they had fought their way up Channel. Something had been brought out by private exertion on the Dorsetshire coast, and Seymour had, perhaps, brought a little more. But they were still in extremity. The contractors had warned the Government that they could provide nothing without notice, and notice had not been given. The adventurers were in better state, having been equipped by private owners. But the Queen's ships in a day or two more must either go home or their crews would be starving. They had been on reduced rations for near two months. Worse than that, they were still poisoned by the sour beer. The Queen had changed her mind so often, now ordering the fleet to prepare for sea, then recalling her instructions and paying off the men, that those whom Howard had with him had been enlisted in haste, had come on board as they were, and their clothes were hanging in rags on them. The fighting and the sight of the flying Spaniards were meat and drink, and clothing, too, and had made them careless of all else. There was no fear of mutiny; but there was a limit to the toughest endurance. If the Armada was left undisturbed, a long struggle might be still before them. The enemy would recover from its flurry, and Parma would come out from Dunkirk. To attack them directly in French waters might lead to perilous complications, while delay meant famine. The Spanish fleet had to be started from the roads in some way. Done it must be, and done immediately.

Then, on that same Sunday afternoon a memorable council of war was held in the *Ark's*[10] main cabin. Howard, Drake, Seymour, Hawkins, Martin Frobisher and two or three others met to consult, knowing that on them at that moment the liberties of England were depending. Their resolution was taken promptly. There was no time for talk. After nightfall a strong flood tide would be setting up along shore to the Spanish anchorage. They would try what could be done with fire ships, and the excursion of the pinnace, which was taken for bravado, was probably for a survey of the Armada's exact position. Meantime eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides, and parties were told off to steer them to their destination and then fire and leave them.

The hours stole on, and twilight passed into dark. The night was without a moon. The Duke paced his deck late with uneasy sense of danger. He observed lights moving up and down the English lines, and imagining that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—might be up to mischief, ordered a sharp lookout. A faint westerly air was curling the water, and towards midnight the watchers on board the galleons made out dimly several ships which seemed to be drifting down upon them. Their experience since the action off Plymouth had been so strange and unlooked for that anything unintelligible which the English did was alarming.

The phantom forms drew nearer, and were almost among them when they broke into a blaze from water-line to truck, and the two fleets were seen by the lurid light of the con-

[8] Commander of the Duke's flagship and captain of the galleasses (large galleys, with masts and oars).

[9] A conference between commissioners of Elizabeth and Parma, who were trying to arrange terms of peace.

[10] The *Ark Raleigh*, Howard's flagship.

flagration; the anchorage, the walls and windows of Calais, and the sea shining red as far as eye could reach, as if the ocean itself was burning. Among the dangers which they might have to encounter, English fireworks had been especially dreaded by the Spaniards. Fire ships —a fit device of heretics—had worked havoc among the Spanish troops, when the bridge was blown up at Antwerp.[11] They imagined that similar infernal machines were approaching the Armada. A capable commander would have sent a few launches to grapple the burning hulks, which of course were now deserted, and tow them out of harm's way. Spanish sailors were not cowards, and would not have flinched from duty because it might be dangerous; but the Duke and Diego Florez[12] lost their heads again. A signal gun from the *San Martin* ordered the whole fleet to slip their cables and stand out to sea.

Orders given in panic are doubly unwise, for they spread the terror in which they originate. The danger from the fire ships was chiefly from the effect on the imagination, for they appear to have drifted by and done no real injury. And it speaks well for the seamanship and courage of the Spaniards that they were able, crowded together as they were, at midnight, and in sudden alarm, to set their canvas and clear out without running into one another. They buoyed their cables, expecting to return for them at daylight, and with only a single accident, to be mentioned directly, they executed successfully a really difficult manœuvre.

The Duke was delighted with himself. The fire ships burned harmlessly out. He had baffled the inventions of the *endemoniada gente*. He brought up a league outside the harbour, and supposed that the whole Armada had done the same. Unluckily for himself, he found it at daylight divided into two bodies. The *San Martin* with forty of the best appointed of the galleons were riding together at their anchors. The rest, two-thirds of the whole, having no second anchors ready, and inexperienced in Channel tides and currents, had been lying to. The west wind was blowing up. Without seeing where they were going they had drifted to leeward and were two leagues off, towards Gravelines, dangerously near the shore. The Duke was too ignorant to realize the full peril of his situation. He signalled to them to return and join him. As the wind and tide stood it was impossible. He proposed to follow them. The pilots told him that if he did the whole fleet might be lost on the banks. T wards the land the look of things was not mo encouraging.

One accident only had happened the nig before. The *Capitana* galleass, with Don Hu de Monçada and eight hundred men on boa had fouled her helm in a cable in getting und way and had become unmanageable. The g ley slaves disobeyed orders, or else Don Hu was as incompetent as his commander-in-chi The galleass had gone on the sands, and as t tide ebbed had fallen over on her side. Ho ard, seeing her condition, had followed her the *Ark* with four or five other of the Queen ships, and was furiously attacking her with l boats, careless of neutrality laws. Howar theory was, as he said, to pluck the feathers by one from the Spaniard's wing, and here w a feather worth picking up. The galleass w the most splendid vessel of her kind afloat, D Hugo one of the greatest of Spanish gra dees.

Howard was making a double mistake. H took the galleass at last after three hours' fig ing. Don Hugo was killed by a musket ba The vessel was plundered and Howard's m took possession, meaning to carry her aw when the tide rose. The French authoriti ordered him off, threatening to fire upon hi and after wasting the forenoon, he was oblig at last to leave her where she lay. Worse tha this, he had lost three precious hours, and he lost along with them, in the opinion of t Prince of Parma, the honours of the great da

Drake and Hawkins knew better than waste time plucking single feathers. The fi ships had been more effective than they cou have dared to hope. The enemy was broke up. The Duke was shorn of half his strengt and the Lord had delivered him into their han He had got under way, still signalling wildly and uncertain in which direction to turn. H uncertainties were ended for him by seein Drake bear down upon him with the whole Eng lish fleet, save those which were loitering abou the galleass. The English had now the adva tage of numbers. The superiority of their gun he knew already, and their greater speed a lowed him no hope to escape a battle. Fort ships alone were left to him to defend the ban ner of the crusade and the honour of Castile but those forty were the largest and most pow erfully armed and manned that he had, and o board them were Oquendo, De Leyva, Recalde Bretandona, the best officers in the Spanis navy next to the lost Don Pedro.[1]

[11] Three years previously.

[12] The Duke's nautical adviser.

[1] Taken captive by Drake in the first action at Plymouth.

It was now or never for England. The scene of the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles off shore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gage, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon stoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return; not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster, but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing vessels. They had twice the speed; they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping around them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot. Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in woolpacks, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his masthead drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin's* timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughterhouse; half his company were killed or wounded, and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquendo and De Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his masthead. But all round it was but a repetition of the same scene. The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours. One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

The deadly hail rained on. In some ships blood was seen streaming out of the scupper holes. Yet there was no yielding; all ranks showed equal heroism. The priests went up and down in the midst of the carnage, holding the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. At midday Howard came up to claim a second share in a victory which was no longer doubtful. Towards the afternoon the Spanish fire slackened. Their powder was gone, and they could make no return to the cannonade which was still overwhelming them. They admitted freely afterwards that if the attack had been continued but two hours more they must all have struck or gone ashore. But the English magazines were empty also; the last cartridge was shot away, and the battle ended from mere inability to keep it up. It had been fought on both sides with peculiar determination. In the English there was the accumulated resentment of thirty years of menace to their country and their creed, with the enemy in tangible shape at last to be caught and grappled with; in the Spanish, the sense that if their cause had not brought them the help they looked for from above, the honour and faith of Castile should not suffer in their hands.

It was over. The English drew off, regretting that their thrifty mistress had limited their means of fighting for her, and so obliged them to leave their work half done. When the cannon ceased the wind rose, the smoke rolled away, and in the level light of the sunset they could see the results of the action.

A galleon in Recalde's squadron was sinking with all hands. The *San Philip* and the *San Matteo* were drifting dismasted towards the

Dutch coast, where they were afterwards wrecked. Those which were left with canvas still showing were crawling slowly after their comrades who had not been engaged, the spars and rigging so cut up that they could scarce bear their sails. The loss of life could only be conjectured, but it had been obviously terrible. The nor'-wester was blowing up and was pressing the wounded ships upon the shoals, from which, if it held, it seemed impossible in their crippled state they would be able to work off.

In this condition Drake left them for the night, not to rest, but from any quarter to collect, if he could, more food and powder. The snake had been scotched, but not killed.[1] More than half the great fleet were far away, untouched by shot, perhaps able to fight a second battle if they recovered heart. To follow, to drive them on the banks if the wind held, or into the North Sea, anywhere so that he left them no chance of joining hands with Parma again, and to use the time before they had rallied from his blows, that was the present necessity. His own poor fellows were famished and in rags; but neither he nor they had leisure to think of themselves. There was but one thought in the whole of them, to be again in chase of the flying foe. Howard was resolute as Drake. All that was possible was swiftly done. Seymour and the Thames squadron were to stay in the straits and watch Parma. From every obtainable source food and powder were collected for the rest—far short in both ways of what ought to have been, but, as Drake said, 'we were resolved to put on a brag and go on as if we needed nothing.' Before dawn the admiral and he were again off on the chase.

The brag was unneeded. What man could do had been done, and the rest was left to the elements. Never again could Spanish seamen be brought to face the English guns with Medina Sidonia to lead them. They had a fool at their head. The Invisible Powers in whom they had been taught to trust had deserted them. Their confidence was gone and their spirit broken. Drearily the morning broke on the Duke and his consorts the day after the battle. The Armada had collected in the night. The nor'-wester had freshened to a gale, and they were labouring heavily along, making fatal leeway towards the shoals.

It was St. Lawrence's Day, Philip's patron saint, whose shoulder-bone he had lately added to the treasures of the Escurial;[2] but St. Lawrence was as heedless as St. Dominic.[3] The *San Martin* had but six fathoms under her. Those nearer to the land signalled five, and right before them they could see the brown foam of the breakers curling over the sands, while on their weather-beam, a mile distant and clinging to them like the shadow of death, were the English ships which had pursued them from Plymouth like the dogs of the Furies. The Spanish sailors and soldiers had been without food since the evening when they anchored at Calais. All Sunday they had been at work, no rest allowed them to eat. On the Sunday night they had been stirred out of their sleep by the fire ships. Monday they had been fighting, and Monday night committing their dead to the sea. Now they seemed advancing directly upon inevitable destruction. As the wind stood there was still room for them to wear and thus escape the banks, but they would then have to face the enemy, who seemed only refraining from attacking them because while they continued on their present course the winds and waves would finish the work without help from man. Recalde, De Leyva, Oquendo, and other officers were sent for to the *San Martin* to consult. Oquendo came last. 'Ah, Señor Oquendo,' said the Duke as the heroic Biscayan stepped on board, 'que haremos?' (what shall we do?) 'Let your Excellency bid load the guns again,' was Oquendo's gallant answer. It could not be. De Leyva himself said that the men would not fight the English again. Florez advised surrender. The Duke wavered. It was said that a boat was actually lowered to go off to Howard and make terms, and that Oquendo swore that if the boat left the *San Martin* on such an errand he would fling Florez into the sea. Oquendo's advice would have, perhaps, been the safest if the Duke could have taken it. There were still seventy ships in the Armada little hurt. The English were 'bragging,' as Drake said, and in no condition themselves for another serious engagement. But the temper of the entire fleet made a courageous course impossible. There was but one Oquendo. Discipline was gone. The soldiers in their desperation had taken the command out of the hands of the seamen. Officers and men alike abandoned hope, and, with no human prospect of salvation left to them, they flung themselves on their knees upon the decks and prayed the Almighty to have pity on them. But two weeks were gone since they had knelt on those same decks on the first sight of the

[1] *Macbeth*, III, ii, 13.
[2] The palace of Philip II.
[3] Referring to a disastrous engagement five days before, on St. Dominic's Day, Aug. 4.

English shore to thank Him for having brought them so far on an enterprise so glorious. Two weeks; and what weeks! Wrecked, torn by cannon shot, ten thousand of them dead or dying—for this was the estimated loss by battle—the survivors could now but pray to be delivered from a miserable death by the elements. In cyclones the wind often changes suddenly back from northwest to west, from west to south. At that moment, as if in answer to their petition, one of these sudden shifts of wind saved them from the immediate peril. The gale backed round to S.S.W., and ceased to press them on the shoals. They could ease their sheets, draw off into open water, and steer a course up the middle of the North Sea.

So only that they went north, Drake was content to leave them unmolested. Once away into the high latitudes they might go where they would. Neither Howard nor he, in the low state of their own magazines, desired any unnecessary fighting. If the Armada turned back they must close with it. If it held its present course they must follow it till they could be assured it would communicate no more for that summer with the Prince of Parma. Drake thought they would perhaps make for the Baltic or some port in Norway. They would meet no hospitable reception from either Swedes or Danes, but they would probably try. One only imminent danger remained to be provided against. If they turned into the Forth, it was still possible for the Spaniards to redeem their defeat, and even yet shake Elizabeth's throne. Among the many plans which had been formed for the invasion of England, a landing in Scotland had long been the favourite. Guise had always preferred Scotland when it was intended that Guise should be the leader. Santa Cruz had been in close correspondence with Guise on this very subject, and many officers in the Armada must have been acquainted with Santa Cruz's views. The Scotch Catholic nobles were still savage at Mary Stuart's execution, and had the Armada anchored in Leith Roads[4] with twenty thousand men, half a million ducats, and a Santa Cruz at its head, it might have kindled a blaze at that moment from John o'Groat's Land[5] to the Border.

But no such purpose occurred to the Duke of Medina Sidonia. He probably knew nothing at all of Scotland or its parties. Among the many deficiencies which he had pleaded to Philip as unfitting him for the command, he had said that Santa Cruz had acquaintances among the English and Scotch peers. He had himself none. The small information which he had of anything did not go beyond his orange gardens and his tunny fishing. His chief merit was that he was conscious of his incapacity; and, detesting a service into which he had been fooled by a hysterical nun,* his only anxiety was to carry home the still considerable fleet which had been trusted to him without further loss. Beyond Scotland and the Scotch isles there was the open ocean, and in the open ocean there were no sandbanks and no English guns. Thus, with all sail set, he went on before the wind. Drake and Howard attended him till they had seen him past the Forth, and knew then that there was no more to fear. It was time to see to the wants of their own poor fellows, who had endured so patiently and fought so magnificently. On the 13th day of August they saw the last of the Armada, turned back, and made their way to the Thames.†

4 On the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh.

5 The northwestern extremity of Scotland.

* A nun at Lisbon had told the wavering Duke that "Our Lady had sent her to promise him success."

† The remainder of the narrative is the story of the disasters that attended the Spanish in their voyage around Scotland and Ireland. Many died from exposure, scanty food, and poisonous water; many were wrecked; even of those who reached Spain alive, few ever rallied from the experience.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY
(1825-1895)

ON A PIECE OF CHALK.‡

If a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance, almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk." Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk; and, on the sea-coast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarped faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire; on the south

‡ A lecture delivered to the working men of Norwich, England, and printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1868; now in *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews*. Some changes have here been made in paragraphing and punctuation. For clearness of exposition Huxley has few or no superiors, but the system of paragraphing employed in his works as they are ordinarily printed not infrequently has an obscuring effect.

coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the Needles[1] of the Isle of Wight; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.[2]

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire—a distance of over two hundred and eighty miles as the crow flies. From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits; but, except in the Weald† of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very foundation of all the south-eastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive than the English. Chalk occurs in northwest Ireland; it stretches over a large part of France,—the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of that of the London basin; runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southward to North Africa; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in Central Asia. If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter, the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing inland sea—the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs[3], covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs, many hundred feet high with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as the Lebanon.

What is this wide-spread component of the surface of the earth? and whence did it come?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification. If such were really the case, I should have selected some other subject than a "piece of chalk" for my discourse. But in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the foundation upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest. A great chapter in the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe which I hope to enable you to read, with your own eyes, tonight.

Let me add that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches-pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of Nature. The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together. . . .

[In the intervening portion of his address Huxley sets forth the following facts:

First. Chemically, chalk consists of carbonic acid and quicklime. Under the microscope it is seen to be made up of granules in which are imbedded numerous calcareous skeletons known as *Globigerinæ*.

Second. The bed of the North Atlantic, be-

1 Three white rocks rising abruptly from the sea to the height of 100 feet.
2 Latin *albus*, "white."
3 Or combs; bowl-shaped valleys.
† This name for the region is old: Anglo-Saxon *weald* (German *Wald*) means "forest." Compare Caxton's account of his birth, p. 95.

ween Ireland and Newfoundland, is found to e a vast plain of deep-sea mud which is subtantially chalk, deposited there by multitudes f organisms *(Globigerinæ)*, which in life have he power of separating from the ocean the mall proportion of carbonate of lime which is issolved in sea-water, and of building that subtance into skeletons for themselves.

Third. The living *Globigerinæ* are exclusvely marine animals, and this, along with other vidence, compels the conclusion that the chalk eds of the dry land are the dried mud of an ncient deep sea.

Fourth. The thickness of the chalk bed and ne character of its fossil remains prove that ne period of deposit—the cretaceous epoch—as of great duration.]

Thus not only is it certain that the chalk is ne mud of an ancient sea-bottom; but it is o less certain that the chalk sea existed durng an extremely long period, though we may ot be prepared to give a precise estimate of ne length of that period in years. The relative uration is clear, though the absolute duration ay not be definable. The attempt to affix any recise date to the period at which the chalk a began, or ended, its existence, is baffled by ifficulties of the same kind. But the relative ge of the cretaceous epoch may be determined ith as great ease and certainty as the long uration of that epoch.

You will have heard of the interesting disoveries recently made in various parts of Westrn Europe of flint implements, obviously orked into shape by human hands, under circumstances which show conclusively that man a very ancient denizen of these regions. It as been proved that the old populations of urope, whose existence has been revealed to us this way, consisted of savages, such as the squimaux are now; that, in the country which now France, they hunted the reindeer, and ere familiar with the ways of the mammoth nd the bison. The physical geography of rance was in those days different from what is now—the river Somme, for instance, having cut its bed a hundred feet deeper between at time and this; and it is probable that the imate was more like that of Canada or Siria than that of Western Europe.

The existence of these people is forgotten en in the traditions of the oldest historical ations. The name and fame of them had terly vanished until a few years back; and e amount of physical change which has been fected since their day renders it more than obable that, venerable as are some of the historical nations, the workers of the chipped flints of Hoxne[1] or of Amiens[2] are to them, as they are to us, in point of antiquity.

But if we assign to these hoar relics of long-vanished generations of men the greatest age that can possibly be claimed for them, they are not older than the drift, or boulder clay, which, in comparison with the chalk, is but a very juvenile deposit. You need go no further than your own sea-board for evidence of this fact. At one of the most charming spots on the coast of Norfolk, Cromer, you will see the boulder clay forming a vast mass, which lies upon the chalk, and must consequently have come into existence after it. Huge boulders of chalk are, in fact, included in the clay, and have evidently been brought to the position they now occupy by the same agency as that which has planted blocks of syenite from Norway side by side with them.

The chalk, then, is certainly older than the boulder clay. If you ask how much, I will again take you no further than the same spot upon your own coasts for evidence. I have spoken of the boulder clay and drift as resting upon the chalk. That is not strictly true. Interposed between the chalk and the drift is a comparatively insignificant layer, containing vegetable matter. But that layer tells a wonderful history. It is full of stumps of trees standing as they grew. Fir-trees are there with their cones, and hazel-bushes with their nuts; there stand the stools[3] of oak and yew trees, beeches and alders. Hence this stratum is appropriately called the "forest-bed."

It is obvious that the chalk must have been upheaved and converted into dry land before the timber trees could grow upon it. As the boles of some of these trees are from two to three feet in diameter, it is no less clear that the dry land thus formed remained in the same condition for long ages. And not only do the remains of stately oaks and well-grown firs testify to the duration of this condition of things, but additional evidence to the same effect is afforded by the abundant remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and other great wild beasts, which it has yielded to the zealous search of such men as the Rev. Mr. Gunn.[4] When you look at such a collection as he has formed, and bethink you that these elephantine bones did veritably carry their owners about, and these great grinders crunch, in the dark

[1] In Suffolk, England, where an important discovery of flint implements was made in 1797.
[2] In northern France.
[3] stumps
[4] Robert Campbell Gunn (1808-1881), a British naturalist.

woods of which the forest-bed is now the only trace, it is impossible not to feel that they are as good evidence of the lapse of time as the annual rings of the tree-stumps.

Thus there is a writing upon the walls of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it. It tells us, with an authority which cannot be impeached, that the ancient sea-bed of the chalk sea was raised up, and remained dry land until it was covered with forest, stocked with the great game whose spoils have rejoiced your geologists. How long it remained in that condition cannot be said; but "the whirligig of time brought its revenges"[5] in those days as in these. That dry land, with the bones and teeth of generations of long-lived elephants hidden away among the gnarled roots and dry leaves of its ancient trees, sank gradually to the bottom of the icy sea, which covered it with huge masses of drift and boulder clay. Sea-beasts, such as the walrus, now restricted to the extreme north, paddled about where birds had twittered among the topmost twigs of the fir-trees. How long this state of things endured we know not, but at length it came to an end. The upheaved glacial mud hardened into the soil of modern Norfolk. Forests grew once more, the wolf and the beaver replaced the reindeer and the elephant; and at length what we call the history of England dawned.

Thus you have, within the limits of your own county, proof that the chalk can justly claim a very much greater antiquity than even the oldest physical traces of mankind. But we may go further and demonstrate, by evidence of the same authority as that which testifies to the existence of the father of men, that the chalk is vastly older than Adam himself.

The Book of Genesis informs us that Adam, immediately upon his creation, and before the appearance of Eve, was placed in the Garden of Eden. The problem of the geographical position of Eden has greatly vexed the spirits of the learned in such matters, but there is one point respecting which, so far as I know, no commentator has ever raised a doubt. This is, that of the four rivers which are said to run out of it, Euphrates and Hiddekel are identical with the rivers now known by the names of Euphrates and Tigris. But the whole country in which these mighty rivers take their origin, and through which they run, is composed of rocks which are either of the same age as the chalk, or of later date. So that the chalk must not only have been formed, but, after its formation, the time required for the deposit of these later rocks, and for their upheaval into dry land, must have elapsed before the smallest brook which feeds the swift stream of "the great river, the river of Babylon,"[6] began to flow.

Thus, evidence which cannot be rebutted, and which need not be strengthened, though if time permitted I might indefinitely increase its quantity, compels you to believe that the earth, from the time of the chalk to the present day, has been the theater of a series of changes as vast in their amount as they were slow in their progress. The area on which we stand has been first sea and then land, for at least four alternations; and has remained in each of these conditions for a period of great length. Nor have these wonderful metamorphoses of sea into land, and of land into sea, been confined to one corner of England. During the chalk period, or "cretaceous epoch," not one of the present great physical features of the globe was in existence. Our great mountain ranges, Pyrenees, Alps, Himalayas, Andes, have all been upheaved since the chalk was deposited, and the cretaceous sea flowed over the sites of Sinai and Ararat. All this is certain, because rocks of cretaceous, or still later date, have shared in the elevatory movements which gave rise to these mountain chains; and may be found perched up, in some cases, many thousand feet high upon their flanks. And evidence of equal cogency demonstrates that, though in Norfolk the forest-bed rests directly upon the chalk, yet it does so, not because the period at which the forest grew immediately followed that at which the chalk was formed, but because an immense lapse of time, represented elsewhere by thousands of feet of rock, is not indicated at Cromer.

I must ask you to believe that there is no less conclusive proof that a still more prolonged succession of similar changes occurred before the chalk was deposited. Nor have we any reason to think that the first term in the series of these changes is known. The oldest sea-beds preserved to us are sands, and mud, and pebbles, the wear and tear of rocks which were formed in still older oceans.

But, great as is the magnitude of these physical changes of the world, they have been accompanied by a no less striking series of modifications in its living inhabitants. All the great classes of animals, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, creeping things, and things which dwell in the waters, flourished upon the globe long ages before the chalk was deposited. Very few,

[5] *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 384.

[6] *Genesis*, xv, 18.

however, if any, of these ancient forms of animal life were identical with those which now live. Certainly not one of the higher animals was of the same species as any of those now in existence. The beasts of the field, in the days before the chalk, were not our beasts of the field, nor the fowls of the air such as those which the eye of man has seen flying, unless his antiquity dates infinitely further back than we at present surmise. If we could be carried back into those times, we should be as one suddenly set down in Australia before it was colonized. We should see mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, snails, and the like, clearly recognizable as such, and yet not one of them would be just the same as those with which we are familiar, and many would be extremely different.

From that time to the present, the population of the world has undergone slow and gradual, but incessant changes. There has been no grand catastrophe—no destroyer has swept away the forms of life of one period and replaced them by a totally new creation; but one species has vanished and another has taken its place; creatures of one type of structure have diminished, those of another have increased, as time has passed on. And thus, while the differences between the living creatures of the time before the chalk and those of the present day appear startling if placed side by side, we are led from one to the other by the most gradual progress if we follow the course of Nature through the whole series of those relics of her operations which she has left behind.

And it is by the population of the chalk sea that the ancient and the modern inhabitants of the world are most completely connected. The groups which are dying out flourish side by side with the groups which are now the dominant forms of life. Thus the chalk contains remains of those strange flying and swimming reptiles, the pterodactyl, the ichthyosaurus, and the plesiosaurus, which are found in no later deposits, but abounded in preceding ages. The chambered shells called ammonites and belemnites, which are so characteristic of the period preceding the cretaceous, in like manner die with it. But amongst these fading remainders of a previous state of things are some very modern forms of life, looking like Yankee pedlars among a tribe of Red Indians. Crocodiles of modern type appear; bony fishes, many of them very similar to existing species, almost supplant the forms of fish which predominate in more ancient seas; and many kinds of living shellfish first become known to us in the chalk. The vegetation acquires a modern aspect. A few living animals are not even distinguishable as species from those which existed at that remote epoch. The *Globigerina* of the present day, for example, is not different specifically from that of the chalk; and the same may be said of many other *Foraminifera*. I think it probable that critical and unprejudiced examination will show that more than one species of much higher animals have had a similar longevity; but the only example which I can at present give confidently is the snake's-head lamp-shell *(Terebratulina caput serpentis)*, which lives in our English seas and abounded (as *Terebratulina striata* of authors) in the chalk.

The longest line of human ancestry must hide its diminished head[7] before the pedigree of this insignificant shell-fish. We Englishmen are proud to have an ancestor who was present at the Battle of Hastings.[8] The ancestors of *Terebratulina caput serpentis* may have been present at a battle of *Ichthyosauria* in that part of the sea which, when the chalk was forming, flowed over the site of Hastings. While all around has changed, this *Terebratulina* has peacefully propagated its species from generation to generation, and stands, to this day, as a living testimony to the continuity of the present with the past history of the globe.

Up to this moment I have stated, so far as I know, nothing but well-authenticated facts, and the immediate conclusions which they force upon the mind. But the mind is so constituted that it does not willingly rest in facts and immediate causes, but seeks always after a knowledge of the remoter links in the chain of causation. Taking the many changes of any given spot of the earth's surface, from sea to land and from land to sea, as an established fact, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves how these changes have occurred. And when we have explained them—as they must be explained—by the alternate slow movements of elevation and depression which have affected the crust of the earth, we go still further back and ask, Why these movements?

I am not certain that anyone can give you a satisfactory answer to that question. Assuredly I cannot. All that can be said, for certain, is that such movements are part of the ordinary course of nature, inasmuch as they are going on at the present time. Direct proof may be given that some parts of the land of the northern hemisphere are at this moment in-

[7] *Paradise Lost*, IV, 35.
[8] The Norman Conquest, 1066.

sensibly rising and others insensibly sinking; and there is indirect, but perfectly satisfactory, proof that an enormous area now covered by the Pacific has been deepened thousands of feet since the present inhabitants of that sea came into existence. Thus there is not a shadow of a reason for believing that the physical changes of the globe in past times have been effected by other than natural causes. Is there any more reason for believing that the concomitant modifications in the forms of the living inhabitants of the globe have been brought about in other ways?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us try to form a distinct mental picture of what has happened in some special case. The crocodiles are animals which, as a group, have a very vast antiquity. They abounded ages before the chalk was deposited; they throng the rivers in warm climates at the present day. There is a difference in the form of the joints of the backbone, and in some minor particulars, between the crocodiles of the present epoch and those which lived before the chalk; but in the cretaceous epoch, as I have already mentioned, the crocodiles had assumed the modern type of structure. Notwithstanding this, the crocodiles of the chalk are not identically the same as those which lived in the times called "older tertiary," which succeeded the cretaceous epoch, and the crocodiles of the older tertiaries are not identical with those of the newer tertiaries, nor are these identical with existing forms. (I leave open the question whether particular species may have lived on from epoch to epoch.) Thus each epoch has had its peculiar crocodiles; though all, since the chalk, have belonged to the modern type, and differ simply in their proportions, and in such structural particulars as are discernible only to trained eyes.

How is the existence of this long succession of different species of crocodiles to be accounted for? Only two suppositions seem to be open to us—Either each species of crocodile has been specially created, or it has arisen out of some pre-existing form by the operation of natural causes. Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine. I can find no warranty for believing in the distinct creation of a score of successive species of crocodiles in the course of countless ages of time. Science gives no countenance to such a wild fancy; nor can even the perverse ingenuity of a commentator pretend to discover this sense in the simple words in which the writer of Genesis records the proceedings of the fifth and sixth days of the Creation. On the other hand, I see no good reason for doubting the necessary alternative, that all these varied species have been evolved from pre-existing crocodilian forms, by the operation of causes as completely a part of the common order of nature as those which have effected the changes of the inorganic world. Few will venture to affirm that the reasoning which applies to crocodiles loses its force among other animals, or among plants. If one series of species has come into existence by the operation of natural causes, it seems folly to deny that all may have arisen in the same way.

A small beginning has led us to a great ending. If I were to put the bit of chalk with which we started into the hot but obscure flame of burning hydrogen, it would presently shine like the sun. It seems to me that this physical metamorphosis is no false image of what has been the result of our subjecting it to a jet of fervent, though nowise brilliant, thought to-night. It has become luminous, and its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting "without haste, but without rest"[9] of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

From THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE*

The Lamp of Memory.

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura.[1] It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savage-

[9] *"Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast."*—Goethe.

[1] A chain of mountains in eastern France.

* Published in 1849, some time after the first two volumes of *Modern Painters*. The seven "Lamps" are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience. The word "lamp" is used in allusion to the story of Aladdin's magic lamp; and the book was written, said Ruskin, "to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced." The selection here given illustrates Ruskin's early exuberant style and also contains his fundamental doctrine of the necessity of relating art to life and morality.

ness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far-reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far-off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie,[2] the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground the vetch and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina,[3] and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux,[4] and the four-square keep of Granson.[5]

It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears!—how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world:[6] there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality; it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles:[7] and the day is coming when we shall

[2] "Mary's Month." The reference is to May processions in honor of the Virgin.

[3] A milkwort.

[4] In the Fort de Joux, Mirabeau, the French orator, was once imprisoned; and Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist, died there.

[5] A village and castle on the Lake of Neuchâtel, Switzerland. A Swiss garrison was treacherously put to death there by Charles the Bold in 1476 and gloriously avenged by the Swiss army.

[6] See *Genesis*, xi 4.

[7] It was during the ascendency of Pericles that the Parthenon was built.

confess that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate; the first, to render the architecture of the day historical; and the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages.

It is in the first of these two directions that Memory may truly be said to be the Sixth Lamp of Architecture; for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings; and this partly as they are, with such a view, built in a more stable manner, and partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning.

As regards domestic buildings, there must always be a certain limitation to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts, of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins; and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the heart and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt, and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety of the pagan. Our God is a household God as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how, and with what aspect of durability and of completeness, the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with

care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement, than their attainments at the termination, of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they have been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

From THE STONES OF VENICE.

The Throne. Volume II, Chapter I*

In the olden days of travelling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or, from the long hoped for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw, for the first time, the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset—hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent,—in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place, than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveller, than that which, as I endeavoured to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment, for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy; but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea, for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-coloured line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows; but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles[1] of Murano, and on the great city,

* In this "faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne," we have both an illustration of Ruskin's descriptive and narrative powers, and an expression of the deep religious convictions which informed his earlier writings. In the selection that follows will be found his defence and praise of Gothic art, together with his central social theory.

1 bell-towers (Murano is an island just north of Venice.)

where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces,—each with its black boat moored at the portal,—each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi;[2] that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah! Stali,"[3] struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation,[4] it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless,—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests,—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance, as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are forever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins, there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveller, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They, at least, are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignoble, and disguise what is discordant, in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner, whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs," which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice;[5] no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death;[6] and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari[7] could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, that renowned entrance, the painter's favourite subject, the novelist's favourite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute,—the mighty Doges would not know in what part of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the

2 The Bridge of the Rialto, across the Grand Canal, consists of a single marble arch of 74 feet span and 32 feet in height.

3 Indicating that the gondolier meant to turn to the right.

4 The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, on the right side of the mouth of the Grand Canal.

5 See *Childe Harold*, IV, 1.

6 See *Marino Faliero*, III, 1, 36.

7 Early Doges of Venice; the one was blinded by the Byzantine emperor, the other compelled to abdicate.

reat city, for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their grey hairs had been brought own with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the umbrous masses which were the delight of the ation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-rown court, and silent pathway, and lightless anal, where the slow waves have sapped their oundations for five hundred years, and must oon prevail over them for ever. It must be ur task[8] to glean and gather them forth, and estore out of them some faint image of the st city; more gorgeous a thousandfold than hat which now exists, yet not created in the ay-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation f the noble, but built by iron hands and atient hearts, contending against the adverity of nature and the fury of man, so that s wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the ndolence of imagination, but only after frank quiry into the true nature of that wild and olitary scene, whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the ty, but long denied her dominion.

When the eye falls casually on a map of urope, there is no feature by which it is more kely to be arrested than the strange sweeping op formed by the junction of the Alps and pennines, and enclosing the great basin of ombardy. This return of the mountain chain oon itself causes a vast difference in the char-ter of the distribution of its débris on its pposite sides. The rock fragments and sedient which the torrents on the other side of e Alps bear into the plains are distributed er a vast extent of country, and, though here d there lodged in beds of enormous thickness, on permit the firm substrata to appear from derneath them; but all the torrents which scend from the southern side of the High ps, and from the northern slope of the Apennes, meet concentrically in the recess or ountain bay which the two ridges enclose; ery fragment which thunder breaks out of eir battlements, and every grain of dust ich the summer rain washes from their pas-res, is at last laid at rest in the blue sweep the Lombardic plain; and that plain must ve risen within its rocky barriers as a cup s with wine, but for two contrary influences ich continually depress, or disperse from its face, the accumulation of the ruins of ages. I will not tax the reader's faith in modern ence by insisting on the singular depression the surface of Lombardy, which appears for ny centuries to have taken place steadily and continually; the main fact with which we have to do is the gradual transport, by the Po and its great collateral rivers, of vast masses of the finer sediment to the sea. The character of the Lombardic plain is most strikingly expressed by the ancient walls of its cities, composed for the most part of large rounded Alpine pebbles alternating with narrow courses of brick; and was curiously illustrated in 1848, by the ramparts of these same pebbles thrown up four or five feet high round every field, to check the Austrian cavalry in the battle under the walls of Verona. The finer dust among which these pebbles are dispersed is taken up by the rivers, fed into continual strength by the Alpine snow, so that, however pure their waters may be when they issue from the lakes at the foot of the great chain, they become of the colour and opacity of clay before they reach the Adriatic; the sediment which they bear is at once thrown down as they enter the sea, forming a vast belt of low land along the eastern coast of Italy. The powerful stream of the Po of course builds forward the fastest; on each side of it, north and south, there is a tract of marsh, fed by more feeble streams, and less liable to rapid change than the delta of the central river. In one of these tracts is built RAVENNA, and in the other VENICE.

What circumstances directed the peculiar arrangement of this great belt of sediment in the earliest times, it is not here the place to inquire. It is enough for us to know that from the mouths of the Adige to those of the Piave there stretches, at a variable distance of from three to five miles from the actual shore, a bank of sand, divided into long islands by narrow channels of sea. The space between this bank and the true shore consists of the sedimentary deposits from these and other rivers, a great plain of calcareous mud,[9] covered, in the neighbourhood of Venice, by the sea at high water, to the depth in most places of a foot or a foot and a half, and nearly everywhere exposed at low tide, but divided by an intricate network of narrow and winding channels, from which the sea never retires. In some places, according to the run of the currents, the land has risen into marshy islets, consolidated, some by art, and some by time, into ground firm enough to be built upon, or fruitful enough to be cultivated: in others, on the contrary, it has not reached the sea level; so that, at the average low water, shallow lakelets glitter among its irregularly exposed fields of seaweed. In the midst of the largest of these, increased in importance

8 e., Ruskin's task, in this intended work on Venetian architecture and sculpture.

9 Compare what Huxley says on the chalk formation of Europe, p. 670.

by the confluence of several large river channels towards one of the openings in the sea bank, the city of Venice itself is built, on a crowded cluster of islands; the various plots of higher ground which appear to the north and south of this central cluster, have at different periods been also thickly inhabited, and now bear, according to their size, the remains of cities, villages, or isolated convents and churches, scattered among spaces of open ground, partly waste and encumbered by ruins, partly under cultivation for the supply of the metropolis.

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages: there is a channel, some three miles wide, between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean, although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the uplifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed, of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building: but, in order to know what it was once, let the traveller follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait, until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry; and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary sea-port. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water-access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the courtyards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water-carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The

streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counterbalanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea-surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth, in world-wide pulsation, the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendour.

The Mediaeval and the Modern Workman. From Volume II, Chapter VI

Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labour, there are some powers for better things: some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they *are* tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honour them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our labourers; to look for the *thoughtful* part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself, but in company with much error. Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

And observe, you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last—a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.

And now, reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those accurate mouldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tem-

pered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African, or helot[1] Greek. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls within them, to blight and hew into rotting pollards the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the worm's work on it, is to see God,[2] into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with,—this it is to be slave-masters indeed; and there might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke, and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.

And, on the other hand, go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors: examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.

Let me not be thought to speak wildly or extravagantly. It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labour to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them, as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them: for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is pestilential air at the bottom of it. I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labour for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty,—liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh,[3] has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other, by the bridle on his lips: there is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world. There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him,—the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain servant, who 200 years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief?—as each fell, calling forth his brother to the death, "Another for Hector!"[4] And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and

[1] A slave in ancient Sparta, owned by the state, and attached to the soil.
[2] See *Job*, xix, 26.
[3] See *Matthew*, viii, 9.
[4] See the Preface to Scott's *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received, them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked, to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss, to be counted off into a heap of mechanism, numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer strokes;—this nature bade not,—this God blesses not,—this humanity for no long time is able to endure.

We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men:—Divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,—sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is,—we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labour.

From MODERN PAINTERS

Of the True Ideal:—First, Purist. Part IV, Chapter VI

Having thus glanced at the principal modes in which the imagination works for evil, we must rapidly note also the principal directions in which its operation is admissible, even in changing or strangely combining what is brought within its sphere.

For hitherto we have spoken as if every change wilfully wrought by the imagination was an error; apparently implying that its only proper work was to summon up the memories of past events, and the anticipations of future ones, under aspects which would bear the sternest tests of historical investigation, or abstract reasoning. And in general this is, indeed, its noblest work. Nevertheless, it has also permissible functions peculiarly its own, and certain rights of feigning, and adorning, and fancifully arranging, inalienable from its nature. Everything that is natural is, within certain limits, right; and we must take care not, in over-severity, to deprive ourselves of any refreshing or animating power ordained to be in us for our help.

(A). It was noted in speaking above of the Angelican[1] or passionate ideal, that there was a certain virtue in it dependent on the expression of its loving enthusiasm.

(B). In speaking of the pursuit of beauty as one of the characteristics of the highest art, it was also said that there were certain ways of showing this beauty by gathering together, without altering, the finest forms, and marking them by gentle emphasis.

(C). And in speaking of the true uses of imagination it was said that we might be allowed to create for ourselves, in innocent play, fairies and naiads, and other such fictitious creatures.

Now this loving enthusiasm, which seeks for a beauty fit to be the object of eternal love; this inventive skill, which kindly displays what exists around us in the world; and this playful energy of thought which delights in various conditions of the impossible, are three forms of idealism more or less connected with the three tendencies of the artistical mind which I had occasion to explain in the chapter on the Nature of Gothic, in the *Stones of Venice*. It was there pointed out, that, the things around us containing mixed good and evil, certain men chose the good and left the evil (thence properly called Purists); others received both good and evil together (thence properly called Naturalists); and others had a tendency to choose the evil and leave the good, whom, for convenience' sake, I termed Sensualists. I do not mean to say that painters of fairies and naiads must belong to this last and lowest

[1] So named by Ruskin because Fra Angelico (1387-1455), famous for his paintings of angels, was "the central master of the school."

class, or habitually choose the evil and leave the good; but there is, nevertheless, a strange connection between the reinless play of the imagination, and a sense of the presence of evil, which is usually more or less developed in those creations of the imagination to which we properly attach the word *Grotesque*.

For this reason, we shall find it convenient to arrange what we have to note respecting true idealism under the three heads—

A. Purist Idealism.
B. Naturalist Idealism.
C. Grotesque Idealism.

A. Purist Idealism.—It results from the unwillingness of men whose dispositions are more than ordinarily tender and holy, to contemplate the various forms of definite evil which necessarily occur in the daily aspects of the world around them. They shrink from them as from pollution, and endeavour to create for themselves an imaginary state, in which pain and imperfection either do not exist, or exist in some edgeless and enfeebled condition.

As, however, pain and imperfection are, by eternal laws, bound up with existence, so far as it is visible to us, the endeavour to cast them away invariably indicates a comparative childishness of mind, and produces a childish form of art. In general, the effort is most successful when it is most naïve, and when the ignorance of the draughtsman is in some frank proportion to his innocence. For instance, one of the modes of treatment, the most conducive to this ideal expression, is simply drawing everything without shadows, as if the sun were everywhere at once. This, in the present state of our knowledge, we could not do with grace, because we could not do it without fear or shame. But an artist of the thirteenth century did it with no disturbance of conscience,—knowing no better, or rather, in some sense, we might say, knowing no worse. It is, however, evident, at the first thought, that all representations of nature without evil must either be ideals of a future world, or be false ideals, if they are understood to be representations of facts. They can only be classed among the branches of the true ideal, in so far as they are understood to be nothing more than expressions of the painter's personal affections or hopes.

Let us take one or two instances in order clearly to explain our meaning.

The life of Angelico was almost entirely spent in the endeavour to imagine the beings belonging to another world. By purity of life, habitual elevation of thought, and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to express the sacred affections upon the human countenance as no one ever did before or since. In order to effect clearer distinction between heavenly beings and those of this world, he represents the former as clothed in draperies of the purest colour, crowned with glories of burnished gold, and entirely shadowless. With exquisite choice of gesture, and disposition of folds of drapery, this mode of treatment gives perhaps the best idea of spiritual beings which the human mind is capable of forming. It is, therefore, a true ideal; but the mode in which it is arrived at (being so far mechanical and contradictory of the appearances of nature) necessarily precludes those who practise it from being complete masters of their art. It is always childish, but beautiful in its childishness.

The works of our own Stothard[2] are examples of the operation of another mind, singular in gentleness and purity, upon mere worldly subject. It seems as if Stothard could not conceive wickedness, coarseness, or baseness; every one of his figures looks as if it had been copied from some creature who had never harboured an unkind thought, or permitted itself in any ignoble action. With this intense love of mental purity is joined, in Stothard, a love of merely physical smoothness and softness, so that he lived in a universe of soft grass and stainless fountains, tender trees, and stones at which no foot could stumble.

All this is very beautiful, and may sometimes urge us to an endeavour to make the world itself more like the conception of the painter. At least, in the midst of its malice, misery, and baseness, it is often a relief to glance at the graceful shadows, and take, for momentary companionship, creatures full only of love, gladness, and honour. But the perfect truth will at last vindicate itself against the partial truth; the help which we can gain from the unsubstantial vision will be only like that which we may sometimes receive, in weariness, from the scent of a flower or the passing of a breeze. For all firm aid, and steady use, we must look to harder realities; and, as far as the painter himself is regarded, we can only receive such work as the sign of an amiable imbecility. It is indeed ideal; but ideal as a fair dream is in the dawn of morning, before the faculties are astir. The apparent completeness of grace can never be attained without much definite falsification as well as omission; stones, over which we cannot stumble, must be ill-drawn.

[2] Thomas Stothard (1755-1834), best known perhaps for his painting of the "Canterbury Pilgrims."

tones; trees, which are all gentleness and softness, cannot be trees of wood; nor companies without evil in them, companies of flesh and blood. The habit of falsification (with whatever aim) begins always in dulness and ends always in incapacity: nothing can be more pitiable than any endeavour by Stothard to express facts beyond his own sphere of soft pathos or graceful mirth, and nothing more unwise than the aim at a similar ideality by any painter who has power to render a sincerer truth.

I remember another interesting example of ideality on this same root, but belonging to another branch of it, in the works of a young German painter, which I saw some time ago in a London drawing-room. He had been travelling in Italy, and had brought home a portfolio of sketches remarkable alike for their fidelity and purity. Every one was a laborious and accurate study of some particular spot. Every cottage, every cliff, every tree, at the site chosen, had been drawn; and drawn with palpable sincerity of portraiture, and yet in such a spirit that it was impossible to conceive that any sin or misery had ever entered into one of the scenes he had represented; and the volcanic horrors of Radicofani,[3] the pestilent gloom of the Pontines,[4] and the boundless despondency of the Campagna[5] became, under his hand, only various appearances of Paradise.

It was very interesting to observe the minute emendations or omissions by which this was effected. To set the tiles the slightest degree more in order upon a cottage roof; to insist upon the vine leaves at the window, and let the shadow which fell from them naturally conceal the rent in the wall; to draw all the flowers in the foreground, and miss the weeds; to draw all the folds of the white clouds, and miss those of the black ones; to mark the graceful branches of the trees, and, in one way or another, beguile the eye from those which were ungainly; to give every peasant-girl whose face was visible the expression of an angel, and every one whose back was turned the bearing of a princess; finally, to give a general look of light, clear organization, and serene vitality to every feature in the landscape;—such were his artifices, and such his delights. It was impossible not to sympathize deeply with the spirit of such a painter; and it was just cause for gratitude to be permitted to travel, as it were, through Italy with such a friend. But his work had, nevertheless, its stern limitations and marks of everlasting inferiority. Always soothing and pathetic, it could never be sublime, never perfectly nor entrancingly beautiful; for the narrow spirit of correction could not cast itself fully into any scene; the calm cheerfulness which shrank from the shadow of the cypress, and the distortion of the olive, could not enter into the brightness of the sky that they pierced, nor the softness of the bloom that they bore: for every sorrow that his heart turned from, he lost a consolation; for every fear which he dared not confront, he lost a portion of his hardiness; the unsceptred sweep of the storm-clouds, the fair freedom of glancing shower and flickering sunbeam, sank into sweet rectitudes and decent formalisms; and, before eyes that refused to be dazzled or darkened, the hours of sunset wreathed their rays unheeded, and the mists of the Apennines spread their blue veils in vain.

To this inherent shortcoming and narrowness of reach the farther defect was added, that this work gave no useful representation of the state of facts in the country which it pretended to contemplate. It was not only wanting in all the higher elements of beauty, but wholly unavailable for instruction of any kind beyond that which exists in pleasurableness of pure emotion. And considering what cost of labour was devoted to the series of drawings, it could not but be matter for grave blame, as well as for partial contempt, that a man of amiable feeling and considerable intellectual power should thus expend his life in the declaration of his own petty pieties and pleasant reveries, leaving the burden of human sorrow unwitnessed, and the power of God's judgments unconfessed; and, while poor Italy lay wounded and moaning at his feet, pass by, in priestly calm, lest the whiteness of his decent vesture should be spotted with unhallowed blood.

Of several other forms of Purism I shall have to speak hereafter, more especially of that exhibited in the landscapes of the early religious painters; but these examples are enough, for the present, to show the general principle that the purest ideal, though in some measure true, in so far as it springs from the true longings of an earnest mind, is yet necessarily in many things deficient or blamable, and *always* an indication of some degree of weakness in

[3] A town in the province of Siena, Italy, situated on a hill at the foot of a basaltic rock.
[4] A marshy region in central Italy.
[5] The Roman Campagna. In his preface to the second edition of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, Ruskin has a remarkable description of this "wild and wasted plain."

the mind pursuing it. But, on the other hand, it is to be noted that entire scorn of this purist ideal is the sign of a far greater weakness. Multitudes of petty artists, incapable of any noble sensation whatever, but acquainted, in a dim way, with the technicalities of the schools, mock at the art whose depths they cannot fathom, and whose motives they cannot comprehend, but of which they can easily detect the imperfections, and deride the simplicities. Thus poor fumigatory Fuseli,[6] with an art composed of the tinsel of the stage and the panics of the nursery, speaks contemptuously of the name of Angelico as "dearer to sanctity than to art." And a large portion of the resistance to the noble Pre-Raphaelite movement of our own days[7] has been offered by men who suppose the entire function of the artist in this world to consist in laying on colour with a large brush, and surrounding dashes of flake white with bituminous brown; men whose entire capacities of brain, soul, and sympathy, applied industriously to the end of their lives, would not enable them, at last, to paint so much as one of the leaves of the nettles, at the bottom of Hunt's picture of the Light of the World.[8]

It is finally to be remembered, therefore, that Purism is always noble when it is *instinctive*. It is not the greatest thing that can be done, but it is probably the greatest thing that the man who does it can do, provided it comes from his heart. True, it is a sign of weakness, but it is not in our choice whether we will be weak or strong; and there is a certain strength which can only be made perfect in weakness. If he is working in humility, fear of evil, desire of beauty, and sincere purity of purpose and thought, he will produce good and helpful things; but he must be much on his guard against supposing himself to be greater than his fellows, because he has shut himself into this calm and cloistered sphere. His only safety lies in knowing himself to be, on the contrary, *less* than his fellows, and in always striving, so far as he can find it in his heart, to extend his delicate narrowness toward the great naturalist ideal. The whole group of modern German purists have lost themselves because they founded their work not on humility, nor on religion, but on small self-conceit. Incapable of understanding the great Venetians or any other masters of true imaginative power, and having fed what mind they had with weak poetry and false philosophy, they thought themselves the best and greatest of artistic mankind, and expected to found a new school of painting in pious plagiarism and delicate pride. It is difficult at first to decide which is the more worthless, the spiritual affectation of the petty German, or the composition and chiaroscuro of the petty Englishman; on the whole, however, the latter have lightest weight, for the pseudo-religious painter must, at all events, pass much of his time in meditation upon solemn subjects, and in examining venerable models; and may sometimes even cast a little useful reflected light, or touch the heart with a pleasant echo.

[6] A Swiss-English painter and art-critic (1741-1825). He had a powerful but ill-regulated fancy, being both a fantastic designer and a reckless colorist. Perhaps Ruskin means something like this by calling him "fumigatory," but his meaning is not very clear.

[7] The movement led by Rossetti, Millais, and Hunt. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 369, 370. Holman Hunt's well-known "Light of the World" (now at Keble College, Oxford) is a painting representing Christ, with a lantern in his hand, standing at a door and knocking.

[8] "Not that the Pre-Raphaelite is a purist movement, it is stern naturalist; but its unfortunate opposers, who neither know what nature is, nor what purism is, have mistaken the simple nature for morbid purism, and therefore cried out against it."—Ruskin's note.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882)

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL*

The blessed damozel leaned out
  From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
  Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
  And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
  No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
  For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
  Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
  One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
  From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
  Had counted as ten years.

* Slight in substance as this poem is, it has two unusual sources of charm—a very definite pictorial character which stamps it as the work of a poet who was also a painter, and a mystical quality springing from an imagination that dared to portray earthly love in heavenly surroundings. Those who are interested in sources may consult Virgil, *Eclogue* v. 56; and Petrarch, Sonnets *In Morte*, 74.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove[1]
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek

[1] The Dove typifies the third member of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit.

To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

SISTER HELEN*

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
To-day is the third since you began."
"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,
You'll let me play, for you said I might."
"Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
Sister Helen;
If now it be molten, all is well."
"Even so,—nay, peace! you cannot tell,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen;
How like dead folk he has dropped away!"
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood!"
"Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and sore,
Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door."
"Aye, let me rest,—I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me."
"Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen;
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly."

* This ballad is founded on an old superstition. Holinshed, for example, tells a story of an attempt upon the life of King Duffe—how certain soldiers breaking into a house, "found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broach an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, . . . by the which means it should have come to pass that when the wax was once clean consumed, the death of the king should immediately follow."

"Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."
"Look, look, do you know them who they are,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast."
"The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He has made a sign and called Halloo!
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you."
"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven?)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
"And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn."
"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away."
"*My* prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven?)

"But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can."
"Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame."
"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast."
"The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen;
But his words are drowned in the wind's course."
"Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What word now heard, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die."
"In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
The soul's one sight, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."

"What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain."
"What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead Love must weep to see."
"Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast."
"The short, short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh! his voice is sad and weak!"
"What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies, but the soul shall live."
"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh he prays you, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen,
To save his dear son's soul alive."
"Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
Sister Helen,
To go with him for the love of God!"
"The way is long to his son's abode,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
Sister Helen,
So darkly clad, I saw her not."
"See her now or never see aught,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Her hood falls back, and the moon shines fair,
Sister Helen,
On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
"Blest hour of my power and her despair,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Hour blest and banned, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did glow,
Sister Helen,
'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."
"One morn for pride and three days for woe,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Her clasped hands stretch from her bending head,
Sister Helen;
With the loud wind's wail her sobs are wed."
"What wedding-strains hath her bridal-bed,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What strain but death's, between Hell and Heaven?)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
Sister Helen,
She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
"Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe tune,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's saddle-bow,
Sister Helen,
And her moonlit hair gleams white in its flow."
"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and Heaven!)

O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!
lore loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
is dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen;
it in the sky or in the ground?"
Say, have they turned their horses round,
Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
hat would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

They have raised the old man from his knee,
Sister Helen,
nd they ride in silence hastily."
More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
he naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen,
ut the lady's dark steed goes alone."
And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath flown.
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
he lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen,
nd weary sad they look by the hill."
But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
ost sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!)

See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
nd the flames are winning up apace!"
Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
ere for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

Ah! what white thing at the door has crossed,
Sister Helen?
! what is this that sighs in the frost?"
A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
st, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

LA BELLA DONNA*

She wept, sweet lady,
And said in weeping:
"What spell is keeping
The stars so steady?
Why does the power
Of the sun's noon-hour
To sleep so move me?
And the moon in heaven,
Stained where she passes
As a worn-out glass is,—
Why walks she above me?

"Stars, moon, and sun too,
I'm tired of either
And all together!
Whom speak they unto
That I should listen?
For very surely,
Though my arms and shoulders
Dazzle beholders,
And my eyes glisten,
All's nothing purely!
What are words said for
At all about them,
If he they are made for
Can do without them?"

She laughed, sweet lady,
And said in laughing:
"His hand clings half in
My own already!
Oh! do you love me?
Oh! speak of passion
In no new fashion,
But the old sayings
You once said of me.

"You said: 'As summer,
Through boughs grown brittle,
Comes back a little
Ere frosts benumb her,—
So bring'st thou to me
All leaves and flowers,
Though autumn's gloomy
To-day in the bowers.'

"Oh! does he love me,
When my voice teaches
The very speeches
He then spoke of me?
Alas! what flavour

* This is a translation, by Rossetti, of an Italian song (probably also written by him) in his poem, *The Last Confession*. Though apparently little more than a *tour de force* of rhyme, it has a quality, and portrays a mood, not common in our literature.

Still with me lingers—''
(But she laughed as my kisses
Glowed in her fingers
With love's old blisses)
''Oh! what one favour
Remains to woo him,
Whose whole poor savour
Belongs not to him?''

THE WOODSPURGE

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

THE SONG OF THE BOWER

Say, is it day, is it dusk in thy bower,
Thou whom I long for, who longest for me?
Oh! be it light, be it night, 'tis Love's hour,
Love's that is fettered as Love's that is free.
Free Love has leaped to that innermost chamber,
Oh! the last time, and the hundred before:
Fettered Love, motionless, can but remember,
Yet something that sighs from him passes the door. 8

Nay, but my heart when it flies to thy bower,
What does it find there that knows it again?
There it must droop like a shower-beaten flower,
Red at the rent core and dark with the rain.
Ah! yet what shelter is still shed above it,—
What waters still image its leaves torn apart?
Thy soul is the shade that clings round it to love it,
And tears are its mirror deep down in thy heart. 16

What were my prize, could I enter the bower,
This day, to-morrow, at eve or at morn?
Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower,
Bosom then heaving that now lies forlorn.
Kindled with love-breath, (the sun's kiss is colder!)
Thy sweetness all near me, so distant to-day;
My hand round thy neck and thy hand on my shoulder,
My mouth to thy mouth as the world melts away. 24

What is it that keeps me afar from thy bower,—
My spirit, my body, so fain to be there?
Waters engulfing or fires that devour?—
Earth heaped against me or death in the air?
Nay, but in day-dreams, for terror, for pity,
The trees wave their heads with an omen to tell;
Nay, but in night-dreams, throughout the darkcity,
The hours, clashed together, lose count in the bell. 32

Shall I not one day remember thy bower,
One day when all days are one day to me?—
Thinking, 'I stirred not, and yet had the power,'
Yearning, 'Ah God, if again it might be!'
Peace, peace! such a small lamp illumes, on this highway,
So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,—
Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way. . . .
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet? 40

THE CLOUD CONFINES

The day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart;
No lips of cloud that will part
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go,—
''Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.''

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,

Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time?—
Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate;
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seedplot,
And what betwixt them are we?—
We who say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

From THE HOUSE OF LIFE*

The Sonnet

Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
morial from the Soul's eternity
one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
ether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The Soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

IV. Lovesight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

XIX. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms;
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis 'visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:—
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

XLIX—LII. Willowwood

I

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,
Leaning across the water, I and he;
Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,

*he "house of life" was the first of the twelve divisions of the heavens made by old astrologers in casting the horoscope of a man's destiny. This series of a hundred and one sonnets is a faithful record, drawn from Rossetti's own inward experience, "of the mysterious conjunctions and oppositions wrought by Love, Change, and Fate in the House of Life."—*Eng. Lit.*, p. 373.

But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell:
Only our mirrored eyes met silently
In the low wave; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

II

And now Love sang: but his was such a song,
So meshed with half-remembrance hard to free,
As souls disused in death's sterility
May sing when the new birthday tarries long.
And I was made aware of a dumb throng
That stood aloof, one form by every tree,
All mournful forms, for each was I or she,
The shades of those our days that had no tongue.
They looked on us, and knew us and were known;
While fast together, alive from the abyss,
Clung the soul-wrung implacable close kiss;
And pity of self through all made broken moan
Which said, "For once, for once, for once alone!"
And still Love sang, and what he sang was this:—

III

"O ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood,
That walk with hollow faces burning white;
What fathom-depth of soul-struck widowhood,
What long, what longer hours, one life-long night,
Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed
Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite
Your lips to that their unforgotten food,
Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light!
Alas! the bitter banks in Willowwood,
With tear-spurge wan, with blood-wort burning red:
Alas! if ever such a pillow could
Steep deep the soul in sleep till she were dead,—
Better all life forget her than this thing,
That Willowwood should hold her wandering!"

IV

So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose
Together cling through the wind's wellaway[1]
Nor change at once, yet near the end of day
The leaves drop loosened where the heart-stain glows,—
So when the song died did the kiss unclose;
And her face fell back drowned, and was as gray
As its gray eyes; and if it ever may
Meet mine again I know not if Love knows.
Only I know that I leaned low and drank
A long draught from the water where she sank
Her breath and all her tears and all her soul.
And as I leaned, I know I felt Love's face
Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and grace,
Till both our heads were in his aureole.

[1] An archaic expression of grief.

LXV. Known in Vain

As two whose love, first foolish, widening scope
Knows suddenly, to music high and soft,
The Holy of holies; who because they scoff'd
Are now amazed with shame, nor dare to cope
With the whole truth aloud, lest heaven should ope;
Yet, at their meetings, laugh not as they laugh'd
In speech; nor speak, at length; but sitting oft
Together, within hopeless sight of hope
For hours are silent:—So it happeneth
When Work and Will awake too late, to gaze
After their life sailed by, and hold their breath
Ah! who shall dare to search through what sad maze
Thenceforth their incommunicable ways
Follow the desultory feet of Death?

LXVI. The Heart of the Night

From child to youth; from youth to arduous man;
From lethargy to fever of the heart;
From faithful life to dream-dowered day apart;
From trust to doubt; from doubt to brink of ban;—
Thus much of change in one swift cycle ran
Till now. Alas, the soul!—how soon must she
Accept her primal immortality,—
The flesh resume its dust whence it began?
O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of life!
O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though late,
Even yet renew this soul with duteous breath
That when the peace is garnered in from strife
The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
This soul may see thy face, O Lord of death!

LXVII. The Landmark

Was *that* the landmark? What—the foolish well

Whose wave, low down, I did not stoop to drink,
But sat and flung the pebbles from its brink
In sport to send its imaged skies pell-mell,
(And mine own image, had I noted well!)—
Was that my point of turning?—I had thought
The stations of my course should rise unsought,
As altar-stone or ensigned citadel,
But lo! the path is missed, I must go back,
And thirst to drink when next I reach the spring
Which once I stained, which since may have grown black.
Yet though no light be left nor bird now sing
As here I turn, I'll thank God, hastening,
That the same goal is still on the same track.

LXX. The Hill Summit

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long
And gaze now a belated worshipper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals
Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls,—
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.
And now that I have climbed and won this height,
I must tread downward through the sloping shade
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
And see the gold air and the silver fade
And the last bird fly into the last light.

LXXIX. The Monochord*

Is it this sky's vast vault or ocean's sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound?
Say, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crowned,
That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Is difficult eddies labour in the ground?
Ah! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted shifted steeps and all the way?—
That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

* A musical instrument of one string, hence, unity, harmony: here apparently used to symbolize the ultimate merging of separate lives into one Life.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)

GOBLIN MARKET*

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
'Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.'

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes:
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
'Lie close,' Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:

* Of this poem, William M. Rossetti, Christina's brother, writes: "I have more than once heard Christina say that she did not mean anything profound by this fairy tale—it is not a moral apologue consistently carried out in detail. Still the incidents are . . . suggestive, and different minds may be likely to read different messages into them." He remarks further that the central point of the story, read merely as a story, is often missed. Lizzie's service to her sister lies in procuring for her a *second* taste of the goblin fruits, such as those who have once tasted them ever afterward long for, and pine away with longing, but which the goblins themselves will not voluntarily accord.

'We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?'
'Come buy,' call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook:
'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds' weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'
'No,' said Lizzie: 'No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.'
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat[1] prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel[2] tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,[3]
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
'Come buy, come buy.'
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
'Come buy, come buy,' was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money.
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried 'Pretty Goblin' still for 'Pretty Polly'
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
'Good Folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'
'You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together:
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red.
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore
She sucked until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings:
'Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,

1 An Australian marsupial, something like a small bear.
2 A honey-badger; a nocturnal animal which feeds on rats, birds, and honey.
3 brook

How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'
'Nay, hush,' said Laura:
'Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still:
To-morrow night I will
Buy more;' and kissed her.
'Have done with sorrow;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.'

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed;
Talked as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep.
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said: 'The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep.'

But Laura loitered still among the rushes,
And said the bank was steep,
And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fallen, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
'Come buy, come buy,'
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling—
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, 'O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glow-worm winks her spark,
Let us go home before the night grows dark;
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?'

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
'Come buy our fruits, come buy.'
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture[4] find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life drooped from the root:
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache:
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry,
'Come buy, come buy;'—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none.
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.

She night and morning
Caught the goblin's cry:
'Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:'—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door.
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,[5]
Full of airs and graces.
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her:
Squeezed and caressed her:
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
'Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,

4 juicy feasting

5 See *The Tempest*, IV, i, 47, and note (page 184).

Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,—
Pomegranates, figs.'

'Good folk,' said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
'Give me much and many:'
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
'Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,'
They answered grinning:
'Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry;
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us.'—
'Thank you,' said Lizzie: 'But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee.'—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syruped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried, 'Laura,' up the garden,
'Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men.'

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair:
'Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?'—
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her:
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense failed in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.
That night long, Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves.
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,—
'For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.'

THE THREE ENEMIES

THE FLESH

'Sweet, thou art pale.'
'More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bore His Father's wrath for me.'

'Sweet, thou art sad.'
'Beneath a rod
More heavy, Christ for my sake trod
The winepress of the wrath of God.'

'Sweet, thou art weary.'
'Not so Christ;
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist.'

'Sweet, thou art footsore.'
'If I bleed,
His feet have bled; yea in my need
His Heart once bled for mine indeed.'

THE WORLD

Sweet, thou art young.'
'So He was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the Cross with Passion wrung.'

Look, thou art fair.'
'He was more fair
han men, Who deigned for me to wear
visage marred beyond compare.'

And thou hast riches.'
'Daily bread:
ll else is His: Who, living, dead,
or me lacked where to lay His Head.'

And life is sweet.'
'It was not so
o Him, Whose Cup did overflow
ith mine unutterable woe.'

THE DEVIL

hou drinkest deep.'
'When Christ would sup
e drained the dregs from out my cup:
how should I be lifted up?'

hou shalt win Glory.'
'In the skies,
rd Jesus, cover up mine eyes
st they should look on vanities.'

hou shalt have Knowledge.'
'Helpless dust!
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer Thou for me, Wise and Just.'

'And Might.'—
'Get thee behind me. Lord,
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My soul, oh keep it by Thy Word.'

AN APPLE GATHERING

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree
And wore them all that evening in my hair:
Then in due season when I went to see
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass
As I had come I went the selfsame track:
My neighbours mocked me while they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Lilias smiled in trudging by,
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool
More sweet to me than song.

Ah Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
I counted rosiest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk
Laughing and listening in this very lane;
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbours pass me, ones and twos
And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened: but I loitered; while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

MONNA INNOMINATA*

1

Come back to me, who wait and watch for you:—
Or come not yet, for it is over then,
And long it is before you come again,
So far between my pleasures are, and few.

* "Lady Unnamed"; a series of fourteen sonnets in which the personal utterance, as in Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, wears a titular disguise.

While, when you come not, what I do I do
Thinking 'Now when he comes,' my sweetest 'when':
For one man is my world of all the men
This wide world holds; O love, my world is you.
Howbeit, to meet you grows almost a pang
Because the pang of parting comes so soon;
My hope hangs waning, waxing, like a moon
Between the heavenly days on which we meet:
Ah me, but where are now the songs I sang
When life was sweet because you called them sweet?

2

I wish I could remember that first day,
First hour, first moment of your meeting me,
If bright or dim the season,—it might be
Summer or Winter for aught I can say;
So unrecorded did it slip away,
So blind was I to see and to foresee,
So dull to mark the budding of my tree
That would not blossom yet for many a May.
If only I could recollect it, such
A day of days! I let it come and go
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch,
First touch of hand in hand—Did one but know!

11

Many in aftertimes will say of you
'He loved her'—while of me what will they say?
Not that I loved you more than just in play,
For fashion's sake as idle women do.
Even let them prate; who know not what we knew
Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
But by my heart of love laid bare to you,
My love that you can make not void nor vain,
Love that foregoes you but to claim anew
Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
I charge you at the Judgment make it plain
My love of you was life and not a breath.

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

THE GILLIFLOWER OF GOLD.

A golden gilliflower to-day
I wore upon my helm alway,
And won the prize of this tourney.
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.[1]

However well Sir Giles might sit,
His sun was weak to wither it;
Lord Miles's blood was dew on it:
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Although my spear in splinters flew,
From John's steel-coat, my eye was true;
I wheeled about, and cried for you,
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Yea, do not doubt my heart was good,
Though my sword flew like rotten wood,
To shout, although I scarcely stood,
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

My hand was steady, too, to take
My axe from round my neck, and break
John's steel-coat up for my love's sake.
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

When I stood in my tent again,
Arming afresh, I felt a pain
Take hold of me, I was so fain—
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée—

To hear: "*Honneur aux fils des preux!*[2]"
Right in my ears again, and shew
The gilliflower blossomed new.
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

The Sieur Guillaume against me came,
His tabard bore three points of flame
From a red heart; with little blame[3]—
  Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée—

1 "Hah! hah! the beautiful yellow gilliflower!"
2 "Honor to the sons of the brave!"
3 hurt

Our tough spears crackled up like straw;
He was the first to turn and draw
His sword, that had nor speck nor flaw;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

But I felt weaker than a maid,
And my brain, dizzied and afraid,
Within my helm a fierce tune played,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée,

Until I thought of your dear head,
Bowed to the gilliflower bed,
The yellow flowers stained with red;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Crash! how the swords met; *"giroflée!"*
The fierce tune in my helm would play,
"La belle! la belle jaune giroflée!"
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Once more the great swords met again:
"La belle! la belle!" but who fell then?
Le Sieur Guillaume, who struck down ten;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

And as with mazed and unarmed face,
Toward my own crown and the Queen's place,
They led me at a gentle pace,—
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée,—

I almost saw your quiet head
Bowed o'er the gilliflower bed,
The yellow flowers stained with red,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

THE SAILING OF THE SWORD.

Across the empty garden-beds,
When the Sword went out to sea,
I scarcely saw my sisters' heads
Bowed each beside a tree.
I could not see the castle leads,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,
When the Sword went out to sea,
But Ursula's was russet brown:
For the mist we could not see
The scarlet roofs of the good town,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Green holly in Alicia's hand,
When the Sword went out to sea;
With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand;
Oh! yet alas for me!
I did but bear a peeled white wand,
When the Sword went out to sea.

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,
When the Sword went out to sea,
My sisters wore; I wore but white;
Red, brown, and white, are three;
Three damozels; each had a knight,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said,
When the Sword went out to sea,
"Alicia, while I see thy head,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"O, my sweet Lord, a ruby red:"
The Sword went out to sea.

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
When the Sword went out to sea,
"O, Ursula! while I see the town,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"Dear knight, bring back a falcon brown:"
The Sword went out to sea.

But my Roland, no word he said,
When the Sword went out to sea,
But only turned away his head;
A quick shriek came from me:
"Come back, dear lord, to your white maid!"
The Sword went out to sea.

The hot sun bit the garden-beds
When the Sword came back from sea;
Beneath an apple-tree our heads
Stretched out toward the sea;
Gray gleamed the thirsty castle-leads,
When the Sword came back from sea.

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,
When the Sword came back from sea;
He kissed Alicia on the head:
"I am come back to thee;
'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed,
Now the Sword is back from sea!"

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,
When the Sword came back from sea;
His arms went round tall Ursula's gown:
"What joy, O love, but thee?
Let us be wed in the good town,
Now the Sword is back from sea!"

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,
When the Sword came back from sea;
Upon the deck a tall white maid
Sat on Lord Roland's knee;
His chin was pressed upon her head,
When the Sword came back from sea!

THE BLUE CLOSET.*

The Damozels.

Lady Alice, lady Louise,
Between the wash of the tumbling seas
We are ready to sing, if so ye please:
So lay your long hands on the keys;
Sing, "*Laudate pueri.*"[1]

And ever the great bell overhead
Boomed in the wind a knell for the dead,
Though no one tolled it, a knell for the dead.

Lady Louise.

Sister, let the measure swell
Not too loud; for you sing not well
If you drown the faint boom of the bell;
He is weary, so am I.

And ever the chevron[2] *overhead*
Flapped on the banner of the dead;
(Was he asleep, or was he dead?)

Lady Alice

Alice the Queen, and Louise the Queen,
Two damozels wearing purple and green,
Four lone ladies dwelling here
From day to day and year to year;
And there is none to let us go,
To break the locks of the doors below,
Or shovel away the heaped-up snow;
And when we die no man will know
That we are dead; but they give us leave,
Once every year on Christmas-eve,
To sing in the Closet Blue one song;
And we should be so long, so long,
If we dared, in singing; for dream on dream,
They float on in a happy stream;
Float from the gold strings, float from the keys,
Float from the opened lips of Louise;
But, alas! the sea-salt oozes through
The chinks of the tiles of the Closet Blue;

And ever the great bell overhead
Booms in the wind a knell for the dead,
The wind plays on it a knell for the dead.

They Sing All Together

How long ago was it, how long ago,
He came to this tower with hands full of snow?

"Kneel down, O love Louise, kneel down!" he said,
And sprinkled the dusty snow over my head.

He watched the snow melting, it ran through my hair,
Ran over my shoulders, white shoulders and bare.

"I cannot weep for thee, poor love Louise;
For my tears are all hidden deep under the seas;
In a gold and blue casket she keeps all my tears,
But my eyes are no longer blue, as in old years;

"Yea, they grow gray with time, grow small and dry,
I am so feeble now, would I might die."

And in truth the great bell overhead
Left off his pealing for the dead,
Perchance, because the wind was dead.

Will he come back again, or is he dead?
O! is he sleeping, my scarf round his head?

Or did they strangle him as he lay there,
With the long scarlet scarf I used to wear?

Only I pray thee, Lord, let him come here!
Both his soul and his body to me are most dear.

Dear Lord, that loves me, I wait to receive
Either body or spirit this wild Christmas-eve.

Through the floor shot up a lily red,
With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,
For he was strong in the land of the dead.

What matter that his cheeks were pale,
His kind kissed lips all gray?
"O, love Louise, have you waited long?"
"O, my lord Arthur, yea."

What if his hair that brushed her cheek
Was stiff with frozen rime?
His eyes were grown quite blue again,
As in the happy time.

"O, love Louise, this is the key
Of the happy golden land!
O, sisters, cross the bridge with me,
My eyes are full of sand.
What matter that I cannot see,
If ye take me by the hand?"

[1] "Praise ye, youths." The beginning of the so-called Irish version of the familiar hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus.*

[2] A V-shaped device.

* Written for a picture (a water-color) by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The romantic theme, the mediaeval remoteness, the color and sound, the sharpness of detail with the vagueness of general outline and setting, are all in the early Pre-Raphaelite manner. See *Eng. Lit.*, pp. 370, 374.

ınd ever the great bell overhead,
ınd the tumbling seas mourned for the dead;
'or their song ceased, and they were dead!

From THE EARTHLY PARADISE

An Apology

)f Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
cannot ease the burden of your fears,
)r make quick-coming death a little thing,
)r bring again the pleasure of past years,
Vor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
)r hope again for aught that I can say,
'he idle singer of an empty day. 7

3ut rather, when aweary of your mirth,
'rom full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
ınd, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Iade the more mindful that the sweet days die—
-Remember me a little then I pray,
'he idle singer of an empty day. 14

he heavy trouble, the bewildering care
hat weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
hese idle verses have no power to bear;
o let me sing of names remembered,
ecause they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
r long time take their memory quite away
rom us poor singers of an empty day. 21

reamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Vhy should I strive to set the crooked straight?
et it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
eats with light wing against the ivory gate,[1]
elling a tale not too importunate
o those who in the sleepy region stay,
ılled by the singer of an empty day. 28

olk say, a wizard to a northern king
t Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
ıat through one window men beheld the spring,
ıd through another saw the summer glow,
ıd through a third the fruited vines a-row,
hile still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
ped the drear wind of that December day. 35

with this Earthly Paradise it is,
ye will read aright, and pardon me,
ho strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
dmost the beating of the steely sea,
here tossed about all hearts of men must be;

[1] According to Greek legend, false dreams come through the gate of ivory, true dreams through the gate of horn.

Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day. 42

From LOVE IS ENOUGH

Song for Music

Love is enough: though the world be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter,
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

From SIGURD THE VOLSUNG*

Of the Passing Away of Brynhild

Once more on the morrow-morning fair shineth the glorious sun,
And the Niblung children labour on a deed that shall be done;
For out in the people's meadows they raise a bale[2] on high,
The oak and the ash together, and thereon shall the Mighty lie;

* The *Volsunga Saga* is an older, Norse version of the legend which appears in German literature as the *Nibelungenlied*, and which has been made familiar in modern times by Wagner's opera *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. It is the great Teutonic race epic. Sigurd (Siegfried, in the German version) is the grandson of Volsung, who was a descendant of Odin. Brynhild was originally a Valkyrie, one of Odin's "Choosers of the Slain," maidens who rode on white cloud-horses and visited battle-fields to select heroes for Odin's great hall, Valhalla. Sigurd wakened Brynhild from an enchanted sleep to the doom of mortal life and love, and they plighted troth. But their love was thwarted at the court of the Niblung princes, Gunnar, Hogni, and Guttorm, and their sister Gudrun, the children of Giuki. Through the witchcraft of Grimhild, Gudrun's mother, Sigurd is made to lose all memory of Brynhild and to marry Gudrun. Moreover, he is made to assist in bringing about the marriage of Brynhild to Gunnar. Later, as a result of rivalry, Guttorm surprises and slays Sigurd, but is himself slain by Sigurd's sword, the "Wrath." Then follows the portion of the tale here given—the pathetic story of the means taken by Brynhild to rejoin Sigurd. Morris's metrical rendering of the entire legend extends to about ten thousand lines.

[2] funeral pile

Nor gold nor steel shall be lacking, nor savour of sweet spice,
Nor cloths in the Southlands woven, nor webs of untold price:
The work grows, toil is as nothing; long blasts of the mighty horn
From the topmost tower out-wailing o'er the woeful world are borne.

But Brynhild lay in her chamber, and her women went and came,
And they feared and trembled before her, and none spake Sigurd's name;
But whiles[3] they deemed her weeping, and whiles they deemed indeed
That she spake, if they might but hearken, but no words their ears might heed;
Till at last she spake out clearly: "I know not what ye would;
For ye come and go in my chamber, and ye seem of wavering mood
To thrust me on, or to stay me; to help my heart in woe,
Or to bid my days of sorrow midst nameless folly go."

None answered the word of Brynhild, none knew of her intent;
But she spake: "Bid hither Gunnar, lest the sun sink o'er the bent,[4]
And leave the words unspoken I yet have will to speak."

Then her maidens go from before her, and that lord of war they seek,
And he stands by the bed of Brynhild and strives to entreat and beseech,
But her eyes gaze awfully on him, and his lips may learn no speech.
And she saith: "I slept in the morning, or I dreamed in the waking-hour,
And my dream was of thee, O Gunnar, and the bed in thy kingly bower,
And the house that I blessed in my sorrow, and cursed in my sorrow and shame,
The gates of an ancient people, the towers of a mighty name;
King, cold was the hall I have dwelt in, and no brand burned on the hearth;
Dead-cold was thy bed, O Gunnar, and thy land was parched with dearth:
But I saw a great King riding, and a master of the harp,
And he rode amidst of the foemen, and the swords were bitter-sharp,
But his hand in the hand-gyves smote not, and his feet in the fetters were fast,

[3] at times [4] heath, field

While many a word of mocking at his speechless face was cast."[5]
Then I heard a voice in the world: 'O woe for the broken troth,
And the heavy Need of the Niblungs,[6] and the Sorrow of Odin the Goth!'[7]
Then I saw the halls of the strangers, and the hills, and the dark-blue sea,
Nor knew of their names and their nations, for earth was afar from me,
But brother rose up against brother, and blood swam over the board,
And women smote and spared not, and the fire was master and lord.
Then, then was the moonless mid-mirk, and I woke to the day and the deed—
The deed that earth shall name not, the day of its bitterest need.
Many words have I said in my life-days, and little more shall I say;
Ye have heard the dream of a woman, deal with it as ye may;
For meseems the world-ways sunder, and the dusk and the dark is mine,
Till I come to the hall of Freyia,[8] where the deeds of the Mighty shall shine."

So hearkened Gunnar the Niblung, that he words he understood,
And he knew she was set on the death-stroke and he deemed it nothing good;
But he said: "I have hearkened, and heeded thy death and mine in thy words:
I have done the deed and abide it, and my face shall laugh on the swords;
But thee, woman, I bid thee abide here till the grief of soul abate;
Meseems nought lowly nor shameful shall be the Niblung fate;
And here shalt thou rule and be mighty, and be Queen of the measureless Gold,[9]
And abase the Kings and upraise them; and anew shall thy fame be told,
And as fair shall thy glory blossom as the fresh fields under the spring."

Then he casteth his arms about her, and ho is the heart of the King
For the glory of Queen Brynhild and the hope of her days of gain,

[5] A prophecy of Gunnar's fate at the hands of Atli, the Eastern King, who afterward married Gudrun.
[6] That is, their time of need, when punishment began to overtake them.
[7] The sorrows of the race of Odin.
[8] The goddess of love.
[9] The hoard of the Niblungs, won from the Dwarfs, or smiths who dwelt in the caverns of the earth. The curse attached to this treasure brought sorrow on all who shared in it.

And he clean forgetteth Sigurd and the foster-brother slain;
But she shrank aback from before him, and cried: "Woe worth the while[10]
For the thoughts ye drive back on me, and the memory of your guile!
The Kings of Earth were gathered, the wise of men were met;
On the death of a woman's pleasure their glorious hearts were set,[11]
And I was alone amidst them—ah, hold thy peace hereof!
Lest the thought of the bitterest hours this little hour should move."

He rose abashed from before her, and yet he lingered there;
Then she said: "O King of the Niblungs, what noise do I hearken and hear?
Why ring the axes and hammers, while feet of men go past,
And shields from the walls are shaken, and swords on the pavement cast,
And the door of the treasure is opened, and the horn cries loud and long,
And the feet of the Niblung children to the people's meadows throng?"

His face was troubled before her, and again she spake and said:
'Meseemeth this is the hour when men array the dead;
Wilt thou tell me tidings, Gunnar, that the children of thy folk
Pile up the bale for Guttorm, and the hand that smote the stroke?"

He said: "It is not so, Brynhild; for that Giuki's son[12] was burned
When the moon of the middle heaven last night toward dawning turned."

They looked on each other and spake not; but Gunnar gat him gone,
And came to his brother Hogni, the wise-heart Giuki's son,
And spake: "Thou art wise, O Hogni; go in to Brynhild the Queen,
And stay her swift departing; or the last of her days hath she seen."

"It is nought, thy word," said Hogni; "wilt thou bring dead men aback,
Or the souls of Kings departed midst the battle and the wrack?
Yet this shall be easier to thee than the turning Brynhild's heart;
She came to dwell among us, but in us she had no part;
Let her go her ways from the Niblungs, with her hand in Sigurd's hand.
Will the grass grow up henceforward where her feet have trodden the land?"

"O evil day!" said Gunnar, "when my Queen must perish and die!"
"Such oft betide," saith Hogni, "as the lives of men flit by;
But the evil day is a day, and on each day groweth a deed,
And a thing that never dieth; and the fateful tale shall speed.
Lo, now, let us harden our hearts and set our brows as the brass,
Lest men say it, 'They loathed the evil and they brought the evil to pass'."

So they spake, and their hearts were heavy, and they longed for the morrow morn,
And the morrow of tomorrow, and the new day yet to be born.

But Brynhild cried to her maidens: "Now open ark and chest,
And draw forth queenly raiment of the loveliest and the best;
Red rings that the Dwarf-lords fashioned, fair cloths that Queens have sewed,
To array the bride for the Mighty, and the traveller for the road."

They wept as they wrought her bidding and did on her goodliest gear;
But she laughed 'mid the dainty linen, and the gold-rings fashioned fair;
She arose from the bed of the Niblungs, and her face no more was wan;
As a star in the dawn-tide heavens, 'mid the dusky house she shone;
And they that stood about her, their hearts were raised aloft
Amid their fear and wonder. Then she spake them kind and soft:

"Now give me the sword, O maidens, wherewith I sheared the wind
When the Kings of Earth were gathered to know the Chooser's mind."[13]

[10] woe betide the time
[11] When Sigurd, in the guise of Gunnar, walked through the flame and won Brynhild for Gunnar
[12] Guttorm.
[13] See introductory note, p. 705.

All sheathed the maidens brought it, and feared the hidden blade,
But the naked blue-white edges across her knees she laid,
And spake: "The heaped-up riches, the gear my fathers left,
All dear-bought woven wonders, all rings from battle reft,
All goods of men desired, now strew them on the floor,
And so share among you, maidens, the gifts of Brynhild's store."

They brought them 'mid their weeping, but none put forth a hand
To take that wealth desired, the spoils of many a land:
There they stand and weep before her, and some are moved to speech,
And they cast their arms about her and strive with her and beseech
That she look on her loved-ones' sorrow and the glory of the day.
It was nought; she scarce might see them, and she put their hands away,
And she said: "Peace, ye that love me! and take the gifts and the gold
In remembrance of my fathers and the faithful deeds of old."

Then she spake: "Where now is Gunnar, that I may speak with him?
For new things are mine eyes beholding and the Niblung house grows dim,
And new sounds gather about me, that may hinder me to speak
When the breath is near to flitting, and the voice is waxen weak."

Then upright by the bed of the Niblungs for a moment doth she stand,
And the blade flasheth bright in the chamber, but no more they hinder her hand
Than if a god were smiting to rend the world in two;
Then dulled are the glittering edges, and the bitter point cleaves through
The breast of the all-wise Brynhild, and her feet from the pavement fail,
And the sigh of her heart is hearkened 'mid the hush of the maidens' wail.
Chill, deep is the fear upon them, but they bring her aback to the bed,
And her hand is yet on the hilts, and sidelong droopeth her head.

Then there cometh a cry from withoutward, and Gunnar's hurrying feet
Are swift on the kingly threshold, and Brynhild's blood they meet.
Low down o'er the bed he hangeth and hearkeneth for her word,
And her heavy lids are opened to look on the Niblung lord,
And she saith: "I pray thee a prayer, the last word in the world I speak,
That ye bear me forth to Sigurd, and the hand my hand would seek;
The bale for the dead is builded, it is wrought full wide on the plain,
It is raised for Earth's best Helper, and there on is room for twain:
Ye have hung the shields about it, and the Southland hangings spread;
There lay me adown by Sigurd and my head beside his head;
But ere ye leave us sleeping draw his Wrath from out the sheath,
And lay that Light of the Branstock* and the blade that frighted death
Betwixt my side and Sigurd's, as it lay that while agone,
When once in one bed together we twain were laid alone:
How then when the flames flare upward may I be left behind?
How then may the road he wendeth be hard for my feet to find?
How then in the gates of Valhall may the door of the gleaming ring
Clash to on the heel of Sigurd, as I follow on my King?"

Then she raised herself on her elbow, but again her eyelids sank,
And the wound by the sword-edge whispered, as her heart from the iron shrank,
And she moaned: "O lives of man-folk, for unrest all overlong
By the Father were ye fashioned; and what hope amendeth wrong?
Now at last, O my beloved, all is gone; none else is near,
Through the ages of all ages, never sundered, shall we wear."

Scarce more than a sigh was the word, as back on the bed she fell,
Nor was there need in the chamber of the passing of Brynhild to tell;

* Another name for Sigurd's sword. The Branstock was a great oak tree about which was built the ancestral home of the Volsungs. The sword, sent by Odin, was drawn from the Branstock by Sigurd's father. It was later broken into pieces, but reforged as Bram, or the Wrath of Sigurd.

And no more their lamentation might the maidens hold aback,
But the sound of their bitter mourning was as if red-handed wrack
Ran wild in the Burg of the Niblungs, and the fire were master of all.

Then the voice of Gunnar, the war-king, cried out o'er the weeping hall:
'Wail on, O women forsaken, for the mightiest woman born!
Now the hearth is cold and joyless, and the waste bed lieth forlorn.
Wail on, but amid your weeping lay hand to the glorious dead,
That not alone for an hour may lie Queen Brynhild's head:
For here have been heavy tidings, and the Mightiest under shield
Is laid on the bale high-builded in the Niblungs' hallowed field.
Fare forth! for he abideth, and we do All-father wrong
If the shining Valhall's pavement await their feet o'erlong.''

Then they took the body of Brynhild in the raiment that she wore,
And out through the gate of the Niblungs the holy corpse they bore,
And thence forth to the mead of the people, and the high-built shielded bale:
Then afresh in the open meadows breaks forth the women's wail
When they see the bed of Sigurd and the glittering of his gear;
And fresh is the wail of the people as Brynhild draweth anear,
And the tidings go before her that for twain the bale is built,
That for twain is the oak-wood shielded and the pleasant odours spilt.

There is peace on the bale of Sigurd, and the gods look down from on high,
And they see the lids of the Volsung close shut against the sky,
As he lies with his shield beside him in the hauberk all of gold,
That has not its like in the heavens, nor has earth of its fellow told;
And forth from the Helm of Aweing[14] are the sunbeams flashing wide,
And the sheathéd Wrath of Sigurd lies still by his mighty side.
Then cometh an elder of days, a man of the ancient times,
Who is long past sorrow and joy, and the steep of the bale he climbs;
And he kneeleth down by Sigurd, and bareth the Wrath to the sun
That the beams are gathered about it, and from hilt to blood-point run,
And wide o'er the plain of the Niblungs doth the Light of the Branstock glare,
Till the wondering mountain-shepherds on that star of noontide stare,
And fear for many an evil; but the ancient man stands still
With the war-flame on his shoulder, nor thinks of good or of ill,
Till the feet of Brynhild's bearers on the topmost bale are laid,
And her bed is dight[15] by Sigurd's; then he sinks the pale white blade
And lays it 'twixt the sleepers, and leaves them there alone—
He, the last that shall ever behold them,—and his days are well-nigh done.

Then is silence over the plain; in the noon shine the torches pale,
As the best of the Niblung Earl-folk[16] bear fire to the builded bale:
Then a wind in the west ariseth, and the white flames leap on high,
And with one voice crieth the people a great and mighty cry,
And men cast up hands to the Heavens, and pray without a word,
As they that have seen God's visage, and the voice of the Father have heard.

They are gone—the lovely, the mighty, the hope of the ancient Earth:
It shall labour and bear the burden as before that day of their birth;
It shall groan in its blind abiding for the day that Sigurd hath sped,
And the hour that Brynhild hath hastened, and the dawn that waketh the dead;
It shall yearn, and be oft-times holpen, and forget their deeds no more,
Till the new sun beams on Baldur, and the happy sealess shore.*

[14] Or the Helm of Dread, won by the slaying of the dragon Fafnir.

[15] prepared

[16] The nobles, or warriors, as opposed to the churls.

* Alluding to the new heaven, that is to arise after the Twilight of the Gods, when Baldur the Good shall be released from Hel and reign in the seats of the old gods.

THE VOICE OF TOIL*

I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
Forgetting that the world is fair;
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;
Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

* This poem, now printed in Morris's *Poems by the Way*, was first published, in 1885, in a pamphlet called *Chants for Socialists*. "The Cause" mentioned in the last stanza is of course Socialism, in which Morris was much interested in his later life.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)

FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

CHORUS

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months† in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,[1]
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

† Artemis, or Diana, the goddess of the moon; also the goddess of the hunt—see next stanza. Compare Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, iv. 207.

[1] Alluding to the old Thracian legend of Philomela and Procne.

The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,‡
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root. 40

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;[2]
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid. 48

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies. 56

A LEAVE-TAKING

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear. 7

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear;
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know. 14

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying, "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap."

All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep. 21

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.
She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.
Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.
Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;
And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
She would not love. 28

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair,
Though all those waves went over us, and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care. 35

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.
Sing all once more together; surely she,
She, too, remembering days and words that were,
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there.
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
She would not see. 42

HYMN TO PROSERPINE*

(After the Proclamation in Rome of the Christian Faith)

Vicisti, Galilæe

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
that love hath an end;
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me
now and befriend.
Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the
seasons that laugh or that weep;
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Pros-
erpina, sleep.
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the
feet of the dove;

2 Names for bacchanals, or frenzied votaries of Bacchus.

‡ That is, pastoral, out-of-door music takes the place of indoor, festal song; Pan supplants Apollo. An oat is a shepherd's pipe made of an oat stem.

* Proserpine, or Proserpina, was the Roman goddess of death and the under world. The Latin motto set before this poem means "Thou hast conquered, Galilean." The words are traditionally ascribed to the dying Emperor Julian—Julian "the apostate," who had been brought up as a Christian but who reverted to paganism after his accession to the throne. The poem attempts to portray the sentiment of expiring paganism; Swinburne called it "the death-song of spiritual decadence."

But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harp-string of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?
I am sick of singing; the bays burn deep and chafe; I am fain
To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and pain.
For the Gods we know not of, who give us our daily breath,
We know they are cruel as love or life, and lovely as death.
O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains, men say.
New Gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your rods;
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate Gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men forgotten that were.
Time and the Gods are at strife: ye dwell in the midst thereof,
Draining a little life from the barren breasts of love.
I say to you, cease, take rest; yea, I say to you all, be at peace,
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the barren bosom shall cease.
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake;
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death;
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire.
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while and we die; shall life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears:
Why should he labour and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives not May.
Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face with the foam of the tides.
O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.
All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past;
Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits:
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curled,
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the world.
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its salt is of all men's tears;
With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and pulse of years;
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of hour upon hour;
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests are as fangs that devour:
And its vapour and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to be;

nd its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth as the roots of the sea:
nd the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the air;
nd the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble, and time is made bare.
ill ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye chasten the high sea with rods?
ill ye take her to chain her with chains, who is older than all ye Gods?
ll ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
e are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last.
the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
e shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings.
ough the feet of thine high priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
ough these that were Gods are dead, and thou being dead art a God,
ough before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
t thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.
the maiden thy mother, men sing as a goddess with grace clad around;
ou art throned where another was king; where another was queen she is crowned.
a, once we had sight of another; but now she is queen, say these.
t as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas,[1]
thed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair as the foam,
d fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess and mother of Rome.
r thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
r deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour of flowers,
ite rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour, a flame,
t down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
r thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
ne flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea,
d the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
d the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.
are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist that ye should not fall.

enus, born of the foam.

Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more fair than ye all.
But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely abide in the end;
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and blossom of birth,
I am also, I also, thy brother; I go as I came unto earth.
In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night where thou art,
Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of Gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and undone.
Thou art more than the Gods who number the days of our temporal breath;
For these give labour and slumber; but thou, Proserpina, death.
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they sleep; even so.
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man.[2]
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again, neither weep.
For there is no God found stronger than death; and death is a sleep.

PRELUDE OF SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE*

Between the green bud and the red
Youth sat and sang by Time, and shed
From eyes and tresses flowers and tears,
From heart and spirit hopes and fears,

[2] Adapted from Epictetus.

* Swinburne's *Songs Before Sunrise*, published in 1871, and dedicated to Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot, are a noteworthy contribution to the poetry of political and religious freedom. They were mainly inspired by the long struggle for a free and united Italy. The partial union of Italy, effected in 1861, was completed by the occupation of Rome in 1870, but the government was monarchical, and not republican, as the more ardent revolutionists had hoped.

Upon the hollow stream whose bed
  Is channelled by the foamless years;
And with the white the gold-haired head
  Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears
Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's truth
Was half not harsh in the ears of Youth.

Between the bud and the blown flower
Youth talked with joy and grief an hour,
  With footless joy and wingless grief
  And twin-born faith and disbelief
Who share the seasons to devour;
  And long ere these made up their sheaf
Felt the winds round him shake and shower
  The rose-red and the blood-red leaf,
Delight whose germ grew never grain,
And passion dyed in its own pain.

Then he stood up, and trod to dust
Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,
  And dreams of bitter sleep and sweet,
  And bound for sandals on his feet
Knowledge and patience of what must
  And what things may be, in the heat
And cold of years that rot and rust
  And alter; and his spirit's meat
Was freedom, and his staff was wrought
Of strength, and his cloak woven of thought.

For what has he whose will sees clear
To do with doubt and faith and fear,
  Swift hopes and slow despondencies?
  His heart is equal with the sea's
And with the sea-wind's, and his ear
  Is level to the speech of these,
And his soul communes and takes cheer
  With the actual earth's equalities,
Air, light, and night, hills, winds, and streams,
And seeks not strength from strengthless
    dreams.

His soul is even with the sun
Whose spirit and whose eyes are one,
  Who seeks not stars by day nor light
  And heavy heat of day by night.
Him can no God cast down, whom none
  Can lift in hope beyond the height
Of faith and nature and things done
  By the calm rule of might and right
That bids men be and bear and do,
And die beneath blind skies or blue.

To him the lights of even and morn
Speak no vain things of love or scorn,
  Fancies and passions miscreate
  By man in things dispassionate.
Nor holds he fellowship forlorn
  With souls that pray and hope and hate,
And doubt they had better not been born,
  And fain would lure or scare off fate
And charm their doomsman from their doom
And make fear dig its own false tomb.

He builds not half of doubts and half
Of dreams his own soul's cenotaph,
  Whence hopes and fears with helpless ey
  Wrapt loose in cast-off cerecloths, rise
And dance and wring their hands and laugh,
  And weep thin tears and sigh light sighs.
And without living lips would quaff
  The living spring in man that lies,
And drain his soul of faith and strength
It might have lived on a life's length.

He hath given himself and hath not sold
To God for heaven or man for gold,
  Or grief for comfort that it gives,
  Or joy for grief's restoratives.
He hath given himself to time, whose fold
  Shuts in the mortal flock that lives
On its plain pasture's heat and cold
  And the equal year's alternatives.
Earth, heaven, and time, death, life, and he,
Endure while they shall be to be.

"Yet between death and life are hours
To flush with love and hide in flowers;
  What profit save in these?" men cry:
  "Ah, see, between soft earth and sky,
What only good things here are ours!"
  They say, "What better wouldst thou try,
What sweeter sing of? or what powers
  Serve, that will give thee ere thou die
More joy to sing and be less sad,
More heart to play and grow more glad?"

Play then and sing; we too have played,
We likewise, in that subtle shade.
  We too have twisted through our hair
  Such tendrils as the wild Loves wear,
And heard what mirth the Mænads[1] made,
  Till the wind blew our garlands bare
And left their roses disarrayed,
  And smote the summer with strange air,
And disengirdled and discrowned
The limbs and locks that vine-wreaths boun

We too have tracked by star-proof trees
The tempest of the Thyiades[1]
  Scare the loud night on hills that hid
  The blood-feasts of the Bassarid,[1]
Heard their song's iron cadences
  Fright the wolf hungering from the kid,
Outroar the lion-throated seas,
  Outchide the north-wind if it chid,
And hush the torrent-tongued ravines
With thunders of their tambourines.

1 Ancient names of votaries of Bacchus.

But the fierce flute whose notes acclaim
Dim goddesses of fiery fame,
  Cymbal and clamorous kettledrum,
  Timbrels and tabrets, all are dumb
That turned the high chill air to flame;
  The singing tongues of fire are numb
That called on Cotys[2] by her name
  Edonian, till they felt her come
And maddened, and her mystic face
Lightened along the streams of Thrace.

For Pleasure slumberless and pale,
And Passion with rejected veil,
  Pass, and the tempest-footed throng
  Of hours that follow them with song
Till their feet flag and voices fail,
  And lips that were so loud so long
Learn silence, or a wearier wail;
  So keen is change, and time so strong,
To weave the robes of life and rend
And weave again till life have end.

But weak is change, but strengthless time,
To take the light from heaven, or climb
  The hills of heaven with wasting feet.
  Songs they can stop that earth found meet,
But the stars keep their ageless rhyme;
  Flowers they can slay that spring thought sweet,
But the stars keep their spring sublime;
  Passions and pleasures can defeat,
Actions and agonies control,
And life and death, but not the soul.

Because man's soul is man's God still,
What wind soever waft his will
  Across the waves of day and night
  To port or shipwreck, left or right,
By shores and shoals of good and ill;
  And still its flame at mainmast height
Through the rent air that foam-flakes fill
  Sustains the indomitable light
Whence only man hath strength to steer
Or helm to handle without fear.

Save his own soul's light overhead,
None leads him, and none ever led,
  Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,
  Past youth where shoreward shallows are,
Through age that drives on toward the red
  Vast void of sunset hailed from far,
To the equal waters of the dead;
  Save his own soul he hath no star,
And sinks, except his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

No blast of air or fire of sun
Puts out the light whereby we run
  With girdled loins our lamplit race,[3]
  And each from each takes heart of grace
And spirit till his turn be done,
  And light of face from each man's face
In whom the light of trust is one;
  Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll,
And stand, have light for any soul.

A little time we gain from time
To set our seasons in some chime,
  For harsh or sweet or loud or low,
  With seasons played out long ago
And souls that in their time and prime
  Took part with summer or with snow,
Lived abject lives out or sublime,
  And had their chance of seed to sow
For service or disservice done
To those days dead and this their son.

A little time that we may fill
Or with such good works or such ill
  As loose the bonds or make them strong
  Wherein all manhood suffers wrong.
By rose-hung river and light-foot rill
  There are who rest not; who think long
Till they discern as from a hill
  At the sun's hour of morning song,
Known of souls only, and those souls free,
The sacred spaces of the sea.

LINES ON THE MONUMENT OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI*

Italia, mother of the souls of men,
  Mother divine,
Of all that served thee best with sword or pen,
  All sons of thine,

Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best
  Before thee stands:
The head most high, the heart found faithfullest,
  The purest hands.

Above the fume and foam of time that flits,
  The soul, we know,
Now sits on high where Alighieri sits
  With Angelo.

Not his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly speech
  Enough to say

[2] An Edonian, or Thracian, divinity, worshiped with licentious revelry.

[3] In allusion to the ancient torch race.

* Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot, died in 1872. A monument was erected to him at Genoa (Genoa "La Superba"), where there is also a monument to Columbus. Alighieri (line 11) is Dante, Angelo is Michelangelo.

What this man was, whose praise no thought may reach,
No words can weigh.

Since man's first mother brought to mortal birth
Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this One.

Of God nor man was ever this thing said:
That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, whence his dead
Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and slain,
With fast-sealed eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise:

And all the world was bright with her through him:
But dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds bedim,
Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanished; hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt and are not: He is here,
The sunlike man.

City superb, that hadst Columbus first
For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nurst
This mightier One.

Glory be his for ever, while his land
Lives and is free,
As with controlling breath and sovereign hand
He bade her be.

Earth shows to heaven the names by thousands told
That crown her fame,
But highest of all that heaven and earth behold,
Mazzini's name.

THE PILGRIMS*

Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which was
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what shall be?
For gladly at once and sadly it seems ye sing.

—Our lady of love by you is unbeholden;
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips, nor golden
Treasure of hair, nor face nor form; but we
That love, we know her more fair than anything.

—Is she a queen, having great gifts to give?
—Yea, these: that whoso hath seen her shall not live
Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and bitterer tears:
And when she bids die he shall surely die.
And he shall leave all things under the sky,
And go forth naked under sun and rain,
And work and wait and watch out all his years.

—Hath she on earth no place of habitation?
—Age to age calling, nation answering nation,
Cries out, Where is she? and there is none to say;
For if she be not in the spirit of men,
For if in the inward soul she hath no place,
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,
In vain their mouths make much of her; for they
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart lives again.

—O ye that follow, and have ye no repentance?
For on your brows is written a mortal sentence,
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,
That in your lives ye shall not pause or rest,
Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor keep
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor sleep.
—These have we not, who have one thing, the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruitful breast.

—And ye shall die before your thrones be won.
—Yea, and the changed world and the liberal sun
Shall move and shine without us, and we lie
Dead; but if she too move on earth, and live,
But if the old world with all the old irons rent
Laugh and give thanks, shall we not be content?
Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,
Life being so little, and death so good to give.

—And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,
And heaven-high air august, and awful fire,
And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat

* The poem is in the form of a dialogue, as indicated by the dashes,—a speech and a reply in each stanza. For form, compare with it Tennyson's *The Two Voices;* for thought, Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty,* Tennyson's *Wages,* and Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

But somewhat in it of our blood once shed
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead
Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire
Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet. 48

—But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,
Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,
That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;
When mother and father, and tender sister and brother
And the old live love that was shall be as ye,
Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.
—She shall be yet who is more than all these were,
Than sister or wife or father unto us or mother. 56

—Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?
So, the dead mouths of the awful grey-grown ages,
The venerable, in the past that is their prison,
In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,
Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,
How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:
Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen?
—Not we but she, who is tender, and swift to save. 64

—Are ye not weary and faint not by the way,
Seeing night by night devoured of day by day,
Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleepless fire?
Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?
—We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,
And surely more than all things sleep were sweet,—
Than all things save the inexorable desire
Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep. 72

Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?
Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,
Even this your dream, that by much tribulation
Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks straight?
Nay, though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,
Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;
But man to man, nation would turn to nation,
And the old life live, and the old great word be great. 80

—Pass on, then, and pass by us, and let us be,
For what light think ye after life to see?
And if the world fare better will ye know?
And if man triumph who shall seek you and say?
—Enough of light is this for one life's span,
That all men born are mortal, but not man;
And we men bring death lives by night to sow,
That men may reap and eat and live by day. 88

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead. 8

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day. 16

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the straight waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain. 24

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;

From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song.
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long. 32

The sun burns sere, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago. 40

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—But we?"
And the same wind sang, and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead. 48

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave. 56

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,
We shall sleep. 64

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here change may come not till all chang[e]
end.
From the graves they have made they shall ris[e]
up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage an[d]
rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild groun[d]
growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these sha[ll]
be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blow[s]
ing
Roll the sea. 7[2]

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff cru[m]
ble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drin[k]
Till the strength of the waves of the high tid[e]
humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own han[d]
spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead. 8[0]

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is[le]
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why would it sleep not? why should it star[t]
When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's
wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lids of thy sleep dispart?
Only the song of a secret bird. 1[0]

The green land's name that a charm encloses
It never was writ in the traveller's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields
dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI*

n the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
f true love's truth or of light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.

UPON A CHILD

f such is the kingdom of heaven.
No glory that ever was shed
rom the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,

o word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
ave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

o sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes
howed ever beyond clouds riven
So clear a Paradise.

arth's creeds may be seventy times seven
And blood have defiled each creed:
f of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirr'd,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome roll'd
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

L'envoi, or "the despatch," was the name formerly given to the closing lines of a *ballade*, containing an address to some prince, or poet's patron; see *The Compleynt of Chaucer to his Purse*, p. 62. In modern imitations, this address can be only a formula and is frequently omitted, the *envoi* being merely a summary, or an appended stanza completing the metrical scheme

A BABY'S DEATH*

I

A little soul scarce fledged for earth
Takes wing with heaven again for goal
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul.

Our thoughts ring sad as bells that toll,
Not knowing beyond this blind world's girth
What things are writ in heaven's full scroll.

Our fruitfulness is there but dearth,
And all things held in time's control
Seem there, perchance, ill dreams, not worth
A little soul.

II

The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

A rose in June's most honied heat,
When life makes keen the kindling sod,
Was not so soft and warm and sweet.

Their pilgrimage's period
A few swift moons have seen complete
Since mother's hands first clasped and shod
The little feet.

III

The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant, brought
The little hands?

We ask: but love's self silent stands,
Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
To search where death's dim heaven expands.

Ere this, perchance, though love knew nought,
Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
Where hands of guiding angels caught
The little hands.

* From *A Century of Roundels*. Of the poem here given in part there are seven sections, each in the form of a roundel with regularly recurring refrain. The last three sections, however, vary in length of line, and being of a personal nature detract from the universal appeal of the first four.

IV

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descries;
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

From TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE†

Prelude. Tristram and Iseult

Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that has the living world for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
And alway through new act and passion new
Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
The body spiritual of fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night;
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began;
Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time;
That wrought the whole world without stroke of hand,
Shaping the breadth of sea, the length of land,
And with the pulse and motion of his breath
Through the great heart of the earth strikes life and death,
The sweet twain chords that make the sweet tune live
Through day and night of things alternative,
Through silence and through sound of stress and strife,
And ebb and flow of dying death and life;
Love, that sounds loud or light in all men's ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks or tears,
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things;
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down;
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not strike dead;
Love, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not save;
Love, that for very life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven farewell,
Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell;
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven;
Love that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love;
Through many and lovely thoughts and much desire
Led these twain to the life of tears and fire;
Through many and lovely days and much delight
Led these twain to the lifeless life of night.
Yea, but what then? albeit all this were thus
And soul smote soul and left it ruinous,
And love led love as eyeless men lead men,
Through chance by chance to deathward—Ah, what then?
Hath love not likewise led them further yet,
Out through the years where memories rise and set,
Some large as suns, some moon-like warm and pale,
Some starry-sighted, some through clouds that sail
Seen as red flame through spectral float of fume,
Each with the blush of its own special bloom
On the fair face of its own coloured light,
Distinguishable in all the host of night,
Divisible from all the radiant rest
And separable in splendour? Hath the best
Light of love's all, of all that burn and move,
A better heaven than heaven is? Hath not love
Made for all these their sweet particular air
To shine in, their own beams and names to bear,
Their ways to wander and their wards to keep,

† In the long lyrical epic thus named, Swinburne tells again the story of Tristram and Iseult, which shares with that of Siegfried and Brunhild the distinction of being one of the greatest love stories of the world. "The world of Swinburne," says Professor Woodberry, "is well symbolized by that Zodiac of the burning signs of love that he named in the prelude to *Tristram of Lyonesse*,—the signs of Helen, Hero, Alcyone, Iseult, Rosamond, Dido, Juliet, Cleopatra, Francesca, Thisbe, Angelica, Guenevere; under the heavens of these starry names the poet moves in his place apart and sees his visions of woe and wrath and weaves his dream of the loves and the fates of men."

Till story and song and glory and all things sleep?
Hath he not plucked from death of lovers dead
Their musical soft memories, and kept red
The rose of their remembrance in men's eyes,
The sunsets of their stories in his skies,
The blush of their dead blood in lips that speak
Of their dead lives, and in the listener's cheek
That trembles with the kindling pity lit
In gracious hearts for some sweet fever-fit,
A fiery pity enkindled of pure thought
By tales that make their honey out of nought,
The faithless faith that lives without belief
Its light life through, the griefless ghost of grief?
Yea, as warm night refashions the sere blood
In storm-struck petal or in sun-struck bud,
With tender hours and tempering dew to cure
The hunger and thirst of day's distemperature
And ravin of the dry discolouring hours,
Hath he not bid relume their flameless flowers
With summer fire and heat of lamping song
And bid the short-lived things, long dead, live long,
And thought remake their wan funereal fames,
And the sweet shining signs of women's names,
That mark the months out and the weeks anew
He moves in changeless change of seasons through
To fill the days up of his dateless year,
Flame from Queen Helen to Queen Guenevere?
For first of all the sphery signs whereby
Love severs light from darkness, and most high,
In the white front of January there glows
The rose-red sign of Helen like a rose:[1]
And gold-eyed as the shore-flower shelterless
Whereon the sharp-breathed sea blows bitterness,
A storm-star that the seafarers of love
Strain their wind-wearied eyes for glimpses of,
Shoots keen through February's grey frost and damp
The lamp-like star of Hero for a lamp;
The star that Marlowe[2] sang into our skies
With mouth of gold, and morning in his eyes;
And in clear March across the rough blue sea
The signal sapphire of Alcyone[3]
Takes bright the blown brows of the wind-foot year;
And shining like a sunbeam-smitten tear
Full ere it fall, the fair next sign in sight
Burns opal-wise with April-coloured light
When air is quick with song and rain and flame,
My birth-month star that in love's heaven hath name
Iseult,[4] a light of blossom and beam and shower,
My singing sign that makes the song-tree flower;
Next like a pale and burning pearl beyond
The rose-white sphere of flower-named Rosamond[5]
Signs the sweet head of Maytime; and for June
Flares like an angered and storm-reddening moon
Her signal sphere, whose Carthaginian pyre
Shadowed her traitor's flying sail with fire;[6]
Next, glittering as the wine-bright jacinth-stone,
A star south-risen that first to music shone,
The keen girl-star of golden Juliet[7] bears
Light northward to the month whose forehead wears
Her name for flower upon it, and his trees
Mix their deep English song with Veronese;
And like an awful sovereign chrysolite
Burning, the supreme fire that blinds the night,
The hot gold head of Venus kissed by Mars,
A sun-flower among small sphered flowers of stars,
The light of Cleopatra[8] fills and burns
The hollow of heaven whence ardent August yearns;
And fixed and shining as the sister-shed
Sweet tears for Phaethon disorbed and dead,[9]
The pale bright autumn's amber-coloured sphere,
That through September sees the saddening year
As love sees change through sorrow, hath to name
Francesca's; and the star that watches flame
The embers of the harvest overgone
Is Thisbe's, slain of love in Babylon,[10]
Set in the golden girdle of sweet signs
A blood-bright ruby; last save one light shines
An eastern wonder of sphery chrysopras,
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;[11]
And latest named and lordliest, with a sound

1 Homer: *The Iliad.*
2 In his *Hero and Leander.*
3 Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xi.
4 Her story has been told by Malory, Tennyson (*Idylls of the King*, "The Last Tournament"), Arnold, Wagner, etc.
5 The "Fair Rosamond" of Henry II. See Scott's *The Talisman* and *Woodstock.*
6 Virgil: *Aeneid*, iv.
7 Shakespeare: *Romeo and Juliet.*
8 Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra.*
9 Alluding to the story that after Phaethon's fatal fall with the chariot of the sun, his sisters, the Heliades, mourned for him until they were changed into poplars and their tears into amber. The story of Paolo and Francesca is immortalized in Dante's *Inferno.*
10 Chaucer: *Legend of Good Women* (see p. 60).
11 Boiardo: *Orlando Innamorato;* Ariosto: *Orlando Furioso.* Angelica's coquetry drove Orlando mad.

Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
Last love-light and last love-song of the year's,
Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.[12]
These are the signs wherethrough the year sees move,
Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might,
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
And antiphones of motion-moulded rhyme
Through spaces out of space and timeless time.
So shine above dead chance and conquered change
The spherèd signs, and leave without their range
Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for wife,
Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of life.
Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to press,
Forms without form, a piteous people and blind,
Men and no men, whose lamentable kind
The shadow of death and shadow of life compel
Through semblances of heaven and false-faced hell,
Through dreams of light and dreams of darkness tost
On waves innavigable, are these so lost?
Shapes that wax pale and shift in swift strange wise,
Void faces with unspeculative eyes,
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths that move,
Featureless heads discrowned of hate and love,
Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,
Leavings of life, the superflux of death—
If these things and no more than these things be
Left when man ends or changes, who can see?
Or who can say with what more subtle sense
Their subtler natures taste in air less dense
A life less thick and palpable than ours,
Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with dead flowers
And measured by low music? how time fares
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,
Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,

[12] Cf. Mallory, Tennyson, etc.

And hers[13] who made as God's own eyes to shine
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,
Wherein the godhead thence transfigured lit
All time for all men with the shadow of it;
Ah, and these too felt on them as God's grace
The pity and glory of this man's breathing face;
For these too, these my lovers, these my twain,
Saw Dante,[14] saw God visible by pain,
With lips that thundered and with feet that trod
Before men's eyes incognisable God;
Saw love and wrath and light and night and fire
Live with one life and at one mouth respire,
And in one golden sound their whole soul heard
Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.
They have the night, who had like us the day;*
We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they.
We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound.
All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he cannot—sleep.
This, though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand cannot choose but spare.
This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,
Be it lightly given or lothly, God must give.
We, as the men whose name on earth is none,
We too shall surely pass out of the sun;
Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering wings,
Wide as the naked world and shadowless,
And long-lived as the world's own weariness.
Us too, when all the fires of time are cold,
The heights shall hide us and the depths shall hold.
Us too, when all the tears of time are dry,
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.
Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,
But the large unbewildered eye of night
Hath sense and speculation; and the sheer
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,
The timeless space wherein the brief worlds move

[13] Dante's Beatrice.
[14] *Inferno*, v, 7.

* In this passage, with its rapt contemplation and solemn music, Swinburne has surely attained to that "high seriousness" which Matthew Arnold regarded as the mark of the greatest poetry. A portion of it reads not unlike an expansion of *Paradise Lost*, Book II, lines 149, 150.

Clothed with light life and fruitful with light love,
With hopes that threaten, and with fears that cease,
Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.
Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and fears,
Spun fine as fire and jewelled thick with tears,
These lives made out of loves that long since were,
Lives wrought as ours of earth and burning air,
Fugitive flame, and water of secret springs,
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with wings,
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save
Some while from washing wreck and wrecking wave.
Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and give
Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
Between dead lips forgotten even of death?
So many and many ere me have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain,
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is sweet,
So many and with such joy have tracked their feet,
What should I do to follow? yet I too,
I have the heart to follow, many or few
Be the feet gone before me; for the way,
Rose-red with remnant roses of the day
Westward, and eastward white with stars that break,
Between the green and foam is fair to take
For any sail the sea-wind steers for me
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

WALTER PATER (1839-1894)

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE*

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighbourhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told,[1] went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically[2] blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit—in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favourable upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown up to him. In that half-spiritualised house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there—of which indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and accident of homely colour and form, from the wood and the bricks; half, mere[3] soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams at least of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it, (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives) really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—

* When originally published in 1878 this essay was denominated an "Imaginary Portrait," though it is doubtless in some measure autobiographical. As an account of the development of an extremely sensitive and impressionable youth, it holds a unique place in our literature. On Pater's philosophy and style, see *Eng. Lit.*, p. 382.

1 Pater's fondness for participles partakes rather more of Latin than of English style. Note, too, the difficulty of resuming, in the close of this sentence, the grammatical subject of the beginning.

2 harmoniously

3 pure, unmixed

descent from Watteau, the old court-painter,* one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of coloured silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighbouring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog, because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness or special fineness, in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.†

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumours of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and brown-and-golden Wall-flower —*Flos Parietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighbouring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells—a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble—all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognised imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the

* There may have been some family connection between Pater and Jean Baptiste Pater, a French painter of Watteau's time.

† This last clause is to be attached to the subject, "child." Pater's sentences often wind thus, by a devious route, to an unexpected end.

environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper,‡ the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever,"[1] giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumours of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound.

Thus far, for Florian, what all this had determined was a peculiarly strong sense of home—so forcible a motive with all of us—prompting to us our customary love of the earth, and the larger part of our fear of death, that revulsion we have from it, as from something strange, untried, unfriendly; though life-long imprisonment, they tell you, and final banishment from home is a thing bitterer still; the looking forward to but a short space, a mere childish *goûter*[2] and dessert of it, before the end, being so great a resource of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and the soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in lack of that, some power of solace to the thought of sleep in the home churchyard, at least—dead cheek by dead cheek, and with the rain soaking in upon one from above.

1 *Job*, xix, 24.
2 a slight repast, a taste
‡ Referring to Locke's familiar figure for the state of mind at birth (Locke did not believe in innate ideas). The next figure is derived from the ancient practice of writing on tablets of wax.

So powerful is this instinct, and yet accidents like those I have been speaking of so mechanically determine it; its essence being indeed the early familiar, as constituting our ideal, or typical conception, of rest and security. Out of so many possible conditions, just this for you and that for me, brings ever the unmistakable realisation of the delightful *chez soi;*[3] this for the Englishman, for me and you, with the closely-drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp; that, quite other, for the wandering Arab, who folds his tent every morning, and makes his sleeping-place among haunted ruins, or in old tombs.

With Florian then the sense of home became singularly intense, his good fortune being that the special character of his home was in itself so essentially home-like. As after many wanderings I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home-counties, by right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in the yellow of the sand below their gorse-bushes, and of a certain gray-blue mist after rain, in the hollows of the hills there, welcome to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther south; so I think that the sort of house I have described, with precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just perceptible monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is for Englishmen at least typically home-like. And so for Florian that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place his wandering soul had happened to light on, as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony between his soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tranquil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession. The love of security, of an habitually undisputed standing-ground or sleeping-place, came to count for much in the generation and correcting of his thoughts, and afterwards as a salutary principle of restraint in all his wanderings of spirit. The wistful yearning towards home, in absence from it, as the shadows of evening deepened, and he followed in thought what was doing there from hour to hour, interpreted to him much of a yearning and regret he experienced afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone; and in the tears shed in such absences there seemed always to

3 at home

be some soul-subduing foretaste of what his last tears might be.

And the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed." But upon this assured place, upon the child's assured soul which resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain—recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them—and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people and children and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them. From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him—the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright colour and choice form—the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said or sang,—marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, "the lust of the eye," as the Preacher says,* which might lead him, one day, how far! Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way! In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy too the child knew, also to older people's surprise; real tears, once, of relief from long-strung, childish expectation, when he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow's feathers, and his peace at finding her again near him mingled all night with some intimate sense of the distant forest, the rumour of its breezes, with the glossy blackbirds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the colour in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life. Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things—incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which Goethe has called the *Weltschmerz*,[1] and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to lie heavy upon him. A book lay in an old bookcase, of which he cared to remember one picture—a woman sitting, with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the hands of others—Queen Marie Antoinette, on her way to execution—we all remember David's[2] drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless; but out of its very resistlessness, seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear; and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again, he would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly." Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too—of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice—how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet; and as there were starlings about the place, which could be taught

* *The* Preacher is Ecclesiastes, but the phrase "lust of the eyes" is in *I John*, ii, 16.

1 world-sorrow

2 Jacques Louis David, court-painter to Louis XVI. and to Napoleon.

to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse,—that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's-nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence; and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon—a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers—flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly; and in dreams all night he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him; and the longing for some undivined, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields and trees and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects; a protest in favour of real men and women against mere gray, unreal abstractions; and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us,[1] and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But certainly, he came more and more to be unable to care for, or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in anywise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into incurable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin like pale amber, and his honey-like hair; of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices; and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of

[1] See Wordsworth's sonnet, p. 427.

the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give them; but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task-burdened, a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning, through which sometimes he had noticed them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil.

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling—the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it—and coming in one afternoon in September, along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples left in the cool, old parlour, he remembered it the more, and how the colours struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden, severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflexions; and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it—how it had then been with him—puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain; once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing—a white vision of heat about him, clinging closely, through the languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well.

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the sensible world, then, as often afterwards, there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him—the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last morning, the last recognition of some object of affection, hand or voice; it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be strangely vivid; one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, impressed how deeply on one! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death—the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the *Morgue* in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, among the flowers and incense and holy candles—the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless white linen—after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier; and hearing of the "resurrection of the just,"[1] he could think of him as still abroad in the world, somehow, for his protection—a grand, though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier's things, like the figure in the picture of Joshua's Vision in the Bible[2]—and of that, round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child—a dark space on the brilliant grass—the black mould lying heaped up round it, weighing down the little jewelled branches of the dwarf rosebushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier's things any longer abroad in the world for his protection! only a few poor, piteous bones; and above them, possibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in the garden below an open window, he heard people talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence; and from the broken talk evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people had really

[1] *Luke*, xiv, 14. [2] *Joshua*, v, 13.

departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night, though sometimes visible in the day, lodging from room to room, with no great goodwill towards those who shared the place with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reveries of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning—an odd, irreconcilable new member of the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves—the *revenants*—pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him; even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness; at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight, stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances; and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope,"[3] melancholy already deeply settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things; the more as they came to him through a saintly person who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early preoccupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fonts of pure water; and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep, how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's vestment, sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place.[4] His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained—a sacred history indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intenser and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking—a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes from vanity and dullness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transaction—a complementary strain or burden, applied to our every-day existence, whereby the stray snatches of music in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities, which are at once the reflex and the pattern of our nobler phases of life, housed themselves; and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realise and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for the actual took place in his thoughts. Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech-tree; mere messengers seemed like angels, bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticity brooded over real meetings and partings; marriages were made in heaven; and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body quietly asunder, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred colour and significance; the very colours of things became themselves weighty with meanings like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle,[5] full of

[3] *I Peter*, i, 3.

[4] *Genesis*, xxxii, 24; xxviii, 11; *Exodus*, xxviii, 33-35.

[5] *Exodus*, xxvi.

penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep, effusive unction of the House of Bethany,[6] was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence; and for a time he walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility—the desire of physical beauty—a strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music—these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house, and was taken to live in another place. He had never left home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come; had been a little careless about others even, in his strong desire for it—when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine; and all things—the very pavement with its dust, at the roadside—seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were to travel by a favourite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found to have been left behind, and must even now—so it presented itself to him—have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house; and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little, stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead; and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realisation of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of home-sickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, so fondly speculated on, of that favourite country-road.

[6] The house of Simon the leper, where the woman poured the box of ointment on Jesus' head—a "deep, effusive unction." See *Matthew*, xxvi, 7.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

EL DORADO*

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men,[1] and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever,[2] a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he

[1] Cp. Tennyson's famous figure, *Ulysses*, 19-21.
[2] Echoed from Keats's *Endymion*, 1.

* Spanish: The Gilded, or Golden. The name was originally given to a fabulous king of a wealthy city supposed to exist somewhere in South America, the object of much search in the 16th century. It was later applied to the city, and has now become a name for the object of any visionary quest. The essay is from *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881, and is reprinted, along with the selections that follow, by permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who hold the copyright.

could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*,[3] he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

[3] A twenty-four years' labor. See *Eng. Lit.*, p. 213.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher;[4] and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

THE MAROON*

Of the beauties of Anaho books might be written. I remember waking about three, to find the air temperate and scented. The long swell brimmed into the bay, and seemed to fill

[4] *Ecclesiastes*, xii, 12.

* A maroon is one who has been "marooned," or abandoned on an island. This chapter is taken from *In the South Seas*, 1891. Stevenson made a cruise among the South Sea Islands in the yacht *Casco*, which he chartered at San Francisco in 1888. Anaho is a native village of Nuka-hiva, the chief island of the Marquesas. Kanaka, properly a Sandwich-Islander, is a general name for a South Sea Islander or his speech.

it full and then subside. Gently, deeply, and silently the *Casco* rolled; only at times a block[1] piped like a bird. Oceanward, the heaven was bright with stars and the sea with their reflections. If I looked to that side, I might have sung with the Hawaiian poet:

Ua maomao ka lani, ua kahaea luna,
Ua pipi ka maka o ka hoku.
(The heavens were fair, they stretched above,
Many were the eyes of the stars.)

And then I turned shoreward, and high squalls were overhead; the mountains loomed up black; and I could have fancied I had slipped ten thousand miles away and was anchored in a Highland loch; that when the day came, it would show pine, and heather, and green fern, and roofs of turf sending up the smoke of peats; and the alien speech that should next greet my ears must be Gaelic, not Kanaka.

And day, when it came, brought other sights and thoughts. I have watched the morning break in many quarters of the world; it has been certainly one of the chief joys of my existence, and the dawn that I saw with most emotion shone upon the bay of Anaho. The mountains abruptly overhang the port with every variety of surface and of inclination, lawn, and cliff, and forest. Not one of these but wore its proper tint of saffron, of sulphur, of the clove, and of the rose. The lustre was like that of satin; on the lighter hues there seemed to float an efflorescence; a solemn bloom appeared on the more dark. The light itself was the ordinary light of morning, colourless and clean; and on this ground of jewels, pencilled out the least detail of drawing. Meanwhile, around the hamlet, under the palms, where the blue shadow lingered, the red coals of cocoa-husk and the light trails of smoke betrayed the awakening business of the day; along the beach men and women, lads and lasses, were returning from the bath in bright raiment, red and blue and green, such as we delighted to see in the coloured little pictures of our childhood; and presently the sun had cleared the eastern hill, and the glow of the day was over all.

The glow continued and increased, the business, from the main part, ceased before it had begun. Twice in the day there was a certain stir of shepherding along the seaward hills. At times a canoe went out to fish. At times a woman or two languidly filled a basket in the cotton patch. At times a pipe would sound out of the shadow of a house, ringing the changes on its three notes, with an effect like *Que le jour me dure*[2] repeated endlessly. Or at times, across a corner of the bay, two natives might communicate in the Marquesan manner with conventional whistlings. All else was sleep and silence. The surf broke and shone around the shores; a species of black crane fished in the broken water; the black pigs were continually galloping by on some affair; but the people might never have awaked, or they might all be dead.

My favourite haunt was opposite the hamlet, where was a landing in a cove under a lianaed[3] cliff. The beach was lined with palms and a tree called the purao, something between the fig and mulberry in growth, and bearing a flower like a great yellow poppy with a maroon heart. In places rocks encroached upon the sand; the beach would be all submerged; and the surf would bubble warmly as high as to my knees, and play with cocoa-nut husks as our more homely ocean plays with wreck and wrack and bottles. As the reflux drew down, marvels of colour and design streamed between my feet; which I would grasp at, miss, or seize: now to find them what they promised, shells to grace a cabinet or be set in gold upon a lady's finger; now to catch only *maya*[4] of coloured sand, pounded fragments and pebbles, that, as soon as they were dry, became as dull and homely as the flints upon a garden path. I have toiled at this childish pleasure for hours in the strong sun, conscious of my incurable ignorance; but too keenly pleased to be ashamed. Meanwhile, the blackbird (or his tropical understudy) would be fluting in the thickets overhead.

A little further, in the turn of the bay, a streamlet trickled in the bottom of a den,[5] thence spilling down a stair of rock into the sea. The draught of air drew down under the foliage in the very bottom of the den, which was a perfect arbour for coolness. In front it stood open on the blue bay and the *Casco* lying there under her awning and her cheerful colours. Overhead was a thatch of puraos, and over these again palms brandished their bright fans, as I have seen a conjurer make himself a halo out of naked swords. For in this spot, over a neck of low land at the foot of the mountains, the trade-wind streams into Anaho Bay in a flood of almost constant volume and velocity, and of a heavenly coolness.

It chanced one day that I was ashore in the cove with Mrs. Stevenson and the ship's cook.

1 pulley

2 "How heavy hangs the day on me!"
3 Covered with lianas, or tropical vines.
4 illusion (Hindu philosophy)
5 glen, dingle

Except for the *Casco* lying outside, and a crane
r two, and the ever-busy wind and sea, the
ace of the world was of a prehistoric empti-
ess; life appeared to stand stockstill, and the
ense of isolation was profound and refreshing.
)n a sudden, the trade-wind, coming in a gust
ver the isthmus, struck and scattered the fans
f the palms above the den; and, behold! in
wo of the tops there sat a native, motionless
s an idol, and watching us, you would have
aid, without a wink. The next moment the tree
losed, and the glimpse was gone. This dis-
overy of human presences latent overhead in a
lace where we had supposed ourselves alone,
ie immobility of our tree-top spies, and the
hought that perhaps at all hours we were
milarly supervised, struck us with a chill.
alk languished on the beach. As for the cook
whose conscience was not clear), he never
fterwards set foot on shore, and twice, when
e *Casco* appeared to be driving on the rocks,
was amusing to observe that man's alacrity;
eath, he was persuaded, awaiting him upon
e beach. It was more than a year later, in
e Gilberts, that the explanation dawned upon
yself. The natives were drawing palm-tree
ne, a thing forbidden by law; and when the
nd thus suddenly revealed them, they were
ubtless more troubled than ourselves.

At the top of the den there dwelt an old,
elancholy, grizzled man of the name of Tari
Charlie) Coffin. He was a native of Oahu, in
e Sandwich Islands; and had gone to sea in
s youth in the American whalers; a circum-
ance to which he owed his name, his English,
s down-east twang, and the misfortune of his
nocent life. For one captain, sailing out of
ew Bedford, carried him to Nuka-hiva and
arooned him there among the cannibals. The
otive for this act was inconceivably small;
or Tari's wages, which were thus economised,
uld scarce have shook the credit of the New
dford owners. And the act itself was sim-
murder. Tari's life must have hung in the
ginning by a hair. In the grief and terror
that time, it is not unlikely he went mad, an
irmity to which he was still liable; or per-
os a child may have taken a fancy to him
l ordained him to be spared. He escaped at
st alive, married in the island, and when I
ew him was a widower with a married son
l a granddaughter. But the thought of
hu haunted him; its praise was for ever on
lips; he beheld it, looking back, as a place
ceaseless feasting, song and dance; and in
dreams I dare say he revisits it with joy.
wonder what he would think if he could be
carried there indeed, and see the modern town of Honolulu brisk with traffic, and the palace with its guards, and the great hotel, and Mr. Berger's band with their uniforms and outlandish instruments; or what he would think to see the brown faces grown so few and the white so many; and his father's land sold for planting sugar, and his father's house quite perished, or perhaps the last of them struck leprous and immured between the surf and the cliffs on Molokai.[1] So simply, even in South Sea Islands, and so sadly, the changes come.

Tari was poor, and poorly lodged. His house was a wooden frame, run up by Europeans; it was indeed his official residence, for Tari was the shepherd of the promontory sheep. I can give a perfect inventory of its contents: three kegs, a tin biscuit-box, an iron sauce-pan, several cocoa-shell cups, a lantern, and three bottles, probably containing oil; while the clothes of the family and a few mats were thrown across the open rafters. Upon my first meeting with this exile he had conceived for me one of the baseless island friendships, had given me nuts to drink, and carried me up the den "to see my house"—the only entertainment that he had to offer. He liked the "Amelican," he said, and the "Inglisman," but the "Flessman" was his abhorrence; and he was careful to explain that if he had thought us "Fless," we should have had none of his nuts, and never a sight of his house. His distaste for the French I can partly understand, but not at all his toleration of the Anglo-Saxon. The next day he brought me a pig, and some days later one of our party going ashore found him in act to bring a second. We were still strange to the islands; we were pained by the poor man's generosity, which he could ill afford; and by a natural enough but quite unpardonable blunder, we refused the pig. Had Tari been a Marquesan we should have seen him no more; being what he was, the most mild, long-suffering, melancholy man, he took a revenge a hundred times more painful. Scarce had the canoe with the nine villagers put off from their farewell[2] before the *Casco* was boarded from the other side. It was Tari; coming thus late because he had no canoe of his own, and had found it hard to borrow one; coming thus solitary (as indeed we always saw him), because he was a stranger in the land, and the dreariest of company. The rest of my family basely fled from the encounter. I must

[1] An island on which the lepers are isolated, a little to the southeast of Oahu.

[2] The farewell visit of the natives, mentioned in a preceding chapter.

receive our injured friend alone; and the interview must have lasted hard upon an hour, for he was loath to tear himself away. "You go 'way. I see you no more—no, sir!" he lamented; and then looking about him with rueful admiration, "This goodee ship!—no, sir!—goodee ship!" he would exclaim: the "no, sir," thrown out sharply through the nose upon a rising inflection, an echo from New Bedford and the fallacious whaler. From these expressions of grief and praise, he would return continually to the case of the rejected pig. "I like give plesent all the same you," he complained; "only got pig: you no take him!" he was a poor man; he had no choice of gifts; he had only a pig, he repeated; and I had refused it. I have rarely been more wretched than to see him sitting there, so old, so grey, so poor, so hardly fortuned, of so rueful a countenance, and to appreciate, with growing keenness, the affront which I had so innocently dealt him; but it was one of those cases in which speech is vain.

Tari's son was smiling and inert; his daughter-in-law, a girl of sixteen, pretty, gentle, and grave, more intelligent than most Anaho women, and with a fair share of French; his grandchild, a mite of a creature at the breast. I went up the den one day when Tari was from home, and found the son making a cotton sack, and madame suckling mademoiselle. When I had sat down with them on the floor, the girl began to question me about England; which I tried to describe, piling the pan and the cocoa shells one upon another to represent the houses, and explaining, as best I was able, and by word and gesture, the over-population, the hunger, and the perpetual toil. "*Pas de cocotiers? pas de popoi?*"[3] she asked. I told her it was too cold, and went through an elaborate performance, shutting out draughts, and crouching over an imaginary fire, to make sure she understood. But she understood right well; remarked it must be bad for the health, and sat a while gravely reflecting on that picture of unwonted sorrows. I am sure it roused her pity, for it struck in her another thought always uppermost in the Marquesan bosom; and she began with a smiling sadness, and looking on me out of melancholy eyes, to lament the decease of her own people. "*Ici pas de Kanaques,*"[4] said she; and taking the baby from her breast, she held it out to me with both her hands. "*Tenez*[5]—a little baby like this; then dead. All the Kanaques die. Then n more." The smile, and this instancing by th girl-mother of her own tiny flesh and bloo affected me strangely; they spoke of so tra quil a despair. Meanwhile the husband smi ingly made his sack; and the unconscious bal struggled to reach a pot of raspberry jan friendship's offering, which I had just brough up the den; and in a perspective of centuri I saw their case as ours, death coming in li a tide, and the day already numbered wh there should be no more Beretani,[6] and no mo of any race whatever, and (what oddly touch me) no more literary works and no mo readers.

3 "No cocoa-palms? no bread-fruit trees?"
4 "Here no more Kanakas!"
5 "See here!"

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave[7] go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger:
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me.
All I ask the heaven above,
And the road below me.

6 I. e., Britanni, Britons. The language of th Kanakas being so largely vocalic, they find difficult to pronounce two consonants in su cession without interposing a vowel.
7 The leave, the rest; a familiar word in Burm

THE MORNING DRUM-CALL ON MY EAGER EAR

The morning drum-call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon.

EVENSONG

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes: the bed
In the darkling house is spread:
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will:
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmèd land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

INDEX TO NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

The page number is given first; a superior numeral or character indicates the note. When it is necessary to distinguish columns, the letters *a* and *b* are used. Occasionally the references are to numbered lines on a page.

Not all notes are indexed. Notes upon authors and titles may be found through the indexes to authors and titles. In general this index has been restricted to such notes as are likely to be wanted for purposes of cross-reference and comparison (see Introduction); but a few others, that seemed of especial intrinsic importance, have been added.

The glossary is inserted here in one alphabetical order with the index, but the words begin with small letters. It has likewise been restricted to the items of most importance. Since practically every strange or archaic usage is explained as it occurs, it seemed useless to repeat them all here, especially those that occur only once, or have only a contextual significance. Thus, the vocabulary of Chaucer has been largely omitted from the glossary, and so also have the Scotticisms. But all such archaisms as are to be found widely scattered through our literature are given, with nearly always one or more references to illustrate their use.

Abora, Mt. Perhaps for Amara, the seat of a terrestrial paradise (Dr. Lane Cooper). 428 line 41.
Academe, or Academy, The, 391*, 548§.
Acheron, 154†.
aches (pronunciation of), 170†.
Act of Relief, 387*.
Admiral = flagship, 238[34].
admire, wonder at, 212[3].
Adonis, 226[36], 239[53].
Adriatic, Espousal of the, 427†.
Aegean, The, 549[4].
Aeneas, 281[28], 317[1].
Aeolus, 231[34]. Cp. 316 line 82.
Aesculapius, 48*b**.
Aesop, 560[6].
affray, frighten, 487*b* line 4.
again, in return, 100[6].
Aglaia, 227[5].
Albion = England, 350*b* line 8, 670[2].
Alcals, 596*.
Alchemy, 325[8]. See Elixir vitae; Philosopher's stone.
Alcibiades's dog, 366†.
Ale-stake, 51[13].
Alexander the Great, 233[3], 283*b*[1], 321[7].
Aloes, 67[10].
Alphabet, 215*, 467[13].
Alpheus, 232[39].
Amadis de Gaul, 201[33].
Amaranth, 232[46].
Ammon, 226[35], 321[7].
among, all the time, everywhere, 80*b*[1], 89[1].
Amphion, 157[24], 173[19], 530[3].
an, an', and, if, 70[35], 201[34].
Anacreon, 466[9], 467[14].
Anagrams, 154[6], 154[10].
Anapestic metres, 450*, 609*.
Andromeda, 663‡.
Angel gold, 275[2].
Angelico, Fra, 619[16], 683[1].
Angels, Hierarchy of, 139[13].
Antwerp bridge, 152†, 666[11].
Aphrodite. See Venus.
Apis, 226[38], 320[2].
Apollo, 61[2], 231[19], 466[8], 569†, 711‡.
Apple of Discord, 571[6].
Aquinas, 264[9].
Arabian Nights, 553[4], 554[1], 674*.
Arcadia, 206*†, 489*b* line 7.
Archangels, 129[13].
Archery, 119†, 212[13].
Archimago, 130[34].
Areopagus, 262‡.
Arethusa, 231[20], 232[39].
Argo, Argonauts, 305*, 482*a* line 13.
argument = theme, 235[10].
Ariadne, Titian's, 488*.
Ariel, 164*.
Aries, 343[1], See Ram.
Arimaspians, 254[61].
Arion, 232[53], 280[8].
Aristotle, 308[6], 309[12].
Armada, 208[1], 662*.
Artemis. The goddess of the moon, hunt, etc. The Latin name is Diana. 710†.
Arthur, King, 31 ff., 96 ff., 241[72].
Arthur, Prince, 127*, 137*b*.
artist = artisan, 237[31], 376[9].
as = that (in clauses of result), 214[8].
as redundant, 101[11].
Ascanius, 281[28].
Ashtaroth, Ashtoreth, Astarte, 226[34], 239[50], 623[1].
Astraea, 345[14].
Astrology, 48*, 291[3], 693*.
atheling, prince, 26[1].
Athens, 548 ff.
Atlas, 247[17].
Attic salt, 450[8].
Atropos, 231[18].

Augustus, 280[1].
Aurora, dawn, 227[19].
Ausonian, 242[87].
Avalon, Avillon, 32*a* line 18, 110[20], 577*. See Earthly Paradise.
ave (Latin), hail, 589*b* line 21, 596*. Cp. 467, st. 101.
Avernus = Hades, 205*b* line 12.

Baal (plural, Baalim), 226[32], 239[50].
Bacchantes, 231[14], 258‡, 389[2], 711[2], 714[1].
Bachelor, 44[11].
Bacon, Roger, 153[3].
bairn, child (of any age), 74[29].
Baldur (or Balder), 709*.
Ballade, 719*a**.
Barbers, 204[18].
Barmecide, 553[4].
Barricades, Day of, 664[5].
Bartholomew-tide, 219[22].
Bashan, 382[2], 465[3].
Basset, 277[4].
Bat-fowling, 174[30].
Bath, Knights of the, 340§.
Bayard, Blind, 95†.
be = be good for, 411[2].
beads, prayers, 221*, 353[18].
Bear, The Great, 229[19].
Beauvais, Bishop of, 524[8].
Beelzebub, 154†.
Belial, 240[60].
Bellerophon, 258†.
Bellerus, 232[50].
Bellman, 229[18].
Bellona, 253[58].
Bells rung backward, 448[3].
Benedictines, 45[18].
bent, dry grass, stubble land, 219[23], 474[1], 625[2], 706[4].
Beowulf, 1*, 18*.
Béranger, 559†.
Berenice's Hair, 319[7].
Bermudas, 164*, 168[53].
Bickerstaff, Isaac, 296[4].
Bilboe, 149[9].
bill = prescription, 151[14], 308[3].
bill = sword, 25[16].
birk, birch, 413[4].
Black art, 152[21].
Blank verse, first employed, 125*; dramatic, 159†.
Blanket, Tossing in, 280[7].
Blenheim, 493†.
Blue-stocking, 498§.
Bœotian dulness, 450[4], 549†.
Boëthius, 58[3].
Bolingbroke, Lord, 319[1].
Bonivard, François de, 453‡.
bonnet = cap (Scotch), 444[3].
bonny, bonie, comely, blithe, 405*.
Borgia, Cesare, 321[5].
Bourne, Vincent, 392†.
Bow bells, 317[11].
bower, inner room (opposed to hall), women's apartment, chamber, 53[17]. See 402[8].
Brabant, 65[1].
brae, bank, hillside, 399[9].
Brahma, 519[11].
brand, sword, 27[7].
Branstock, The, 708*.
brave (Scotch **braw**), fine, 165[15], 402[12]
brede, embroidery, 346[3], 490[2].
Bridge of Sighs, 460[1], 678[5].
Broglie, Duc de, 532[7], 535*.
Brutus, King, 62[31].
Buckeen, 561[8].
Buckingham, Duke of, 279[21].
Bull, 40[80].
burn, brook, 399[24].
Busiris, 238[37].
Buskin = Tragedy, 192[6], 229[27], 281[18].
buxom, yielding, supple, lively, 227[7], 253[55].
byrnie, corslet, 1 line 40.
Byron, 529[4].

Cadmus, 263[4], 467[12].
Caerleon, Carleon, 99[32].
Caesar, Stories of, 463[18], 605[1].
Ça ira, 466[4].
Calendar, Reformation of, 323[1], 364*b**, 662[x]. Cp 636[5].
Caliban, 164*.
Caliphs, 384[16].
Calliope, 231[13].
Camelot, 100[2], 567[1], 575[3].
Cameron, Donald, 468[2]; Sir Ewan, 545[14].
Cameronians, 503[4].
Campagna, The Roman, 685[5].
Campaniles, 677[1].
Campbells, The, 445[1].
can, gan, did, 129[14].
Candlemas, 98[19].
card = compass, 323[6], 408[6].
carl, churl, fellow, 49[18].
carlin, old woman, 399[18], 410[18], 448[7].
Carmelites, 616*, 618[11].
Cashmire, 470[3].
Cassandra, 572[8].
Cassiopea, 228[7].
Castle Rock, 448[15].
Castor and Pollux, 141[11].
Catiline, 321[6].
Catch (song), 181[19], 265[1]. Cp. 617[3].
Cathay, 510[3], 582 line 184.
Catullus, 596*b**.
Cell, 45[17].
Celtic race, 659†.
Centre = Earth, 234[1], 235*.
Cerberus, 227[2], 250[51].
Ceres, 184*b*, 229[15].
Cervantes, 663[1].
Cestus of Venus, 459[7].
chair = sedan-chair, 311[7], 335[2], 541[13].
Champ-de-Mars, 533[14].
Champs Elysées, 532[5].
chapman, pedlar, 217[14], 407[3], 408[1].
Chariots of war, 224[9].
Charon, 565[4].
Chaucer's Pronunciation, 42, 289†.

Cheapside, 52[14].
Cheke, Sir John, 123*.
Chersonese, 467[15].
Cherubim, 139[13].
Chesterfield, Lord, 357*.
Chevron, 704[3].
Chevy Chace, 73*.
Childe, 624*.
Chosroes, 384[14]. Chosroes I, the Persian monarch, reigned 531-579. The name is a Greek form of the Persian Khusrau, a common royal name. Cp. Kaikhosru.
Chronos, 286[2].
Cimmerians, 227[4], 534[4].
Cimon, 548[2].
Cincinnatus, 343[5].
Cinque Ports, 273[3].
Civil War, Beginning of, 518[4], 599†.
Clan-Alpine, 445*.
Claude Lorrain, 544[7].
Claverhouse, 448*, 543*.
clepe, to call, 107[43].
clerk, scholar, 208[7].
Clio, 127[6].
Clootie, 404[1].
close = enclose, 477[2], 580[1].
Club, The Literary, 366*.
Cock Lane Ghost, 534[1].
Coffee, 170*, 314[6].
Coffee houses, 290†, 541 ff.
coil, turmoil, 168[52], 344[7].
Colman, George, 562[18].
Colman, George, the Younger, 511[14], 563[9].
Companies of players, 202[37].
Companies, London, 274†.
Conceits, 206‡, 288[1], 309[13].
conference, conversation, 208[8], 212[6].
Conventionalism, Reaction against, 395*.
Cordovan, The, 192[5].
Coronach, 444[5].
Cotter, Cottier, 401*, 560[3].
course, sail, 165 line 52.
Covenant, Covenanters, 271†, 448*, 500*.
Covent Garden, 510[7], 540[5].
Cowley, Abraham, 288[1],
Credo, 33[2].
Crœsus, 512[19].
Cromwell, Oliver, 233[7], 348*, 599[4].
Cuishes, 355[18].
Curfew, 229[17].
Curtius, 324*.
Cybele, 460[4].
Cyclades. A group of islands in the Ægean Sea. 482*a*.
Cynthia, 131[54], 224[19], 229[15].
Cythera, 206†. Cp. 350 line 2, 459[7].

Dagon, 226[33], 239[55].
dan = don, sir, master, 55[8].
Dante, 238*, 453‡, 577†, 580[2], 596‡, 721[9], 722[13].
Darius, 284[6].
D'Artois, Prince, 532†, 534[19].
David Jacques Louis, 726[2].
Deal, 271[1].
decent, becoming, 229[12].
Decius, 324*.
Dee, The, 231[12].
Delos, 466[8].
Demogorgon, 154†, 254[62]. Compare Gorgon.
depart, part, separate, 106[37].
Dervish, 565‡, 637[10].
Diana, Goddess of the chase, 229[15]. Introduced into Dryden's *Secular Masque* (p. 286) to typify the sylvan sports of King James the First. See also Artemis.
dight, arrayed, prepared, 227[18].
Dinner hour, 292†.
Dis, 161[2], 184[19].
Divisions, Musical, 137[15], 220*.
doctor, learned man, 94*, 194[5].
Doges of Venice, 427†, 678[7].
Dog-star, 232[42].
Doit, 177[50].
Dolphins, 232[53], 280[5].
Dominicans, 618[10], 618[11].
Dominions, 139[13].
dool, dule, sorrow, 400[5].
Doria, 460[9].
Dorian mood, 240[66]. See Greek Music.
douce, grave, 406[7] 411[25], 448[5].
Dove, Holy Spirit, 687[1].
Dove, River, 418[1].
down, high plain, or pasture, undulating upland. 108[7].
Dreams, Gates of, 132[55], 705[1].
Drugget, 280[4].
Druids, 231 lines 52-55.
Ducal Palace, at Venice, 460[1].
Duddon, River, 427§.
Duessa, 132*b*.
Dundee. See Claverhouse.
Dunfermline, 77[1].

Earthly Paradise, 577*, 578†. Cp. Hesperides, Iram, Cashmire, Arcadia, Avalon, El Dorado.
East London, 378[5], 537*.
Eclipse, 231*, 251*.
Eden, 234*, 258[4].
Elaine, 567*.
El Dorado, 730*.
Electra, 233[5].
Elements, The Four, 257[2]. Cp. 263†; and *Evelyn Hope*, line 20, p. 616.
Elgin Marbles, 492‡.
Elixir vitæ, 196[21], 476[3].
Elysium, 154[11].
Emblem, of papal power, 232 line 110, 521[5]; of bishopric, 232[31]; of sovereignty, 623[3].
engine = contrivance, 243[89].
English vernacular, Growth of, 119†.
Envoi, 719*a**.
Eormenric, 11§.
Epictetus, 642*, 713[2].
Epicurus, 47[23], 633*.
Epimenides, 213*.
Erebus, 253[56].
Eris, 571[6].
erne, earn, eagle, 25[10], 445[4].
Escurial, The, 668[2].
Estates, Three, 97[4], 532*,

Esthwaite Vale, 420[1].
Etherege, George, 282[34], 293[9].
Eumenides, 285[8], 522[11].
Euphuism, 206*.
Euripides, Ancient admiration of, 233[5], 461[12].
Eurydice, 228[30].
event, issue, 241[78].
Excalibur, 32[4], 98-99, 109. See Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*, p. 575, lines 36, 103.

fact = deed, 245[8], 270[2].
Fairy rings, 187[6].
Fallows, 227[15].
Farnese, 152*.
Fata Morgana, 523†.
Fates, The, 231[18], 306[1], 520[2].
Faust legend, 151*.
feat, neat, deft, 175 line 273, 140[2].
Ferrara, 600*.
Fidessa, 132*b*.
Fifth Monarchy, 389[5].
figure = horoscope, 291[3].
Firth, Solway, 443[1].
Flamens, 226[31].
flashy, insipid, 212[5], 232[35].
Fleur-de-lis, 524[7].
Fly-boats, 211[23], 664[6].
fond, foolish, 120[2].
Fortunatus, 529[5].
Foundation, 520[1].
Frankeleyn, 47[15].
fray, to affray, to frighten, 486 line 27.
Freeman, 198[3].
French Revolution, 440[1], 466[4], 532*.
Freyja, 11§, 706[8].
Frippery, 186[34].
Furies, The, 285[8], 520*b* line 14, 522[11].
Fuseli, 686[6].

Galahad, 100*b*[7], 102 ff.; 573*b*.
Galen, 48 line 431, 151[13].
Galicia, 49[2], 662*b* line 6.
Galileo, 237[31], 319 line 138.
Galleass, 665[8].
Galliards, 213[6], 444[2].
Ganelon, 57[31].
gar, cause, make, 402[15].
Gargantua, 205[21].
Garrick, David, 379*, 380 lines 93 ff.
Garter, Knights of the, 325[9], 340§.
Gazette, 296[5].
Geats, 3*.
Genëva, Lake of, 453‡, 458[8].
genius, a spirit, 225[29], 302[1].
gentle, noble, of good birth, 128 line 1.
german, brother, 136[9].
Giaours, 381[1].
Gigantes, 236†.
Giotto, 619[14].
Gloriana, 127*.
go = walk, 270[1].
Goal, 249[40].
Godiva, 514*.
Goethe, 529[3], 584[1], 674[9], 726[1].
Gold, Medicinal, 196[21].
Golden Age, 481*, 596[4].
Gooseberry fool, 380[2].
Gorgon, 131[49]. Cp. Demogorgon.
Goshen, 238[38].
gossip, godmother, 485[4].
Gothic, 296[7].
Graces, The, 227[5], 520 line 9.
Grail, The Holy, 101*, 103 ff.
gramercy, great thanks *(grand merci)*, 161[3].
Grammatical freedom, 164†, 170[70], 463*.
Grassmarket, 448[11].
Greek Games, 249[40], 466[5].
Greek Music, Moods of, 349*, 228[27].
Green-gown, 221*.
greet, weep, 400[30], 408[17].
Grenville, Sir Richard, 208*, 209‡, 211§.
Groom-porter, 275[4].
Grub Street, 381[7].
grunsel, groundsill, 239[54], 536[14].
Guenever, 99*b*, 722[12].
Guilds, London, 274†.
Guinea grains, 327[3].
Gules, 486[3].

habit = costume, 294[19], 336[3].
Haha, 386[5].
Half piece (coin), 214[14].
Hallam, Arthur, 577†, 583*, 584*, 587†, 588‡.
Hampden, John, 348[6], 502[1].
Hampton Court, 313[7].
Hasdrubal, 59[16].
Hautboy, 284[5].
Hays, 510[2].
Hebe, 227[10].
Hebrides, 232[48].
Hebrus, 231 line 63.
Hecate, 131[48], 492[1].
Hedge-schools, 560[4].
Helicon, 234[9], 398[1], 488[2].
Helicon, England's, 140*.
Helm of Aweing, 708[14].
Helots, 208*b* line 11, 682[1].
hem, them.
Heorot, 2*.
her, their.
Hercules, 249[43].
Hermes Trismegistus, 229[20].
Herodias, 619[15].
Heroic measure, 289[7].
Hesperian, 240[65].
Hesperides, 466[10].
Hides of land, 26‡.
hight, called, is called, was called, 99[31].
Hilda, Abbess, 21‡.
hind, peasant, 346[1], 514[4].
Hindu mythology, 519[11].
hir, their.
his (pedantic possessive), 121[2].
his = its, 173[13].
Hock, 498§, 528[1].
holt, wood, 110[21].
Holy Alliance, 462*.
Homer, 466[9], 548‡, 642*.

Hooper, John, 502[2].
Horeb, 234[4].
Horoscope, See Astrology.
horrid, horrent, rough, 249[37], 396[2].
Hotel-de-Ville, 533[13].
Houris, 382[5].
Hudibras, 298[4].
Hulks, 210[13].
Humours, 48†, 54*b* lines 105-149; extended sense, 131[2], 192*, 294[18].
Hunt, Holman, his "Light of the World," 686[7].
Hyacinth, 232[28].
Hyades, 578[2].
Hyde Park, 317[10].
Hymen, 184[5], 228[24]. Hymen's torch, 185 line 97.

Iambics = satire, 282[45].
Icarus, 151[7].
Ida, Mt., 228[9], 240 line 515, 304[1], 398[1], 569†.
ilk, ilka, every, 399[1].
Images, 48*a**, 688*.
Invalides, Hôtel des, 535[4].
Ionians, 548[3].
Iram, 633‡.
Iran, 645*.
Iris, 184*b*, 570[3].
Isis, 226[38], 519[11].
Islands of the Blest, 466[10].
Islington, 510[3], 540[2].

Jacobin Party, 532†. Cp. 465[1].
Jacobites, 337*, 448*, 543 ff.
Jamshyd, 633‡, 654[1].
Janus, 286[1]. From this two-faced deity is derived the name January.
Jeffrey, Francis, 449*, 661[4].
Jerboa, 610[3].
Jerome's Bible, 152[18].
"Joe Miller," 450[2].
John the Baptist, 41, 611[5], 619[15], 621[26].
Joseph of Arimathea, 101*.
Jotun, eoten, giant, 5 line 421.
Jousts, 97[10].
Jubal, 283[2].
Jubilates, 523[1].
Judas Maccabee, 93[7].
Juno, 184[15], 570[4].
Jupiter, Temple of, 514[3].
Jura, 459 st. 92, 674[1].
Justinian, 152[15].

Kaikhosru. I. e., King Khosrú, or Khusrau, one of the legendary heroes of the Persian *Shah Nameh*. 634, stanza x; 647 line 223. Cp. Chosroes.
Kanaka, 731*, 734[6].
Keats, 622*, 623†.
Kempenfelt, Admiral, 392*.
kenn, head, mountain, 504[10].
Kennings, 1*.
Kidron, 613*.
Killarney, 583†.
kind, nature, 183[32].
King at Arms, 273[2].
King's Evil, 274‡, 367[8].
Kit, 299[7].
Knight-errantry burlesqued, 197*.
Knighthood, Orders of, 340§.
Knot-grass, 203[32].

Lamb, Mary, 504*.
Lars, or Lares. Spirits of the departed, worshiped by the Romans as household gods, 226[30].
Latimer, Bishop, 502[2].
Launcelot du Lac, 101, 103, etc.
Laurel, 163[10], 356†, 463[18].
lave, the rest, 402[22].
lawn = untilled ground, 224[14].
lazar, leper, 46[12], 134[1].
Lazy-tongs, 552[1].
leads = roof, 274[5], 703*a* line 7.
leasing, lying, 21[4], 89[3].
leech, physician, 98[24].
Leicester, Lord, 127*, 141[7].
Leman, Lake. See Geneva.
Lemures. The spirits of those who have died in sin. 226[30].
Lepanto, 460[11].
let, hinder, hindrance, 117[35].
let, cause, give orders for, 100[10].
Levant, The, 331[1].
lewd, ignorant, 122[8].
Liberals (of Italy), 622[2], 713*.
Licentiate, 45[46].
Lido, The, 602[1].
lief, dear, 100[9], 575[8].
Lilly, William, 260*.
Limitour, 45[41], 354[18].
Lincoln's Inn Fields, 540[6].
Lingua Franca, 336[4].
Lion of St. Mark, 460[3].
list or lust, wish, please (both present and preterit, usually impersonal), 123[11].
Liver, the seat of passion, 184[9].
Lochiel. See Cameron.
Locke, John, 725‡.
Locusts as food, 41[1], 611[5].
London Bridge, 385[2], 540[3].
London streets, 113*, 385[2], 539 ff.
Louvre, 631[2].
Love-days, 46[29].
Lovelace, 221*.
Lucifer, 154†, 224[12].
Lucy, Poems upon, 418*.
Lunardi (a balloon bonnet), 407[24].
lust. See **list.**
Lyceum of Athens, 261[12], 548‡.
Lydia, 304[5].
Lydian laughter, 596*b**.
Lydian measures, 284[7]. See Greek Music.
Lyonesse, 574[2].
Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge. 415†, 428†, 451[20].

Mab, Faery, 228[2].
Mabinogion, 659‡.
Macgibbon, Wm., 399[16].

Mackay, General, 543*.
Maenad, 471[1]. See Bacchantes.
Mæonides, 255[5].
make, mate, 126[2].
Male-sapphires, 611[4].
Mall, The, 319[8].
Mandeville, Bernard, 362[14].
Manes, 291[4].
Manna, 245[7].
Mantua, Mantuan, 231[21], 308[5], 596*b* line 19.
Marat, Jean Paul, 532†, 539[15].
March-beer, 159[36].
marches, boundaries, 2[3].
Marius, 512*, 518[6].
Maro = Virgil, 308[5], 343[4].
marry, an oath. See 89[10].
Mars, the god of War. Introduced into Dryden's *Secular Masque* to represent the troubled times of Charles the First.
Martinmas, 79[6], 159[35].
Masaccio, 620[18].
Mask, Masque, 228[25].
maun, must, 407*b*[1]; **mauna**, must not.
Maunciple, 49[46].
may, maid, 38[1].
may, may-blossom, white-thorn, 221†.
Mazzini, Giuseppe (Joseph), 713*, 715*.
Mead, 515[6].
Medea, 476[1].
Memnon, 228[6].
Mephistophilis, 154†.
mere, sea, lake, 15 line 160[3], 575[6].
Merlin, 96[2], 485*, 575[4].
Mermaid Tavern, 490*.
Michael the Archangel, 258[1], 499*.
Michaelmas, 386[3].
mickle, properly = **muckle**, much; sometimes by corruption used for "little," as in "many a mickle makes a muckle." 400[31], 409[26].
Middlesex, 544[5].
Milan = Duke of Milan, 167[38].
Mile-End, 378[5], 543[9]. Cp. 200*b*, bottom.
Minclus, 231[21].
Mistress as title, 331[3].
moil, labor, 344[1], 401[3].
Moloch, 226[37].
Monastic Orders, 40[66], 45[43], 618[11].
Monmouth, Duke of, 277*.
Montesquieu, 657[1].
Mordred, 108*.
Morpheus, 228[5].
Morris, Sir Lewis, 655[3].
Moses, 238[39].
Motley, 46[32].
Mulciber, 242[88].
Murex, 623†.
Musæns, 153[26], 229[28].

Napoleon, 427‡, 535*.
nas, has not, was not.
natheless, nathless, nevertheless.
National Assembly, 532*.
"Natural piety," 422[3], 469[1].
Nature in poetry, 342*, 416*, 416†, 428†.
ne, not, nor.
Necker, Jacques, 532*.
Nelson, Admiral, 494*, 608[4].
Neptune, 231[28].
nere, were not.
Nereid, 231[25].
ness, headland, 3 line 223.
Nessus, 249[48].
Newmarket, 552[2].
New Style. See Calendar.
Nibelungenlied, 705*.
nicker, sea-monster, 5 line 422.
Night-watchman, 229[18].
Ninus, 60[9].
Niobe, 461[15].
nis, is not.
Nisus, 318[8].
Nobody, 181[20].
Nova Zembla, 298[3], 528*.
Numantia, Siege of, 512*.
numbers = verses, 304[3].

Oaten pipe, 346[2], 399[6], 711‡.
Old Jewry, 331[2], 389[3].
Old Style. See Calendar.
Olympus, 240 line 516.
Ombre, 311[8], 314[2] ff.
Ophiuchus, 251[53], 528[2].
or, either, 354[4].
or, or that, ere, before, 101[12].
ordain, prepare, 100[10]
Oread, 570[1].
Orgoglio, 137*b*.
Orion, 154*, 238[38], 578*b* line 8.
Ormus, 243[1].
Orpheus, 228[30], 229[29], 231[14], 258‡, 305*, 530[8]. Cp. 450[8], 603*.
Orus, 226[39].
Osiris, 226[38], 519[11].
other, early plural form, 207[5].
Overbury's "Characters," 266‡.
Ovid, 60[16], 721[3].
owe = own, 171[72].

Paean, 389[4].
painful = careful, 263[2].
Palais Royal, 532*b**.
Pall, 229[23], 623[2].
Palmers, 39[55].
Pan, 224[16], 644[3], 711‡.
Pandemonium, 243[90].
Panope, 231[25].
Pantaloon, 555[7].
Paphos, 185 line 93, 571‡.
pardie, an oath, 87[10].
Pardoner, 40[79], 49[65].
Pariah, 521[7].
Paris and Oenone, 144*b*, 157[22], 157[23], 569*.
Parma, Duke of, 152*, 662*.
Parnassus, 307[2].
Parthenon, 492‡, 548[5], 675[7]
Partridge, John, 319[10].
party = side, 247[24].
passing, exceeding, surpassing, 96[1], 374[4].

assion, suffering, 170[69]. The passion of Christ, 91*a* line 603, 101[16].
atch, 180[14].
aternoster, 33[1].
Patriotism," 532§.
atronage, Literary, 357*.
egasus, 258†, 308[7].
elion, Mt., 305*.
elles, 100[4].
elorus, 237[27].
eneus. A river of Thessaly, which flowed through the Vale of Tempe. 481*b*.
entecost, 100[1].
ercy, 73[1].
erdie, perdy, an oath, 87[10].
eriodicals, 290*.
ersepolis, 654[1].
erseus, 663‡.
haethon, 134[4], 721[9].
hilistines, 659[4].
hilomela, 229[16], 343[7], 654*, 710[1].
hilosopher's stone, 215[18], 325[8].
hlegra, 241[71].
hoebus, 61[2], 127[12]. See Apollo.
hrygian. See Greek Music.
ierian spring, 230[4], 309[8].
ight, pitched, fixed, 65[6].
igmies, 241[70], 243[95], 538[5].
ilgrims, 147[4].
indar, 233[4], 349*, 350[10], 466[5], 549†, 580[2].
indaric ode, 349*.
indus, 304[1].
ine-apple-trees, 218[3].
irates, Hanging of, 165‡.
iscator, 264*, 511[13].
lain, complain, 344[6].
luto, 161[2], 184[19].
'opish Plot," 277*, 286*.
ppies, 281[32].
owers, 139[13].
reacher, The, 726*, 731[4].
re-Raphaelitism, 686[7], 686[8], 704*.
rester John, 65*.
reterit form for past participle, 340†.
revent, anticipate, 223[5].
riam's curtains, 379[8], 536[10].
rime, 37[12], 101[10].
risoner's base, 208[9].
rometheus, 526[2].
roper, own, 66[3], 183 line 3.
roserpine, 131[48], 184[19], 711*.
rose style, Elizabethan, 206*; Milton's 262†; De Quincey's, 516*; Pater's, 723[1].
rovence, 488[1].
Psyche, 490[1].
ptolemaic Astronomy, 158*, 235*, 255*.
punch, 553[5], 622[1].
punning, Word-play, 140[4], 241*.
Pygmies. See Pigmies.
Pyrrhus, 466[12].
Pythagoras's doctrine of transmigration, 163[8].

Quintessence, 263†.
Quixote, Don, 309[10], 663[1].
Quorum, 293*.

Ram (zodiac), 43[12], 193[1].
Ratel, 696[2].
rathe, early, 232[44].
Ratisbon, 600[5].
Rebecks, 227[18].
Recorder, 240[67].
rede, advise, advice, 109[15].
Reeve, 49[43].
Regent Street, 540[4].
Relic Sunday, 48[33].
Renaissance, Italian, 600*, 616*, 620[18].
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 381 lines 137 ff.; 561[18].
Rhodope, 307[2].
Rialto, The, 460[6], 678[2].
Ring, The. 311[6], 317[10].
Roarers, 164†.
Robin Goodfellow, 228[21].
Romulus, 319[6].
Roncesvalles, 241[74].
rood, cross, 70[29], 435[9].
Rosamond, Fair, 301*, 721[5].
Roundel, 719*b**.
Round Table, The, 99*b*.
rout, gay party, 380[5].
Rowley forgeries, 352*.
"Rules of Charles I.," 375[8].
Runes, 24†.
Rustum, 645*.

Sabbath, Witch's, 533[12].
St. Agnes, 484*.
St. Agnes' Eve, 483[4].
St. Augustine, 58[2].
St. Cecilia, 282*.
St. Denis, 550[8], Cp. 532*a*.
St. George, 565†.
St. Helena, 24‡.
St. James, Shrine of, 39[56], 49[2].
St. James's Park, 319[8].
St. James's Square, 540[8], 543[8].
St. Julian, 47[24].
St. Mark (Venice), 194[8], 460[3].
St. Paul, 529*.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 46[68], 97*, 272[2].
St. Peter, 232[30], 521[5].
St. Veronica, 51[28].
Sáki, 636[2].
Salisbury, Bishop of, 32*.
Salmasius, 234†.
Samite, 99[28].
Sanctus, 523[8].
Sangreal. See Grail.
Sansfoy, 132*b*. **Sansjoy,** 135*b*. **Sansloy,** 133*b*.
sark, cuirass, 7 line 550; shirt, 410[25].
Sarras, City of, 103*.
Saturn, 228[9], 240 line 512, 481*.
Saxon = Lowland or English, 445[2], 458[4], 544[8].
scar, scaur, a bare rock, or cliff, 444[4].
School, 119*.
Schoolmen, 212[14], 264[9].
Scipio's Dream, 56[39].
scôp, poet, 1*.
Scotus, 264[9].
Scottish Covenant, 271†.
Scottish Poetry, 399*.

Scylding, 1*.
Scylla, 251*. Another Scylla, 318[8].
secular, marking or completing a century, 286*b*.
Sedge, 231[27].
seen, skilled, 111[1].
Semi-cope, 46[30], 354[19].
Semiramis, 60[9].
Seneca, 192[5], 529*.
sensible, sensitive, 174[27].
sentence, sense, opinion, judgment, 95[2].
Sequin, 195[18].
Seraphim, 139[13].
Sessions, Courts of, 293*.
Setebos, 170[66].
Seven Deadly Sins, 135†.
Shadwell, Thomas, 280* ff.
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 277*.
Shah Nameh, 645*.
Shakespeare, Epitaph on, 191†.
shell = lyre, 349[1], 351[3].
Shelley, 622*.
Sher-Thursday, 106[36].
Shooting-stars, 508[7].
Sicilian Muse, 232[40].
Siege Perilous, 101[15].
Siegfried, Sigurd, 705*, 720†.
Signs, London, 369[2], 541*a*.
Sigurd, The "Wrath" of, 705*, 708*.
silly (German *selig*, blessed), innocent, simple, 224[17], 433[8].
Sion, 234[7].
Sinai, Mt., 225[24], 234[4], 535[1].
sith, sithens, since, 103[8].
Sizar, 561[7].
skills, (impersonal), matters, avails, 113[11], 625[1].
Slug-horn, 626[5].
Sock = **Comedy**, 192[6], 228[26], 281[19].
Soho Square, 292[7].
Solway Firth, 443[1].
Song of Solomon, 588§, 623[4].
Sonnet, Introduction of, 125*.
Sonnet sequences, 142*, 632*, 693*, 701*.
sooth, soth, sothe, truth, 87[7].
sop, soupe, sup, small portion of a liquid, 162[6], 402[1].
Sophocles, 642*.
Souls, Pictorial representation of, 619[13].
Spairges, 404†.
speir, ask, 402[13].
Spheres, Music of, 255*, 225[22], 321[8], 530[10]. See Ptolemaic Astronomy.
Sphinx, Theban, 482*a* line 23.
Stang, 336[1].
Stella, 362[16].
stole, robe, 229[10], 577 line 197.
Storied, 348[2], 230[42].
Stothard, Thomas, 684[2].
Strappado, 299[5].
Straw, Jack, 59[25].
Stratford atte Bowe, 44*.
style = name, 247[18].
sublime = uplifted, 249[39], 350[5].
Summoner, 49[44], 524[4].
Sunium, 467[18]. 549*b*.
Swan-song, 318[5].
"Sweetness and light," 659*.
Switzerland, Invasion of, 440*.
Sword of King David, 103†.
Sylvanus, 230[35].
syne, since, 405[1].
Synonyms in early prose style, 111§.

Tabard, 43[27], 702*b* line 30.
tale, number, 227[14].
Tanaquil, 127[7].
Tara Hill, 495§.
Tartarus, 253 line 858.
Tasso, 460[5].
Taurus, 343[1], 578[2].
teen, grief, 166[24].
Telegraph, 521[3].
tell, count, 227[14].
Tempe. A vale in Thessaly, near Mt. Olympus 482*a*, 489*b* line 7.
Templars, 542[5].
Temple, The, 50[12], 293[11], 542[5], 561[1].
Tethys, 131[53].
Thalia, 227[5].
Thammuz, 239[52].
thane, war-companion, retainer, 3 line 234.
that = that which, what, 212[7].
that pleonastic (**when that** = when, **because that** = because, etc.), 43[1].
that serving to repeat a preceding connective 207[3].
Theatre, Customs of Elizabethan, 197*.
Thebes, Walls of, 157*b* line 26, 173[10], 530[8]. Cp 569†.
Theocritus, 231[20], 632[1].
Third Estate, 535*. See Estates.
tho, then, 136[11].
thorough, through, 483[3].
thou in familiar address, 165[14].
Thresholds, Blessing of, 438*.
Thrones, 139[13].
Timotheus, 283*b*[2].
Titan, 240 line 510; = the sun, 221†.
Titans, 236†.
to intensive: **to-burst**, burst to pieces, 93*b* line 814.
Toad-eater, 371[9].
Tophet = hell 535[5], 626[1]. See 239, lines 402-405.
Touchstone, 133[1].
Tournament, 97[10].
Transubstantiation, 278[8].
Travellers' Insurance, 182*.
Trelawny, Sir Jonathan, 499*.
Triple Alliance, 278[11].
Triton, 231[22].
Triumphal processions, 228[23], 512*, 514[3].
Trosachs, 445[10].
Troubadours, 488[1].
Tuileries, 532[8].
Tully, 293[15].
Tussaud, Madame, 565[5].
Twelfth-day, 98[17].
Twelve good rules, 375[8].
Tyler, Wat, 59[25].
Typhon, 226[42], 236†.
Tyrian purple, 287[6].

Ulysses, Bow of, 262*.
Una, 128[8].
unco, uncouth, unknown, 227[3], 405†.
Unction, Extreme, 92[10]. Cp. 730[6].
undern, 57[28], 101[12].
Unities, Dramatic, 309[12].
unnethe, uneasily, scarcely.
Urania, 234[2], 258*.
use, to be accustomed, 215[17].
Utopia, 110*, 563†.

Valkyries, 705*.
Vallombrosa, 238[35].
Vandals, 238[40].
Venice, 427*, 460[3], 601 ff., 677 ff.
Venus, 185[20], 570[4], 571‡, 713[1]. Introduced into Dryden's *Secular Masque* to represent the licentious age of Charles the Second.
Versailles, 532*, 533[15], 535[3].
Vers de société, 497§.
Vesta, 228[8].
virtue = strength, 229[31].
Virtues, Aristotle's twelve moral, 127*.
Volsunga Saga, 705*.
Vulcan, 242[89].
vulgar, common, 215[23].
Vulgate, 152[18].

wade = walk, 649*.
Waits, 199[15], 555[11].
Waldenses, 233*.
Walpole, Sir Robert, 339*, 340‡, 340§.
Walsingham, 40*, 146†.
Waltham, 200*b*, 511[12].
Wandering Jew, 476[2].
Wapping, 299[6].
Wax Image, Melting of, 688*.
Weald, The, 95*a* bottom, 670†.
Weders, 3*.
weed, garment, 127[2].
ween, think; **wened, wende**, went, thought.
Weland, 6[2].
wench, girl, 167[45].
Westminster, 540[9].
Westminster Abbey, 191†, 505†.
what time = when, 230*b*[28].
whenas = when (in Middle English).
whereas = where (in Middle English).
whiles, at times, 404[11].
whilk, which, 399[21].
whilom, formerly, 127[1].
whist, silent, 170[67], 224[11].
Whitehall, 541[12].
Whitsunday, 100[1].
wight, person, 128[12].
wight, active, 69[10].
Wigs, 362[15].
Windermere, 421[2].
Windows, 114†.
Wise Men of the East; 49[3], 223[4].
wit, wete, know. Pres. indic. sing., **wot**; preterit, **wist**. For **I wis**, see **y-wis**.
wit = talent, etc., 307*, 361[13].
Wits, 276[2].
wold, undulating upland, a down, 567*b* line 3.
Wombat, 696[1].
wood, mad, 108[8].
Woolsack, 561[10].
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 417 line 12, 427[1].
Wordsworth, Mrs., 423*.
worship, worthiness, honor, 99[33].
Wye, River, 416‡.
Wynkyn de Worde, 102[25].
Wyrd, 1*, 11 line 1233.

y-, a past participial prefix; **y-done** = done, **y-dread** = dreaded, etc. 63[9].
ycleped, yclept, called, 48 line 410.
yede, went, 102[35].
you in respectful address, 165[14].
your (indefinite, generalizing) = a, the, any, 195[15].
Yvetot, 563‡.
y-wis, certainly, 124[3]. Cp. 431[6].

Zal, 647*, 634 stanza x.
Zephyr, the west wind, 227 line 19.

INDEX TO TITLES AND FIRST LINES

ABOU BEN ADHEM..... 496
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, From..... 277
Across the empty garden-beds..... 703
ADDISON, THE CHARACTER OF..... 360
ADDRESS TO THE DEIL..... 404
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID..... 405
ADONAIS, From..... 480
AFTER-THOUGHT..... 427
AFTON WATER..... 412
AGINCOURT..... 148
AGLAURA, SONG FROM..... 220
A golden gilliflower to-day..... 702
A good sword and a trusty hand!..... 499
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh..... 448
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain..... 622
Ah fading joy! how quickly art thou past!... 285
AH, SUNFLOWER..... 398
Ah, Sunflower, weary of time..... 398
Ah what avails the sceptred race..... 496
ALASTOR..... 468
ALEXANDER'S FEAST..... 283
ALFRED, From THE PROVERBS OF KING..... 35
A little soul scarce fledged for earth..... 719
All along the valley, stream that flashest white..... 587
All human things are subject to decay..... 280
ALL IS WELL..... 640
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair..... 443
All service ranks the same with God..... 598
All the bells of heaven may ring..... 719
ALTHEA, TO, FROM PRISON..... 221
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT..... 414
AMORETTI, From..... 142
ANCREN RIWLE, From THE..... 32
And all is well, tho' faith and form..... 587
And now Love sang; but his was such a song. 694
And the first gray of morning..... 645
ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, From THE..... 25
APOLOGY, AN..... 705
A povre widwe somdel stope in age..... 53
APPLE GATHERING, AN..... 701
ARCADIA, From THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S..... 206
AREOPAGITICA, From..... 262
ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS, SONG FROM THE..... 144
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? 148
ARTHUR MAKES THE SAXONS HIS TRIBUTARIES 31
As I gaed down the water side..... 400
As I in hoary winter's night..... 145
A simple child..... 415
Ask me no more where Jove bestows..... 220
A Slumber did my spirit seal..... 419
A Sonnet is a moment's monument..... 693
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay..... 639
ASTROPHEL AND STELLA, FIRST SONG..... 144
ASTROPHEL AND STELLA, SONNETS FROM..... 142
As two whose love, first foolish, widening scope..... 694
A sunny shaft did I behold..... 442
As you came from the holy land..... 146
AS YOU LIKE IT, SONGS FROM..... 147
ATALANTA IN CALYDON, From..... 710
At Babiloyne whilom fil it thus..... CC
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay..... 590
A thing of beauty is a joy forever..... 483
At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time..... 631
AULD LANG SYNE..... 411
AULD ROBIN GRAY..... 399
AUSTERITY OF POETRY..... 643
AUTUMN, TO..... 490
Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones..... 233
Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake..... 349
Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things 319
Away, haunt thou not me..... 639

BABY'S DEATH, A..... 719
BALLAD OF DREAMLAND, A..... 718
BANKS O' DOON, THE..... 412
BANNOCKBURN..... 413
BASTILLE, STORMING OF THE..... 532
BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE, THE..... 445
BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, THE..... 493
BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH, THE..... 26
BATTLE OF HASTINGS, THE..... 354
BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE..... 543
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!..... 616
BEGGAR MAID, THE..... 574
Behold her, single in the field..... 422
Be it right or wronge, thes men amonge..... 80
BEOWULF, From..... 1
BETTER ANSWER, A..... 304
Between the green bud and the red..... 713
BIBLE, From the WYCLIF and the KING JAMES 41
BLESSED DAMOZEL, THE..... 686
BLINDNESS, ON HIS..... 234
Blow, blow, thou winter wind..... 147
BLUE CLOSET, THE..... 704
BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL..... 79
BONNY DUNDEE..... 448
Boot, saddle, to horse and away!..... 599
BOROUGH, From THE..... 395
BOY AND THE ANGEL, THE..... 608
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK..... 583
BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEDFAST AS THOU ART..... 493
Bring the bowl which you boast..... 449

Britons Seek Succor from the Romans, The 20
Brunanburh, The Battle of 26
Brynhild, The Passing Away of 705
Burial of Sir John Moore, The 494
Burning Babe, The 145
But be contented: when that fell arrest 144
By an Evolutionist 597

Caedmon, The Story of 21
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air 139
Canterbury Tales, From The 43
Captain, The 589
Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms 233
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night ... 142
Carthon, From 352
Castaway, The 394
Castle of Indolence, From The 344
Ca' the Yowes 400
Cavalier Tunes 599
Celia, To 149
Celtic Literature, Natural Magic in 659
Chalk, From, On a Piece of 669
Chamouni, Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of 441
Chapman's Homer, On First Looking Into 492
Charge of the Light Brigade, The 589
Charles II, Coronation of 272
Charles, Return of King 271, 274
Charles II, The Death of 276
Chaucer, On 288
Cherry-Ripe 148
Chesterfield, Letter to Lord 357
Cheviot, The Hunting of the 73
Child, Upon A 719
Childe Harold, From 457
"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" 624
Child in the House, The 723
Child of Quality Five Years Old, To a 303
Child's Laughter, A 719
Chillon, Sonnet on 453
Chillon, The Prisoner of 453
Christ, From The 24
Christabel, Part First 436
Christmas Tree, A 551
Chronicle, From The Anglo-Saxon 25
Chronos, Chronos, mend thy pace 286
Citizen of the World, From The 368
Cleomenes, Song from 286
Cloud, The 478
Cloud Confines, The 692
Club, The 292
Coliseum, The 462
Come away, come away, Death 147
Come back to me, who wait and watch for you 701
Come, dear children, let us away 641
Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come .. 342
Come into the garden, Maud 588
Come live with me and be my love 146
Come unto these yellow sands 170
Complete Angler, From The 264
Compleynt of Chaucer to His Purse, The 62
Composed upon Westminster Bridge 426
Comrades, leave me here a little 578
Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, From 516
Constantinople, The Fall of 381
Contemplate all this work of Time 587
Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair 413
Coquette's Heart, A 300
Coronach 444
Corinna's Going A-Maying 221
Cotter's Saturday Night, The 401
County Guy 448
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land 572
Coverley, Sir Roger de, at Church 295
Cowley, The Death of 276
Creep into thy narrow bed 656
Criticism, From An Essay On 307
Cromwell, To the Lord General 233
Crossing the Bar 598
Cuckoo Song 36
Cuckoo, To the 422
Culture and Human Perfection 656
Cymbeline, Song from 148
Cyriack Skinner, To 234
Cyriack this three years' day these eyes though clear 234

Daisy, To a Mountain 407
Dante, To 596
Dear Cloe, how blubbered is that pretty face! 304
Dear Native Regions 415
Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop 304
Death-Bed, The 498
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, From The 381
Deep on the convent-roof the snows 572
De Juventute, From 564
Delia, To 142
Deor's Lament 18
Departure of Æneas From Dido 126
Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing 305
"Describe the Borough."—Though our idle tribe 395
Description of Spring, Wherein Each Thing Renews 126
Deserted Village, The 373
Destruction of Sennacherib, The 452
Diary of John Evelyn, From The 274
Diary of Samuel Pepys, From The 271
Dirge, A 483
Discourse, Of 212
Dissertation upon Roast Pig, A 506
Does the road wind uphill all the way? 702
Don Juan, From 464
Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth? 144
Dover Beach 656
Dream-Children: A Reverie 504
Dreamland, A Ballad of 718
Dream-Pedlary 498
Drink to me only with thine eyes 149
Duchess, My Last 600
Duty, Ode to 423

Earthly Paradise, From The 705
Earth has not anything to show more fair ... 426
Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood! 469

Ecclesiastical History, From The..... 20
Education, On 259
El Dorado..... 730
Electra, To..... 222
Elegy on the Death of Scots Music..... 399
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. 347
Elene, From The..... 24
Elgin Marbles, On Seeing the..... 492
Elia, From 504
Elia, From The Last Essays of..... 509
Endymion, From..... 483
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, From 449
English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century, From The..... 559
Epilogue (to Asolando)..... 631
Epitaph on Robert Canynge..... 352
Essay on Criticism, From An..... 307
Essay on Man, From An..... 319
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!..... 453
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!..... 424
Evelyn Hope 616
Evensong 735
Eve of St. Agnes, The..... 483
Everlasting Yea, The..... 526
Everyman 84
Evolutionist, By an..... 597
Excelente Balade of Charitie, An..... 353

Fables, From..... 305
Faerie Queene, From The..... 127
Fair and fair, and twice so fair..... 144
Fair stood the wind for France..... 148
Fall of Constantinople, The..... 381
Farewell, A..... 583
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North 412
Father of all! in every age..... 325
Faustus, From The Tragical History of Doctor 151
Fear Death?—to feel the fog in my throat.. 629
Fire, The Great..... 275
First when Maggie was my care..... 411
Five years have past; five summers, with the length 416
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea..... 583
Flower in the Crannied Wall..... 597
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes 412
Forsaken Garden, A..... 717
Forsaken Merman, The..... 641
Fra Lippo Lippi..... 616
France: an Ode..... 440
"Frater Ave atque Vale"..... 596
French Revolution, From The..... 532
Friend, To a..... 642
Friendship, Of 213
From child to youth; from youth to arduous man 694
From harmony, from heavenly harmony..... 282
Frozen Words..... 298
Full fathom five thy father lies..... 170

Gardens, From Of..... 218
Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may..... 222
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn 221
Gilliflower of Gold, The..... 702
Girdle, On a..... 223
Give a Rouse..... 599
Give place, ye lovers, here before..... 126
Give to me the life I love..... 734
Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song 597
Goblin Market 605
Godiva, Leofric and..... 514
God moves in a mysterious way..... 391
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece..... 643
Goldsmith (in English Humourists)..... 559
Go, Lovely Rose..... 222
Gondola, In a..... 601
Grasshopper and Cricket, On the.....492, 496
Great Fire, The..... 275
Grecian Urn, Ode on a..... 489
Green Grow the Rashes..... 411
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass..... 496
Grow old along with me!..... 626
Gulliver's Travels, From..... 330

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare..... 621
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born 255
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!..... 479
Half a league, half a league..... 589
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick..... 603
Hamlet, Song From..... 147
Happy, those early days, when I..... 223
Hark! ah, the nightingale..... 654
Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.. 148
Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls, The 495
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star.. 441
Haunch of Venison, The..... 377
Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie..... 407
Heart of the Night, The..... 694
He is gone on the mountain..... 444
Hellas, Chorus from..... 481
Hence, loathèd Melancholy..... 227
Hence, vain deluding Joys..... 228
Her arms across her breast she laid..... 574
Here's a Health to King Charles..... 449
Hervé Riel..... 629
He that rules only by terror..... 589
Highland Mary..... 413
High upon Highlands..... 79
Hill Summit, The..... 695
History of England, From Macaulay's.... 539
Hohenlinden 494
Home Thoughts, from Abroad..... 608
Home Thoughts, from the Sea..... 608
Hound and the Huntsman, The..... 305
House of Life, From The..... 693
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways 633
How Roses Came First Into the World.. 64
How Roses Came Red..... 222
How should I your true love know..... 147
How sleep the brave who sink to rest..... 346
How sweet I roamed from field to field..... 397
How the Earth and Sea Be of Round Form 64
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix..... 606
Hunting of the Cheviot, The..... 73

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI 441
HYMN TO PROSERPINE 711

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! 616
I arise from dreams of thee 477
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers 478
I dare not ask a kiss 222
IDEA 143
IDEAL, OF THE TRUE 683
I envy not in any moods 584
If all the world and love were young 146
If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song 346
If there were dreams to sell 498
If thou must love me, let it be for nought .. 632
I hate the man who builds his name 305
I have had playmates, I have had companions 495
I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that love hath an end 711
I heard a thousand blended notes 416
I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying 710
I held it truth with him who sings 584
I hid my heart in a nest of roses 718
IL PENSEROSO 228
IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS, From 512
I met a traveller from an antique land 476
Impertin nce at first is borne 305
I'm wearin' awa', John 401
In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland 717
IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER 491
IN A GONDOLA 601
IN A LECTURE ROOM 639
In a somer seson, whan soft was the sonne .. 39
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP 600
INDIAN EMPEROR, SONG FROM 285
INDIAN SERENADE, THE 477
IN MEMORIAM, From 584
In somer, when the shawes be sheyne 69
IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON 588
IN THE SOUTH SEAS, From 731
IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ 587
In this lone, open glade I lie 644
In those sad words I took farewell 585
INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD 424
In Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene 353
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan 428
I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple tree 701
I sat with Love upon a woodside well 693
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart 601
Is it, then, regret for buried time 586
Is it this sky's vast vault or ocean's sound .. 695
ISLES OF GREECE, THE 465
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he .. 606
Is there for honest poverty 414
Italia, mother of the souls of men 715
ITE DOMUM SATURAE, VENIT HESPERUS 640
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide 427
I thought once how Theocritus had sung 632
IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE 427
It is an ancient Mariner 428
It keeps eternal whisperings around 492
It little profits that an idle king 577
I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN 418
It was roses, roses, all the way 623
It was a summer evening 493
I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD 423

JACKDAW, THE 392
Jenny kissed me when we met 496
JOAN OF ARC, From 523
JOCK OF HAZELDEAN 447
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO 411
JOHNIE COCK 77
JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH 364
JOHNSON AT SCHOOL 363
JOHNSON'S CHARACTER 367
JOHNSON'S FRIENDS 364
Just for a handful of silver he left us 607

KAISER DEAD 655
KATHARINE JAFFRAY 79
KEATS, THE GRAVE OF 480
KENSINGTON GARDENS, LINES WRITTEN IN 644
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king 599
KILLIECRANKIE, BATTLE OF 543
King Charles, and who'll do him right now? 599
KING JAMES BIBLE, From THE 41
King, that hast reign'd six hundred years and grown 536
KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE, From THE 197
KNIGHT'S TOMB, THE 442
KNOWN IN VAIN 694
KUBLA KHAN 428

LA BELLA DONNA 691
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI 491
Lady Alice, lady Louise 704
LADY OF SHALOTT, THE 567
LADY OF THE LAKE, From THE 444
LAKE LEMAN, NIGHT ON 458
L'ALLEGRO 227
LAMENT, A 482
LAMP OF MEMORY, From THE 674
LANDMARK, THE 694
LAND O' THE LEAL, THE 401
LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE, THE 208
LAST WORD, THE 656
LEAVE-TAKING, A 711
LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN, From THE 60
LEIR, THE STORY OF KING 29
LEOFRIC AND GODIVA 514
LETTERS FROM TEIGNMOUTH, From 497
Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear 711
LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW 519
Life of Life, thy lips enkindle 478
LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, From THE 363
LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS 391
LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY 416
LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN 490
LINES ON THE MONUMENT OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI 715
LINES PRINTED UNDER THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON 285
LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING 416
LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS 644
LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS, From THE 360
LOCHINVAR 443
LOCKSLEY HALL 578

Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske 127
London, 1802 427
London Coffee Houses 541
London in 1685 539
Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band 303
Lost Leader, The 607
Lotos-Eaters, The 572
Louse, To a 407
Love in my bosom, like a bee 145
Love is and was my lord and king 587
Love Is Enough, From 705
Love, that is first and last of all things made 720
Lovesight 693
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show 142
Lucasta, To, Going to the Wars 220
Lucy Gray 419
Lycidas 230

Mac Flecknoe 280
Maid of Athens, Ere We Part 451
Man, From An Essay On 319
Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face 597
Marching Along 599
Maroon, The 731
Mary in Heaven, To 412
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings 394
Maud, Song from 588
Mazzini, Lines on the Monument of Giuseppe 715
Measure for Measure, Song from 147
Mediaeval and Modern Workmen, The 681
Melancholy, Ode on 490
Memorabilia 622
Memorial Verses 643
Memories 291
Mermaid Tavern, Lines on the 490
Metellus and Marius 512
Milton 596
Milton, Lines Printed Under the Engraved Portrait of 285
Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour 427
Minstrel Boy, The 495
Modern Painters, From 683
Monna Innominata 701
Monochord, The 965
Moore, To Thomas 453
Morning and evening 695
Morning Drum-Call on My Eager Ear, The 735
Morning, evening, noon and night 608
Morning of Christ's Nativity, On the 223
Morte Darthur, From Le 96
Morte D'Arthur 574
Mouse, To a 406
Mrs. Unwin, To 394
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold .. 492
Muses, To the 398
Music, when soft voices die 482
My boat is on the shore 453
My first thought was, he lied in every word .. 624
My good blade carves the casques of men 573
My hair is gray, but not with years 453
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains 488
My Heart Leaps up When I Behold 422
My Heart's in the Highlands 412
My Last Duchess 600
My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend! 401
My lute, awake, perform the last 125
My soul is an enchanted boat 478
My spirit is too weak—mortality 492

Natural History of Selborne, From The 384
Natural Magic in Celtic Literature 659
Natural Supernaturalism 529
Ned Softly 296
New Year's Hymn 598
Nightingale, Ode to a 488
Nightingales warbled without 588
Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away 608
Nonne Preestes Tale, The 53
No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist 490
No, no, poor suff'ring heart, no change endeavour 286
Northern Farmer (Old Style) 592
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note 494
Now fades the last long streak of snow 586
Nutbrown Mayde, The 80
Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd, The 146

O blithe New-comer! I have heard 422
Obscurest night involved the sky 394
Ocean, The 463
O days and hours, your work is this 586
Ode, An 304
Ode (How sleep the brave) 346
Ode on a Grecian Urn 489
Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood ... 424
Ode on Melancholy 490
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day 305
Ode to a Nightingale 488
Ode to Duty 423
Ode to Evening 346
Ode to the West Wind 476
Oenone 569
Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing .. 705
Of His Love That Pricked Her Finger 125
Of man's first disobedience and the fruit 234
Of old sat Freedom on the heights 574
Of old, when Scarron his companions invited 379
Of such is the kingdom of heaven 719
Of the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ .. 63
Of the Paradise Terrestrial 67
Of the Trees That Bear Meal, Honey, Wine and Venom 66
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray 419
Oft in the Stilly Night 495
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story 453
Ohthere's Narrative 27
Oh, to be in England 608
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west 442
Oina-Morul 351
Old China 509
Old Familiar Faces, The 495
Old father Ocean calls my tide 286
Old Mortality, From 500
Olney Hymns, From 391

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies.... 596
O mortal man, who livest here by toil..... 344
On a Girdle..... 223
On a Piece of Chalk, From..... 669
Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee... 427
On Chaucer..... 288
On Education..... 259
On either side the river lie..... 567
One word is too often profaned..... 482
On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer.. 492
On His Blindness..... 234
On Linden, when the sun was low..... 494
On Scotia's plains, in days of yore..... 399
On Seeing the Elgin Marbles..... 492
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic 427
On the Grasshopper and Cricket.....492, 496
On the Late Massacre in Piedmont..... 233
On the Loss of the Royal George..... 392
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity..... 223
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.. 392
On the Sea..... 492
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two 629
Opium-Eater, From Confessions of an English 516
O that those lips had language! Life has passed 392
Others abide our question. Thou art free... 642
O thou that rollest above..... 352
O Thou! whatever title suit thee..... 404
Ossian's Address to the Sun..... 352
Our Ball..... 497
O wert Thou in the Cauld Blast..... 414
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms..... 491
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being 476
O world! O life! O time!..... 482
O, yet we trust that somehow good..... 584
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel'..... 405
O ye, all ye that walk in Willowwood..... 694
Ozymandias 476

Pains of Opium, The..... 516
Parable of a Man's Life, A..... 21
Paradise Lost, From..... 234
Paraphrase of the Scriptures, From The.. 18
Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The.... 146
Patient Grissell, Song from..... 148
Patriot, The..... 623
Peace; come away: the song of woe..... 585
Pearl, From The..... 37
Philomela 654
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The..... 603
Piers the Plowman, From The Vision of 39
Pilgrims, The..... 716
Pilgrim's Progress, From The..... 267
Pilgrim to Pilgrim..... 146
Piping down the valleys wild..... 398
Pippa Passes, Songs from..... 598
Plague, The Great..... 275
Plan of an English Dictionary, From The. 355
Poet and the Rose, The..... 305
Popularity 623
Popular Pastimes..... 276
Praise of His Love, A..... 126
Preface to an Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, From The..... 358
Preface to the English Dictionary, From The 357
Preface to the Fables, From The..... 288
Prelude of Songs before Sunrise..... 713
Prelude, From The..... 420
Princess, Songs from The..... 583
Prisoner of Chillon, The..... 455
Progress of Poesy, The..... 349
Prologue to the Canterbury Tales..... 43
Prometheus Unbound, Songs from..... 478
Prospectus to the Tatler..... 290
Prospice 629
Prothalamion 139
Proud Maisie..... 448
Proverbs of King Alfred, From The..... 35

Qua Cursum Ventus..... 639

Rabbi Ben Ezra..... 626
Rape of the Lock, The..... 310
Recuyell of the Histories of Troy, From The 95
Reflections on the Revolution in France, From 388
Requiem 735
Requiescat 644
Retaliation, From..... 379
Retreat, The..... 223
Revenge, Of 217
Revenge, The..... 590
Revenge, The Last Fight of the..... 208
Riches, Of..... 216
Riddles, From Cynewulf's..... 23
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The..... 428
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky..... 586
Rizpah 594
Roast Pig, A Dissertation upon..... 506
Robin Hood and the Monk..... 69
Robinson Crusoe, From..... 326
Roman Virgil, thou that singest..... 596
Roman Wall, The..... 20
Rome 461
Rondeau 496
Rosalind's Madrigal..... 145
Rose Aylmer 496
Roses at first were white..... 222
Rough wind, that moanest loud..... 483
Roundabout Papers, From..... 564
Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row! 596
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám..... 633
Rule, Britannia..... 345

Said Abner, At last thou art come..... 609
Runes From The Christ..... 24
Sailing of the Sword, The..... 703
Saint Agnes' Eve..... 572
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!..... 483
St. Cecilia's Day, Ode on..... 305
St. Cecilia's Day, Song for..... 282
Sartor Resartus, From..... 526
Saul 609

Savannah-la-Mar 522
Say, is it day, is it dusk in thy bower..... 692
Say not the struggle nought availeth..... 640
Schoolmaster, From The..... 122
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled..... 413
Sea, On the..... 492
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness..... 490
Seasons, From The..... 342
Secular Masque, The..... 286
See the chariot at hand here of Love..... 150
Self-Dependence 643
Seven Lamps of Architecture, From..... 674
Shakespeare 642
Shakespeare, On..... 226
Shakespeare, To the Memory of My Beloved Master William 191
She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways... 418
She sat and sewed, that hath done me the wrong 125
She Walks In Beauty..... 452
She Was a Phantom of Delight..... 423
She wept, sweet lady..... 691
Shipwreck, The..... 464
Should auld acquaintance be forgot..... 411
Sigurd the Volsung, From..... 705
Silent Noon..... 693
Silent Tower of Bottreau, The..... 500
Simile, A..... 304
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea 143
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part 143
Sir Galahad..... 573
Sir Patrick Spens..... 77
Sir Roger at Church..... 295
Sister Helen..... 688
Site of a University..... 548
Sky-Lark, To a..... 424
Skylark, To a..... 479
So all day long the noise of battle roll'd.... 574
"So careful of the type?" but no..... 585
Sohrab and Rustum..... 645
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er..... 444
Solitary Reaper, The..... 422
Song 397
Song for Music..... 705
Song from Cleomenes..... 286
Song from Shakespeare's Cymbeline, A.... 346
Song of Thamesis..... 286
Song of the Bower, The..... 692
Song of the Shirt, The..... 498
Song of the Western Men, The..... 499
Songs before Sunrise, Prelude of..... 713
Songs of Innocence, Introduction to..... 398
Sonnet, The..... 693
Sonnets from the Portuguese..... 632
So sang he; and as meeting rose and rose.... 694
Souls of Poets dead and gone..... 490
So We'll Go No More a Roving..... 452
Spanish Armada, Defeat of..... 663
Spanish Armada, The Sailing of the..... 662
Spectator, From The.....292, 295, 300, 301
Speech at Bristol, From The..... 387
Splendour Falls, The..... 583
Stand still, true poet that you are!..... 623
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa..... 453
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!..... 423
Stones of Venice, From The..... 677
Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known... 418
Strew on her roses, roses..... 644
Studies, Of..... 212
Summer is y-comen in..... 36
Sunset and evening star..... 598
Suspiria de Profundis, From..... 519
Sweet and low, sweet and low..... 583
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain 373
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright..... 220
'Sweet, thou art pale'..... 701
Sweetness and Light, From..... 656

Take, O, take those lips away..... 147
Talk at the Club, 1778..... 366
Tam O' Shanter..... 408
Tatler, From The.....290, 291, 296, 298
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean 584
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind..... 220
Tempest, The..... 164
Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter..... 377
That's my last Duchess painted on the wall.. 600
That son of Italy who tried to blow..... 643
That time of year thou may'st in me behold. 144
That which her slender waist confined..... 223
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold 452
The blessed damozel leaned out..... 686
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.... 347
The day is dark and the night..... 692
The embers of the day are red..... 735
The glorious image of the Maker's beauty.... 142
The harp that once through Tara's halls.... 495
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece..... 466
The king sits in Dumferling toune..... 77
The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man..... 597
The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His Love..... 125
The Lover Having Dreamed..... 125
The merchant, to secure his treasure..... 304
The minstrel-boy to the war is gone..... 495
The morning drum-call on my eager ear..... 735
The Perse owt off Northombarlonde..... 73
The poetry of earth is never dead..... 492
There is a bird, who, by his coat..... 392
There is a garden in her face..... 148
There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier..... 569
There lived a lass in yonder dale..... 79
There lived a wife at Usher's Well..... 79
There's nought but care on ev'ry han'..... 411
There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliff.. 421
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream..... 424
The sea is calm to-night..... 656
The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow. 640
The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings..... 126
The splendour falls on castle walls..... 583
The time draws near the birth of Christ..... 585
The wind flapped loose, the wind was still.... 692

'he wish, that of the living whole..... 585
'HE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US..... 427
'he world's great age begins anew..... 481
'he year's at the spring..... 599
'HISBE OF BABYLON, MARTYR, THE STORY OF. 60
'his feast-day of the sun, his altar there..... 695
'his is the month, and this the happy morn.. 223
'hou hast thy calling to some palace-floor.... 632
'hou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray..... 412
'hou still unravished bride of quietness..... 489
HREE ENEMIES, THE..... 701
hree poets in three distant ages born..... 285
HREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND SHOWER..... 418
HRONE, THE (VENETIAN)..... 677
hys Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysinge Raie..... 352
iger, Tiger, burning bright..... 398
IGER, THE..... 398
intadgel bells ring o'er the tide..... 500
INTERN ABBEY, LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE..... 416
'is hard to say, if greater want of skill..... 307
'is the middle of night by the castle clock... 436
O——..... 482
O A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE YEARS OLD.... 303
O A FRIEND..... 642
O A LOUSE..... 407
O ALTHEA, FROM PRISON..... 221
O A MOUNTAIN DAISY..... 407
O A MOUSE..... 406
O A SKY-LARK..... 424
O A SKYLARK..... 479
AUTUMN..... 490
CELIA..... 149
DANTE..... 596
DELIA..... 142
draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name.. 191
ELECTRA..... 222
fair Fidele's grassy tomb..... 346
IL, THE VOICE OF..... 710
ll for the brave..... 392
LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS..... 220
MARY IN HEAVEN..... 412
MRS. UNWIN..... 394
THE CUCKOO..... 422
the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke..... 448
the Lord General Cromwell..... 233
THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE..... 191
THE MUSES..... 398
THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF THEIR TIME..... 222
THOMAS MOORE..... 453
VIRGIL..... 596
OPHILUS, From..... 119
you, my purse, and to noon other wyght.. 62
ACTATE ON EDUCATION, From..... 259
AGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS, FROM THE..... 63
AVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, From THE. 720
STRAM AND ISEULT..... 720
STRAM OF LYONESSE, From..... 720
UMPH OF CHARIS, THE..... 150
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won..... 283
TWELFTH NIGHT, SONG FROM..... 147

ULYSSES..... 577
Under the greenwood tree..... 147
Under the wide and starry sky..... 735
UNIVERSAL PRAYER, THE..... 325
UNIVERSITY, SITE OF A..... 548
Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!..... 632
Unstable dream, according to the place..... 125
UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY..... 621
UP-HILL..... 702
Up Johnie raise in a May morning..... 77
UPON A CHILD..... 719
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!.... 424
USHER'S WELL, THE WIFE OF..... 79
UTOPIA, From..... 110

VAGABOND, THE..... 734
VASTNESS..... 597
VENETIAN REPUBLIC, ON THE EXTINCTION OF. 427
VENICE..... 460
Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying..... 442
VIRGIL, TO..... 596
VIRGINS, TO THE, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME... 222
VIRTUE..... 220
VISION OF MIRZA, THE..... 301
VISION OF PIERS THE PLOWMAN, From THE.. 39
VOICE OF TOIL, THE..... 710
VOLPONE; OR THE FOX, From..... 192

WAGES..... 597
Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea..... 594
Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight. 633
WANTING IS — WHAT?..... 631
Was *that* the landmark? What — the foolish well..... 694
WATERLOO..... 457
WE ARE SEVEN..... 415
Weary of myself, and sick of asking..... 643
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r..... 407
Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie..... 406
WESTERN MEN, THE SONG OF THE..... 499
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, COMPOSED UPON..... 425
WEST WIND, ODE TO THE..... 476
We watched her breathing through the night. 498
Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote.... 43
What dire offence from amorous causes springs..... 310
Whate'er you dream, with doubt possessed.... 640
What ever I have said or sung..... 587
What guile is this, that those her golden tresses..... 142
What, Kaiser dead? The heavy news..... 655
What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones..... 226
Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin 'ere aloän?..... 592
When Britain first, at Heaven's command.... 345
When chapman billies leave the street..... 408
When do I see thee most, beloved one?..... 693
When I consider how my light is spent..... 234
WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE..... 492

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced. 143
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. 142
When Love with unconfined wings..... 221
When our two souls stand up erect and strong 633
When the Assault Was Intended the City. 233
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces..... 710
When the Lamp Is Shattered..... 482
When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame..... 399
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought.. 143
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?... 442
Where the bee sucks, there suck I..... 188
Whether on Ida's shady brow..... 398
Whistle O'er the Lave O't..... 411
Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass..... 716
Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?..... 642
"Why?" Because all I haply can and do..... 631
Why did you melt your waxen man..... 688
Why I Am a Liberal..... 631
Why so pale and wan, fond lover?..... 220
"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?..... 447
Wife of Usher's Well, The..... 7
Willowwood 69
With fingers weary and worn..... 49
With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!..... 14
Woodspurge, The..... 69
Wordsworth..... 66
Work without Hope..... 44
Wyclif Bible, From The..... 4

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around..... 47
Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause. 42
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon..... 41
Ye Mariners of England..... 49
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more... 23
Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil... 14
You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease..... 57
You know, we French stormed Ratisbon..... 60
You'll come to our ball; — since we parted.. 49
Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass... 6
Youth and Age..... 44

Zapolya, Song from..... 44

INDEX TO AUTHORS

ADDISON, JOSEPH 295
ALFRED THE GREAT 27, 35
ARNOLD, MATTHEW 641
ASCHAM, ROGER 119

BACON, FRANCIS 212
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS 197
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL 498
BEDE 20
BLAKE, WILLIAM 397
BOSWELL, JAMES 363
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT 632
BROWNING, ROBERT 598
BUNYAN, JOHN 267
BURKE, EDMUND 387
BURNS, ROBERT 401
BYRON, LORD 149

CAEDMON 18
CAMPBELL, THOMAS 494
CAMPION, THOMAS 148
CAREW, THOMAS 220
CARLYLE, THOMAS 526
CAXTON, WILLIAM 95
CHATTERTON, THOMAS 352
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY 43
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH 639
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR 428
COLLINS, WILLIAM 346
COWPER, WILLIAM 391
CRABBE, GEORGE 395
CYNEWULF 23

DANIEL, SAMUEL 142
DEFOE, DANIEL 326
DEKKER, THOMAS 148
DEOR 18
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS 516
DICKENS, CHARLES 551
DRAYTON, MICHAEL 143, 148
DRYDEN, JOHN 277

EVELYN, JOHN 274

FERGUSSON, ROBERT 399
FITZGERALD, EDWARD 633
FLETCHER, JOHN 197
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY 662

GAY, JOHN 305
GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH 29
GIBBON, EDWARD 381
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER 368
GRAY, THOMAS 347
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN 499
HERBERT, GEORGE 220
HERRICK, ROBERT 221
HOOD, THOMAS 498
HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY 126
HUNT, LEIGH 496
HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY 669

JOHNSON, SAMUEL 355
JONSON, BEN 149, 191, 192

KEATS, JOHN 483

LAMB, CHARLES 495, 504
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE 496, 512
LANGLAND, WILLIAM 39
LINDSAY, LADY ANNE 399
LODGE, THOMAS 145
LOVELACE, RICHARD 220

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD 539
MACPHERSON, JAMES 351
MALORY, SIR THOMAS 96
MANDEVILLE, SIR JOHN 63
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER 146, 151
MILTON, JOHN 223
MOORE, THOMAS 495
MORE, SIR THOMAS 110
MORRIS, WILLIAM 702

NAIRNE, CAROLINA, LADY 401
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL 548

"OSSIAN" 351

PAGAN, ISOBEL 400
PATER, WALTER 723
PEELE, GEORGE 144
PEPYS, SAMUEL 271
POOR, RICHARD (?) 32
POPE, ALEXANDER 305
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH 497
PRIOR, MATTHEW 303

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER 146, 208
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA 695
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL 686
RUSKIN, JOHN 674

Scott, Sir Walter....443, 500
Shakespeare, William....143, 147, 164
Shelley, Percy Bysshe.... 468
Sidney, Sir Philip....142, 144, 206
Southey, Robert.... 493
Southwell, Robert 145
Spenser, Edmund....127, 142
Steele, Sir Richard.... 290
Stevenson, Robert Louis.... 730
Suckling, Sir John.... 220
Surrey, Henry Howard, Earl of.... 126
Swift, Jonathan.... 330
Swinburne, Algernon Charles.... 710
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord.... 56[illegible]
Thackeray, William Makepeace.... 55[illegible]
Thomson, James.... 34[illegible]
Vaughan, Henry.... 22[illegible]
Waller, Edmund.... 22[illegible]
Walton, Izaak.... 26[illegible]
White, Gilbert.... 38[illegible]
Wolfe, Charles.... 49[illegible]
Wordsworth, William.... 41[illegible]
Wyatt, Sir Thomas.... 12[illegible]
Wyclif, John.... [illegible]

Harold

Chaucer 69-75

Prologue - 379-410

Prologue - 9 ~~m~~ 788-821

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